

**(Discontinued) The Intentional Social Blindness of a Not So Blind Child (Discontinued)**

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# **(Discontinued) The Intentional Social Blindness of a Not So Blind Child (Discontinued)**

by [BabyCakelings](#)

## Summary

UNFINISHED AND ABANDONED. FUCK WILBUR SOOT

Tommy wasn't sure what he expected to see in that alleyway. Maybe an older woman with a bullet in her leg and her purse missing. Maybe he expected to see a kid playing with something he shouldn't of. He was ready for anything, anything. But what he did not expect to see though, was the 3rd top villain, Sootings, bleeding out with no sign of the assaulter to be seen.

Or, Villian Sbi but healer! Tommy is already part of the family and is oblivious as fuck to everything around him. Then he get's tied up in literally everyones business, because this town needs a 15 year old healer. Especially when the healer is dumb as all heck.

- Inspired by [tommyinnit's clinic for supervillains](#) by [bonesandthebees \(bonesandcacti\)](#)
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [hedgehoggeryyy](#)
- Inspired by [One More Step Out of the Pit](#) by [AdrianaintheSnow](#)
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [eneli](#)

## **An Accidental Run in With A Villain**

One hour ago, Tom Simons Watson was sitting in between his two loving parents, Phil and Kristin, as they swore out the principle and his math teacher. 30 minutes ago, those same loving parents were buying him and his brother Toby ice cream. Now, sitting across from his still plain old loving parents, their attention fully on him, Tommy was realising that maybe he wasn't going to get away with punching his math teacher quite as well as he thought he would.

To be fair, the bitch deserved it. Or at least according to Tommy he did. It'd been a perfectly normal afternoon originally. The teacher talking, Tommy not listening. He'd been in health class (or maybe it was science), but for some reason his math teacher had been called in to fill in instead of a properly qualified teacher. Not that Tommy really cared to be honest. He just thought that if his parents were paying for this expensive ass private school, they should be at least attempting to educate him well. Then it'd just be his fault if he left school everyday having learnt nothing.

So, he wasn't paying attention, then from across the room he heard his brothers voice. Toby and him use to sit next to each other every day, but then apparently Tommy was a "distraction" and "ruining his brothers education." So now they were no longer allowed to sit together. Tommy wasn't sure what his teacher's problem was with Toby. But even since Toby had corrected a mistake that one time, it had apparently become the dude's mission in life to make Toby's life hell at school. This day was no exception. The teacher had asked Toby to read from the bord. Should be easy enough, except for one small thing. Toby was dyslexic.

Now Toby, despite everything, was a good reader, he always tried his best in these unfortunate circumstances. But obviously today something was off, as rather than try to read he gave a rather pointed answer. "Sir, I can't read that." The teacher did not seem happy with that answer, feigning innocents in his clearly targeted attack he pretended to not know what Toby meant by that. "Everyone in class should be able to read the simple words that are up there Toby, what circumstances could possibly stop you from meeting the bare minimum here?"

Already Tommy was mad. This was unfortunately not uncommon behaviour for this specific teacher, normally Tommy would have spoken up but he really didn't feel like getting kept behind after class today. He had work later and really couldn't afford to be late. So he held his tongue.

“I’m dyslexic” Toby answered, using as little words as possible to hopefully finish this interaction fast.

“Ahh, sorry Toby. I forgot about your little issue, my mistake. Sorry for embarrassing you over this, it’s not your fault you have this issue. I mean all adopted kids have some kind of issue. But everyone here must at least try to read when asked, and I mean maybe if your real mother had loved you wouldn’t have this issue.”

Tommy had no regrets.

Then he saw Phil’s face.

Tommy definitely had no regrets.

Once Tommy had got home (having been suspended for 2 days and also having gotten ice cream) Phil and Kristin had asked him to come sit in the kitchen with them. They apparently “needed to talk.”

The kitchen was a common place for the family of 6 to hang out in. Decorated as you would imagine a suburban middle-class family to be. The table containing a basket of fruit that, although he personally never ate any of, was always filled with a variety of options to challenge even the fussiest eater in the family. Photo’s lined the wall of the family, no child clearly favoured. Although the amount containing the pink haired young adult decreased substantially as he got older, just as his interest in having the photos taken did.

Tommy had 3 brothers, 3 *older* brothers if he was going to be more specific. He always had too. Toby, or Tubbo as his family more affectionately called him, had his adoption finalised at 2 months old. His biological father was much too young to have had him, so young in fact that his biological mother had spent 8 years in jail due to it. Having had her parental right removed straight after birth, Tubbo was placed by his father with Phil and Kristan at 12 days old. It only having taken that long due to him being born premature. At 2 months old the adoption was finalised, and Toby Smith Schlatt turned into Toby Smith Watson. Despite what

the teacher may have said, Tubbo's *real* mother loved, and still loves, him very much. And her name is Kristin Watson.

Tommy had 2 other older brothers, Dave and William, or Techno and Wilbur as they preferred to be called. Kristin had given birth to the two young, her and Phil only having been 16 at the time. At the time they'd been living pay-check to pay-check. Having gotten into the wrong crowd's young they were thrown out of their homes at the age of 15, they had no family to rely on for help. Without the money to afford the two newborns, the two were placed in foster care for the first 3 years of their life. Despite this, Phil and Kristin were always active in their lives during that time. Doing their best to fix their situation so they could afford to keep the two. Today this time in Techno and Wilbur's life in unrememberable to them, the only evidence it ever have happened being the lack of baby photo's the family keeps (at least compared to Tubbo and Tommy) and the fact the two young men tended to call their parents by first name more than Mom or Dad. Although Tommy was sure their parents didn't mind the lack of nicknames, "makes it easier to tell when they want something" as Phil would say.

Wilbur was the older of the four boys, having been born 2 minutes older than Techno. (A fact he took great joy in reminding Techno of whenever necessary) And was Tommy's oldest brother. Wilbur was what one might call an intellect. He enjoyed discussing and debating random topics, he liked rock and emo music with meaningful lyrics, he wore rounded glasses and knitted jumpers with a red beanie, his hair was brown and curly and he was built "like a twink" as Tubbo would say. Tommy personally thought his smile and laugh were the best things in the universe. Tommy would always enjoy getting into arguments with the 23-year-old at any time of the day, just enjoying the threats they threw back and forth at each other while they both knew neither truly meant anything they were saying. Wilbur had a power related to singing; his voice being mesmerising at times. Although Tommy was unsure of the true extent of his brothers power he knew it must work as a light mind control in some way as he's sure he never just would suddenly get the urge to do the dishes while his brother was singing otherwise. But he'd never bothered to test the boy on how far exactly that power could go.

Techno was one of the two middle children, "always having to work twice as hard for half the love" he'd always joke (not that anyone actually thought that was true). Techno was the quietest of the 4, content to read quietly with blankets covering him on one of the many soft chairs their parents had owned since before Tommy was born. He was always vastly competitive, mostly in video games and the random sparring matches he'd have with his brothers. Techno's natural hair was brown like Wilbur's, but he'd dyed his hair pink since he 9. An idea Kristin had come up with after the two had been fighting about looking too alike and the other "ruining their image." Both boys had been given the option to change their hair colour, but only Techno was really interested. Today he stood a little shorter than Wilbur, his pink hair that was normally braided reaching his hip. He worked out a lot, something that

clearly payed off with his body shape. Phil had been teaching him to sword fight since he was 6, by now he was probably better with a sword than he was with his hands. Phil had offered all his children the option of learning to fight, he'd actually forced all 4 to learn the basics, but Techno was the one who took it upon himself to perfect it. Techno didn't have a power. Or at least as far as Tommy new, Techno didn't have a power. But if Techno cared he never said anything, he seemed happy with the way his life was either way.

Tubbo, despite his shitty way of coming into the world, and the shitty way people sometimes treated him because of it, was the sweetest person Tommy had ever met. Although maybe he was a little biased. Tubbo was older than Tommy by 5 months, but by the time Tommy was 5 he was the older brother. Tubbo didn't exactly look up to him in the same way Tommy looked up to Wilbur and Techno, but he did seek him for protection. Tubbo was what people called "soft." He enjoyed cartoons and video games that had bright colours and cute animals, most of which were targeted towards children (with the exception of south park). He wore clothes which Tommy knew were really soft (as he stole them regularly). He had a weird fascination with bees, and by association, plants. He had a similar enough face shape to the rest of the family that without him telling people most assumed he was biologically Phil and Kristin's kid, although most people knew he was adopted just because people would always end up questioning how Tommy and Tubbo could exist together. Tubbo and Techno spent a lot of time together, mostly with Techno reading Tubbo interesting fantasy stories that he would normally struggle to read alone. Tubbo was able to control plant growth, something Tommy only new because he once caught Tubbo reviving a dead rosebush. If anyone asked Tommy about Tubbo's powers though he'd lie and say he didn't know, not that anyone smart would ask.

Tommy was both the baby of the family and a middle child, but never both at the same time. The way Phil and Kristin saw it they had two sets of twins, two 23 year old's, two 15 year old's. They would fight for these kids no matter what happened, do their best to provide them with the best life possible. They of course had normal family arguments sometimes. God Tommy was happy Tec and Will had gotten over their rebellious teen stage, the tension back then was horrible. But even during that time Tommy wouldn't have ever traded his family members for anyone else (no matter what he may say to Will sometimes).

It's probably Important to explain how powers work. Powers are abilities about 75% of the world's population have, they can be anything from looking somewhat like a fox to light telekinesis, from sending other to sleep with one look to teleportation. There is no limit to what a power can be, and no rule as to there having to be a weakness (although most do have a weakness or a limit). The world is unfair with who gets what, which is why it was decided by law that powers are not to be asked about or shown off. To use your powers publicly you must have one of three licenses. A hero license, which allows you to act as a peacekeeper and take down lawbreakers, but in return you must hide your face and never outside of work reveal who you are under the mask. A healer license, which allows healers to work alongside

doctors and save those who would otherwise die. Or finally a dangerous workers license, which is just for those to use the powers for jobs that could otherwise kill those without the power (electricians, firefighters, sea rescues, animal control services).

Using your powers without a license publicly can get you arrested. Although there are no rules on talking among friends about your powers, due to the fact that hero's need to keep their identities hidden it is considered rude to ask as it forces any hidden hero to lie. (Which in Tommy's eyes is a dumb rule, but he wasn't about to complain) This also meant most parents teach their kids early to never talk about their power. By the time most kids powers appear (age 7- 10) they know to keep it to themselves, so much so that not even Tommy's parents knew his powers, not that Tommy really knew theirs either. He knew Phil could fly, but only because his wings were kinda hard to hide forever. Phil had the ability to hide his wings, but he knew from the way he's father acted when he stretched them out at home in the evenings that it probably wasn't the most comfortable. Tommy really loves his father's wings, they're pretty soft. When he was a baby he used to fall asleep on them. But him and his father had never actually talked about what the power could do. Tommy was sure this was for his safety.

The way powers were passed down from parent to children was something talked about in science. Although powers themselves weren't passed on, how powerful the power was is passed on. So two highly powerful parents will create an equally powerful child, although mutations did sometimes occur that would make two people with powers have a child with no powers, or two people with little power give birth to a god. There was also something about circumstances affecting power level as adopted kids apparently had power levels similar to their adopted parents, but Tommy wasn't truly listening enough in science class to know why.

Tommy's powers were something he'd never told anyone about. Appearing pretty late in life Tommy had originally assumed he was powerless. Which he was pretty bummed out about, but at least it meant no hiding anything. Until he was hiding something huge. At the age of 11 he had not 1, not 2, but 3 powers develop. All of which are hugely overpowered. So much so that he's sure the hero guild would recruit him in a second, which is exactly why no one can ever find out he has these powers.

For all it's worth, Tommy, the amazing great Tommy, The fabulous amazing great Tommy Watson, has no interest at all of being a hero. Sure, they're pretty cool. He watches them on the news regularly. But they just seem a little extreme to him, mostly going after vigilantes or street performers showing off their powers. In his eyes, only the real villains deserved the targeting of the hero's (and even then Tommy wasn't fully sure). They protect the rich while the poor are left to protect themselves.

Tommy knows this stuff is closer to home than most people. Tommy wasn't dumb. He noticed early on in life the fact that his older family members would sneak off at night, he noticed the bruises and the scrapes Techno and Wilbur would suddenly develop. He noticed the eye bags they'd have and the power naps they took in the middle of the day. Tommy wasn't dumb. He noticed the strange amount of money his family had. He knew that a teachers aid and a retail manager didn't earn half of what his family had. Tommy wasn't dumb. He knew his family members were some kind of late night fighters (with the exception of Tubbo of course, he would have a heart attack if the boy was getting himself involved in anything like that). He just hoped that those bad crowds his parents were apart of as teens had left, he hoped they were hero's, or at least vigilantes. But, if he was honest, Tommy didn't want to know. He was happy with the life he lived. He was happy being uninvolved in that world. So he'd continue to play dumb to the weird looks his older family members gave each other for as long as he had a choice to.

Talking about looks from his family members. The look his mother and father were giving him from across the table portrayed something of mild amusement. Phil and Kristan knew they had to tell Tommy off for this. I mean he punched a teacher. It doesn't really matter the reason; he can't be going around punching people.

"Mate, I think you know why your sitting here" Phil said, trying not to smile at his twitchy menacing child. "It doesn't matter the reason why you did it, you can't be punching people. Especially your teacher."

"But he deserved it."

"Agreed, but sometimes we need to control ourselves. Even if they may really deserve a punch in the face." Kristin replied, not bothering to hold back the gleeful smile she had. "But we aren't ever going to punish you for protecting your family. So next time no violence. But good work."

Tommy smiled back. His mother had always been understanding of his temper, maybe she herself had maybe even possessed such a temper herself at Tommy's age. Maybe he'd even ask her at some point, but right now he'd just remembered something. He had to work.

Looking at the time he realised he just had the time to make it if he left right now, he'd have to change there but at least he'd make it.



“Nice chat parental figures, but the amazing Tommy Simons has got a shift to make it to.” Tommy didn’t wait for a reply before bolting it to the door, managing to high five Wilbur who’d been waiting outside the room to congratulate him on the way past.

“Have fun problem child” Phil called out after him.

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Tommy worked at a café called Niki’s. Named after one of Wilbur’s friends, the place was technically owned by Wilbur. He had bought it for Tommy and Niki a year ago. The two had spent months planning together and designing and saving money. After three months of Wilbur watching Niki and Tommy save so intensely, he decided that enough was enough, they needed that place now. So using the funds the two had saved plus all of Wilbur’s current savings, they bought a little abandoned house located on the in-between of the poor and middleclass neighbourhood. Within a month the two had completely transformed the place into the (in Tommy and Wilbur’s opinion) best place in the city.

Since then Tommy and Niki worked there 6 days a week. Niki always worked the morning shift, 4 am – 12 am. The mid-day shift of 12 am – 4 pm was handled by Niki’s friend Puffy, and Tommy handled the closing shift of 4 pm – 10 pm. 6 days a week may sound like a lot, but for Tommy this was exactly what he had signed up for. Besides, if he’d really wanted to he could hire more people so he could do less. The amount he worked was an intentional choice.

And today he was late. He’d just missed the train by 1 minutes, which meant he’d had to wait another 5 for the next train. Which meant he was 5 minutes late. Puffy was not happy, but all was forgiven when Tommy explained what had happened at school. Getting his second high five of the day.

Then Tommy was left alone again. This was normal. As it was a café most of the customers came in the early morning to early afternoon, by 3 pm the number of customers was normally tiny. Tommy would normally get 25 a shift, maybe 30 if it was busy. But it was always worth it to see those 5 peoples face as they got their evening coffee before a night shift (or maybe they were just weird). But this lack of people also let Tommy have a lot of time to himself. During this time, he was meant to do schoolwork. But the reality was he spent most of the time keeping an eye on the news for villain action. If someone had asked why he’d say it was

to make sure no fights were getting to close to the café. But the reality was he had no worry of that. In truth, he was just curious.

Today's shift was unfortunately pretty boring. No interesting customers, no interesting villain sightings. Tommy had closed up a little late after he'd somehow spilled milk all over the floor just after mopping and had to reclean the floor as well as make a note of their low milk supply for Niki.

So by the time he was walking home it was pretty late, probably 11:30 if he had to guess. No big deal though. Tommy was a big man, he could handle walking home a little late. His family was normally asleep by the time he got home anyway, they wouldn't notice his late arrival. The subway station was about a 20 minute walk away from the café, but Tommy was cold so he was walking a bit slower than normal. Until he heard a sound from a nearby alleyway. The sound of a gun being fired to be more specific.

Now if Tommy were normal he would mind his business. He would pick up the pace even and get as far away from there as possible. But he was Tom Simons Watson, and he was no normal mortal. So of course, he went down the alleyway in the direction of the sound.

He wasn't sure what he expected to see in that alleyway. Maybe an older woman with a bullet in her leg and her purse missing. Maybe he expected to see a kid playing with something he shouldn't of. He was ready for anything, anything. But what he did not expect to see though was the 3<sup>rd</sup> top villain, Sootings, bleeding out with no sign of the assaulter to be seen.

Now this is where Tommy needs to turn around. Just turn around and pretend he didn't see anything. Or maybe he should call the police to deal with this, report what he'd seen and then go the other way. If this guy was awake he could kill Tommy by humming a tune, he could convince Tommy to go up the nearest building and jump. He had killed hundreds of people for nothing more than looking at him wrongly if the rumours were to be believed. But here he was, passed out and bleeding out in the middle of an alleyway.

Until it clicked with Tommy that he wasn't passed out. Tommy had walked closer to him to take a look at him, stepping in blood in the process. Then he moved, he looked up at Tommy and seem shocked. Backing away from Tommy like he was about to kill him himself. Although his backing away consisted mostly of trying to drag himself away and failing. Terror still on his face he seemed to give up on trying to get away, either due to pain or him realising Tommy wasn't a threat. To be honest Tommy found it hard to tell what this guy was

thinking with the mask covering half his face. Only his lips being visible. Although his mask had been designed so that his curly brown hair could poke out the top.

Then it hit Tommy, this guy was going to die here unless he did something. He's here staring at this guy as he bleeds out, when instead he could do something. Tommy could *fix him*, Tommy could *heal him*. He had the power too. It'd be wrong to let him die here. I mean Tommy had never healed something more than a cut before. But It'd be better to try than give up. So without thinking further tommy bent over.

Pushing up the fabric that covered the bullet hole in the mans chest. It seems the bullet had gone right through and out the other side. *The gun must have been pretty powerful then*, Tommy thought. Not that it really matters to Tommy. But it's probably a good thing. He's not sure what would happen if he tried to heal it with a bullet in there, but he can't imagine it'd be good. Tommy put his hands over this cut, he felt the man under him flinch. He really hoped Sootings was thankful after this, or at least would spare him his life. Tommy then closed his eyes, letting the familiar feeling of the gold glowing blood enter his hands. His eyes glowed as his head started to spin and he pushed himself harder than he ever had before.

He only lifted off because he felt he was going to throw up. Backing away from the almost passed out man, he heard a gasp as he pulled away. He really hoped it didn't hurt the man to heal him as much as it hurt him. He was expecting to maybe be yelled at. Or be threatened that if he told anyone about this he'd be killed, or maybe even he was going to be killed right now. What he did not expect to come out of the guys mouth was a question.

"You're a healer?"

"Ah, yeah." Tommy replied, out of breath. Tommy was confused. Of course, he was a healer. He'd just fixed a hole in this guys chest. Why was this a question.

"I've never healed something that big before though. Consider yourself Lucky it worked."

The silence was terrifying. The two both catching their breath. Tommy waiting to be threatened, or maybe thanked if the dude was feeling grateful.

“I’ve got to go” The masked Villain replied. The deep voice that could only be caused by a voice changer sounding weirdly timid considering who really held all the power here.

Then he was gone. Climbing over the building like tommy was going to get up and chase him or something. And Tommy was left alone, out of breath, cold, and covered in one of top Villain’s in the cities blood.

And he didn’t even get a fucking thank you.

# Some Blood and A Mothers Love

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy was in shock to say the least. He had just revealed one of his powers for the first time to one of the most dangerous people in the city. He had just saved the life of someone who (if the news is to be believed) has killed hundreds of people. Tommy might have even believed it had never happened if it wasn't for the fact he still sitting in the dudes blood.

New issue time. He was now covered in Sootings blood in the middle of an Alleyway at like 12 am. His hands and arms stained up to his elbow, his pants were covered due to how he'd been kneeling in the blood. At least he was smart enough in his earlier panic to put his bag down before stepping into the quickly spreading blood. So at least his school uniform would be safe. Man, that would have been an awkward conversation to have with Kristin. But for now he had to walk home with the sticky liquid drying to his skin.

The benefit of it being this time of night is that no one was around. Tommy managed to make it all the way to the subway station without anyone looking his way. He did get a few strange looks on the train home, but at this time of night no one wanted to bother themselves by taking responsibility for the small 15-year-old who was covered in slowly drying blood. The neighbourhood around his home was completely isolated. The majority of people living there being the elderly and those with small children, so on this Monday night (well Tommy guessed it was probably early Tuesday morning by this point) everyone was already in bed. Too preoccupied to see the in-shock boy walking home.

Once inside Tommy made a mad dash for the bathroom he shared with Wilbur and Tubbo. Even though it was late and everyone was probably asleep he really didn't want to get caught looking like this. That'd be an awkward conversation to have. "Why are you covered in blood Tommy?" "Well, you see beloved family member. I, the great Tom Simons Watson. Was walking home when I just spotted a gas station. Now you know how I love my gas station slushy's; I just couldn't resist buying one. But when I got in there the only flavour they had was *cherry*, ***Cherry my good sir***. The obvious worst flavour. But me, the very polite Tom Simons, not wanting to be rude at this time of night, decided I must by one anyway, to save them the shame of only having *horrid* flavours and all that. But I also didn't want to seem like I was alone at this time of night. Ya know how people can be, they see a 15-year-old alone at 12 am and just feel like it's obviously their right to call the police. So I, the great Tommy bought 2 of the giant red cherry slushy's. No sain gas station worker would ever think someone of my size could possibly drink 2 of those things alone." (which would of course be a lie. Tommy had drunk two of them by himself many times) "So I then walked to the train, and these slushes were clearly really shit mate. Like, they were already fully liquid

in the 15 minutes it'd taken to walk there. Then this lunatic, this absolute fucking prick, shoves me. And I go 'ow,' and he shoves me again and I drop the slushes all over myself. Staining my arms and shirt. Then I decide I need to make the dude feel bad, so I drop to my knees and start crying in the spilt red cherry slushy. And that is how I, the great Tommy, came to look like I'd murdered someone at 12 am Tuesday, August 2019."

Yeah that speech would get whatever family member it was off his back. But he'd really prefer to not have to tell that amazing story at this time of night. Especially since there was no gas station near where he worked. But it'd have to do as a cover story. Not that he ended up needing it. He got into the bathroom without any issue. Then he saw why he'd been given weird looks on the train. He looked like he'd murdered someone. Along with the already known stains on his arms and legs, Tommy also had blood splatters across his chest and he'd at some point touched his face and hair. It really looks like he'd come from a crime scene. Thinking about it, it probably was a crime scene. But at least it was less of one thanks to Tommy's great work. Or maybe him letting the dude go made it more of one? Tommy just really hoped there were no cameras in the area, although with the amount of blood on him he'd probably be unrecognisable anyway.

After deciding his clothes were past saving and throwing them out. Tommy spent a good 40 minutes in the shower scrubbing all the blood off. Even then he was pretty sure there was still a tint to his skin. But it'd have to do.

On the way to his bedroom he noticed the light in Techno's room was on, which wasn't out of the ordinary for the Man at this time of day. Techno tended to sleep little, but was still somehow able to function normally. At one point in Tommy's life he'd actually considered that maybe that was Techno's power. But Tommy doubted it. It'd be an odd power to have. Another night Tommy may have considered checking in on Techno. But after the night he'd had he really just needed to sleep.

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Tommy got up early the next day. Hoping to shower again to get the rest of the red tint out of his skin. He wasn't sure how well it'd worked, but if his family had noticed they didn't comment on it.

The morning made it seem like the events of the prior night had never happened. Everyone acting the way they should. Tommy entered the kitchen/dining room and gazed upon the

normal site of Phil making breakfast and Techno drinking coffee while looking at his phone. Upstairs Tubbo would still be sleeping a Wilbur would be just waking up, it normally taking him awhile to get out of bed. Kristin would be showering, then she'd likely come down just in time to hug and kiss Tubbo goodbye. If Tommy was going to school, she'd do the same with him. But only after he'd fought her for at least 30 seconds on it. Tommy was a big man, big men didn't get kisses from their mothers before leaving the house. *No matter how nice they may be.*

But today, due to his suspension, he would not be going to school. That left him the rest of the day to think over the event of last night. Great. As much as Tommy hated being alone though, it was most likely a good thing. If he saw Eryn or Freddie in person right now he might just tell them everything, it was hard enough not to message them the second he got home. If Tommy knew one thing about the world he lived in, it would be that some things are better left unsaid. Especially if you wanted to live. Now most of the time Tommy had trouble telling in what situations this rule applied. But he figured that "I met one the most deadly people alive and saved his life" is probably not something he should be telling anyone about. So Tommy would hold his tongue, at least for now.

So for today Tommy would pretend everything is normal, or, at least as normal as it can be when you just punched a teacher and are now suspended from school. As Tommy moved to sit in his normal breakfast spot he got an odd look from his father. *'Oh god'* Tommy thought, *'he can see the blood can't he, he's gonna ask me what happened and it's all gonna come straight out isn't it. Fuck'*

"Hey mate, your up early. You know you could have slept in today. No school and all that."

Oh fuck, Tommy had forgot to even consider that. Damn it, he could have slept in and avoided everyone today. Why didn't he think of that?

"I know" Tommy lied. "Just felt like I should get up at the same time, keeping the same schedule and all that shit."

Phil seemed to be satisfied with that answer, as he turned back to his currently burning pancakes. Phil wasn't the best cook, but he tried, and his family was always thankful. It tended to be that 4 days a week Phil would make breakfast while Kristan made Dinner, then the other 3 days the 4 younglings had to make sort out their own breakfast and cook dinner for the whole family. It tended to be on those 3 days Everyone except Wilbur would help out,

they'd all cook together and mostly fuck around. It was always great fun for Tommy. Although in Tubbo and Techno's eyes Tommy really just made more mess than he did help, but at least he tried. Unlike the older brown-haired boy. But that argument had long since passed.

Today Tommy realised he had no impulse control. He knew he should pretend that he didn't see anything. Pretend the other night never happened for his own safety. So why were his fingers googling latest SBI Sootings sightings, why did he relax when there were no Sootings sightings in the last day. He shouldn't be that relieved. But then, at least it meant no one saw him with Sootings that night. It meant there was no reason for Sootings to track him down or hurt him. Tommy could keep his mouth shut, or at least he could from now on. Tommy would never speak of this again if it meant he never had to see Sootings again.

Something he did notice though, was that someone had seen The Blade only a 5 minute walk away from where Sootings had been laying the night before. *'That can't be a coincidence'* Tommy thought. But he really hoped it was.

The Blade and Sootings were both apart of Sleepy Bois Inc, the top most deadly super villain group to ever exist. Their name coming from the combined meanings of both abilities to "put people to sleep," and the time in which they are active. The group consists of either 4 to 5 members based on who you ask. Although they started off as a duo. Over 20 years ago the first two appeared, Birdza and MissTrixtin. They two were originally Vigilantes, although obviously they had a change in career paths. Officially labelled Villains after they assassinated 3 government officials within 30 minutes, the two had been the most dangerous people around for over two decades.

Their powers consist of Super strength and flight for Birdza, it is also said that he can kill people with just one touch. Although Tommy doesn't know whether that's because he's so strong, or if it's because it's another power he has. Tommy doesn't know what one terrifies him more. MissTrixtin is reportedly able to make people hallucinate by releasing smoke. She was also found out to be able to turn into this smoke and vanish after she'd been cornered by police that one time. The two together are known as the angels of death, for obvious reasons.

About 4 years ago two more appeared, The Blade and Sootings. The Blade's powers are unknown. It is suspected his power is incredible fitness, but police also suspect he could just be an incredibly fit person under the boar mask he wears. He's a master with a sword in his hand, he strikes to kill without hesitation. Sootings can sing to mind control anyone he wants, as long as he keeps singing (or humming) they stay under his spell. The two upon appearance have been working with the older two.



That consists of the official members of SBI, but there is one more suspected member. 2 years ago, a new vigilante named Nucellar Nightshade, commonly shorted to Nuke, appeared. Able to create high powered explosions from his hands, as well as being immune to fire and other explosions. He just in his first week took down 3 other highly powerful Villains, all while outrunning the Heroes. Within 2 weeks he got into a fight with the SBI, assumed to be him trying to take them down. He was outnumbered. Although he managed to escape, he was injured, and cameras caught site of The Blade chasing him. Next time he was spotted he was working along side SBI and has been since then. Although his still does solo vigilante acts with another vigilante called Ender. They mostly taking down muggers, or walking people home. Small actions that help the community. Tommy couldn't help but admit he liked Nuke much more than the other SBI members.

Nuke had been spotted too, again a bit from The Blade. About the same distance The Blade was from Sootings. 3 of the SBI in one area, that means they were up to something. Tommy needs to stop looking at this. He should have reported a sighting, should have called the police the second he found Sootings. But could he have lived with himself if he did? Can he live with himself now? Obviously he has to, he made his choice when he healed the dude. The headache from pushing his powers that far still racked his head. But he was hiding it well enough.

“You right there Tommy?”

Apparently he wasn't hiding it as well as he thought.

Techno was looking over his glasses. His head on a slant as he stared at Tommy, waiting for an answer from the blond boy.

“Yeah king. Why wouldn't I be.”

“You look like you've been run over by a truck or something. Rough night?” Techno had gone back to looking at his phone. Tommy thought he was probably asking out of politeness rather than actual interest at this point. Techno preferred not to talk when given the option, so Tommy had already decided to just get it over with. Save him the trouble of pretending he cared.

“Just a bit, nothing to worry about though. Just normal shift stuff.” Tommy said, giving Techno and out of the conversation. What he didn't notice was the look of concern Techno

gave him. But Techno wasn't about to push if the blonde boy wasn't interested in talking. So in response he just gave a nod.

The room settled back into its peaceful quite for a bit. The sizzle of the pan Phil was using filling the room. Tommy focused back onto his phone, trying to ignore the eco of terror in his thoughts and the pain that swelled through his body. Tommy should really take some headache medication, but he's no pussy. He can handle it.

Probably.

Tommy needed a distraction. Normally he might annoy Techno, but at this time of day he's sure Techno would probably stab him if he made him speak. No, Tommy needed someone who would equally balance his energy (no matter how fake it might be). Tommy needed someone who would only *threaten* to hurt him at this time of day, but not actually mean it. He needed someone he could push until any normal person would hate him. Tommy needed Wilbur.

Speak of the devil. Wilbur appeared in the kitchen looking as bad as Tommy felt. The bags under his eyes telling Tommy he must have been up late. His hair clearly unbrushed and unwashed, he hadn't bothered to get dressed yet. To put it simply, he looked like shit. Another day, Tommy may have had more self-control. Tommy may have kept this thought to himself. But he didn't. Normally Wilbur may have told him to shut up, or even maybe shot something similar back at him. But today was odd.

Wilbur looked like he'd seen a ghost. His eye's widening in a look Tommy had never seen before. He looked terrified. His actions were just as weird as his face. Grabbing a carton of milk from the fridge and turning back around to go back to his room. Apparently Tommy wasn't the only one to notice this weird behaviour.

"That was weird." Phil commented. "You guys know what was up with that."

"Maybe you touched a nerve Tommy" Techno teased, not actually meaning a word of what he said.

Tommy did not sense the sarcasm.

“Be quite Techno. I didn’t do shit!”

“Tommy... I’m kidding man. No need to panic.”

“I’m totally calm.” Tommy was not calm. He’d fucked up. He didn’t know how, but he had. Tommy had upset Wilbur, and now he was going to die.

“Techno leave Tommy alone. Wilbur’s most likely fine. He just gets in these moods sometimes.” Phil commented. He thought back to the month where Wilbur would only respond with My Chemical Romance lyrics. That’d been a time.

“Yeah. Remember that time he went on a rant about how the world needs to start appreciate the taste of sand more.” Techno honestly loved his brothers random silly moods, smiling at the memory. Meanwhile Phil shuddered at the memory.

Tommy had started to calm down. Techno and Phil had a point. Wilbur was just weird sometimes. It was just a coincidence that he’d looked at Tommy like Tommy was going to scream at him. Just a coincidence. Nothing was wrong. Tommy was just overthinking everything. Clearly his headache was getting to him. Tommy just needed to sleep this headache off.

And with that thought in mind, Tommy wordlessly went to his room. Passing Tubbo on the way past. Tommy was in too much pain today to say anything before he collapsed in bed.

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Apparently someone had noticed his off demeanour, as he was woken a few hours later by Kristin entering his room. Tommy didn’t look up to see her, but he could tell it was her by the softness of her footsteps before she sat down wordless on Tommy’s bed. It was only after placing a kiss on the back of Tommy’s head did she softly start to try to wake him.

“Tommy dear, it’s lunch time. You need to wake up and eat something.” Her voice was quite and loving. It made Tommy instinctively relax. Her hands were soft on Tommy’s back, he felt like melting into her touch. Pretending like he’d been asleep, he opened his eye’s slowly and turned over.

Tommy had always thought his mother was beautiful. She was one of the few people who Tommy felt truly safe to be himself around. His other family members were amazing of course, but he could never quite be vulnerable with anyone in the same way he was with his mother. But something confused Tommy, if it was lunch time then she should be at work. Why was she home now?

Kristin must have noticed the confusion on Tommy’s face, because she answered his question without Tommy needing to ask. “Phil and Techno said you looked a bit sick love. Are you ok?”

Kristin had always done her best to take days off when one of her boys were home sick. Even though Tommy and Tubbo were plenty old enough to take care of themselves at home for the day, they still appreciated it.

“Yeah mum, I’m a big man remember. No headache can get the better of me.” Tommy lied.

If Kristin saw through Tommy’s lie, she didn’t let it show. “Ok love. I’ve got medicine there just in case. I also made you a sandwich.”

Tommy looked over to his side, noticing the sandwich and glass of water for the first time. He noticed that the sandwich seemed to have tomato in it, which another day he might complain about. But for now, he was too enveloped in his mothers warm hand on his face to even consider complaining. He felt like he could easily drift off again if he wanted too. Unfortunately, the pain in his stomach stopped that from happen, he really shouldn’t of skipped breakfast.

“I’d love to stay here all day love, but I’ve apparently got a plain milk drinking guy to check in on. Call out if you need anything love.” When Tommy was younger he may have complained about his mothers leaving. But at this age Tommy just thought about complaining

instead. How he sometimes wished sometimes that he could cuddle up in his mother's arms and fall asleep like he had when he was little. But he guessed that would have to wait until he was really sick. For now he'd just have to eat his sandwich in silence. He quickly swallowed the medication she'd left for him before taking a bite of the sandwich he'd left her.

“AHHH, EW. TOMATO.”

## Chapter End Notes

Sootings during that one month in the middle of a mission belting his heart out:  
DRUGS, GIMME DRUGS, GIMME DRUGS

Also Tommy the second Wilbur looks at him this chapter: Big brother hates me, life is not worth living anymore, I am just going to sit down in the corner and die.

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This chapter was a bit more chilled out than the other one. Anyway, what do you guys think of this? I love feedback, both good and bad. I also loved the comments on the last one. Comments actually keep me going. I know this chapter was released fast, but basicly I'll just post these as I finish them. If you notice any spelling mistakes please let me know as I wrote this at super late at night.

# Back To School

## Chapter Notes

Hey so just a heads up for readers. This fic will not involve much shipping, as it is not ship focused. But there may be one or two crushes or romances, but most of them will be based on either real life or dsmp lore. There may also sometimes be mentions of romantic relationships with adults. But (and this is a big but) there will be no proper romances among minors in this fic, or anyone who's character I have aged down to be a minor. (for example, Fubdy and Ranboo are both adults in real life. But they are minors in this fic so I am not ok with putting them in a relationship here.) (Aimsey is also aged down here, but the only reason she has gf is because she also does in real life) Saying that though, there will be relationships among minors that you can either read as romantic if you wish, but they will never be confirmed in this fic. Tommy is also unsure of his own feelings on people so if you really want some of his friendships can also be read as crushes. But no minor romances will be confirmed as either way and you can read all of them as close friendships if you wish.

The other thing I feel it's important to say is, remember this is all from a weird perspective. These are all Tommy's perspective and he is a mixed narrator. Everything he says he sees is actually happening, but he may read into why wrong at times. So feel free to read as deep into what he's thinking and seeing as you want. Go crazy with it. Have fun with it.

Lastly this fic is planned to be a long one, I have the base story fully planned out. Tags will be updated as the fic is. But (and spoiler warning) this will be a happy ending fic. But no promising on shit being happy along the way.

Anyway, enjoy reading this!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy's time suspended passed surprisingly fast. He continued to work despite his mother's worry. And by the second day his headache had cleared up. Wilbur seemed to get over his prior mood, acting mostly normal. But he still seemed to be avoiding being with Tommy alone. Which was weird to Tommy, but he had more pressing issues at the current time. Like going back to school.

Tommy woke up at his normal time. Which was with about 5 minutes to get ready. Tommy was used to this early morning rush. It giving him just enough time to get dressed and scarf down 3 pop tarts (much to Phil's disappointment). Then his daily struggle with Kristin about being kissed goodbye. Then he would walk to the train stop with Tubbo, who would tell him

all about whatever hero and villain sightings had happened the previous night. Tommy had never really understood his fascination with the super-powered show-offs in the past, but today he listen a little more intensely as Tubbo told him about the daily news.

The most noteworthy of which being the appearance of The Joker. The Joker had been missing for over 2 months for unknown reasons. The police had presumed he'd quit. Which wasn't the most common thing for a villain to do, but normally when they disappeared for that long they weren't coming back. Tubbo had his own theory's for why the guy had been gone that long, but Tommy had decided he didn't care. So he wasn't listening. Just smile and nod, laugh when he laughs, and when asked a question, change the subject. That was how Tommy liked to avoid listening to Tubbo's rambles.

The train always arrived at the right time, and Tommy went to sit where he always did. Tommy use to sit next to Tubbo, that was until Ranboo came along. Ranboo at this stage had been around for a year and a half, but (if Tommy was to be honest) it felt like Ranboo had been apart of their little friend group forever. Memories from back before him felt wrong. Ranboo of course wasn't his real name, but Mark was quickly decided an uncool name. So Tommy told him he had to pick a new name if he wanted to be friends with him. At the time it'd been a dumb demand that 13 year old him had only really done because he wanted an easy way to send Ranboo away. But when Ranboo came back with his dumb new name, Tommy just couldn't say no to getting to know him. Especially since Tubbo seemed to like the guy. And by like, he meant *like* this guy. Ranboo was Tubbos best friend by far. Tommy had even heard the two talk of getting married (although that could have been a joke if Tommy were honest, he wasn't the best with telling with those two).

Tubbo had two other friends. Aimsey and Billzo. Now Tommy personally considered the two to be pretty cool, especially Billzo. Although he was Tubbos friend first, Tommy personally considers him one of the coolest people he knows. Billzo and Tommy just clicked in a way that Tommy had never done with anyone else. So much so that Billzo was the only person Tommy would ever openly say he liked. They had "the spark," as Bill would put it. So, as Tommy entered the train, he walked straight past his two close childhood friends, Freddie and Eryn, to greet Bill. Taking the seat next to him. In the past Tommy would have to fight Aimsey for the seat, but since she got a girlfriend the seat was always free waiting for him.

Normally Freddie and Eryn would have accepted Tommy's ignoring of them well. (They knew he would normally come to talk to them eventually) But apparently his ghosting of them over the past few days made them less willing to ignore his bullshit than normal. Tommy briefly heard an angry shout from who he assumed to be Eryn. In response he decided to make the best decision possible (*if he did say so himself*), ignoring them. Instead focusing on the bandana wearing boy next to him.

“Nice thing king” Tommy said, motioning to the bandana. “How long do you reckon you’ll last today before it’s taken off you?” The school Tommy and Bill went to had a very strict dress code, a dress code Bill seemed devoted to destroying. He’d managed to change the school’s rules on male piercings through pure stubbornness, now he seemed to be attempting to do the same with bandanas. Having worn, and gotten taken off him, one every day for the past 2 months. The current record for keeping it was 2 hours before he’d been threatened with a suspension by the vice principle if he didn’t lose it instantly.

“I’m feeling strong today Tommy, I reckon we’ll have a recording winning day today.” Tommy thought that was unlikely, but he always admired Bill’s enthusiasm anyway. The subject quickly changed though, as it always did with Bill. “Mate you fucking went crazy on Monday. I mean, good on ya. The dick deserved it. But holy hell you looked mad.”

Ahh yes, the teacher punching situation. Tommy hadn’t really thought about it much over the past 2 days. The whole ‘finding a top villain bleeding out and then saving his life’ event kind of took up most of his thoughts. Tommy was so ready though to talk about his awesome bitch beat up actions and leave his little “saving a murderer’s life” behind him.

“Yeah I was pretty pissed mate. I don’t really remember doing it if I’m honest. I was just sitting in class, then I was punching his face. But it was fully worth it though.” Tommy was honestly pretty happy with his actions from earlier that week. I mean, he’d punched a teacher and got away with it. And as a bonus he’d protected his brother. What wasn’t there to be happy with.

Toby and Tommy both used to have a huge problem with bullies when they were younger. They were both pretty small for their age as kids and other kids found them easy to pick on. Tommy would always try to fight them off, especially when they targeted Toby. But it never seemed to work. That was until one day when Tommy and Tubbo were 12 a few older guys thought it’d be funny to beat Tommy up in the locker room. Tommy was powerless to stop their punches. To make it worse, Tubbo, Eryn and Freddie had watched the event happen but had all been unable to help. Tommy left school later that day with what he was sure were a few broken ribs and a bruised face. Although he didn’t stay hurt long with his healing powers there to fix him up.

Tommy remembers being terrified to go back to school after that, he’d faked sick for a week to avoid going. But eventually Kristin and Phil forced him to go to school. They’d seemed concerned when telling him he had to go, not really buying into Tommy’s whole faking sick



thing, but also knowing something was up. But Tommy wasn't about to tell them why he was really staying home. Tommy wasn't any wimp. It's not like he was hiding from those guys or anything. He was just strategically saving up his energy to beat their asses. Tommy was ready for round 2. That first day back he spent the whole bus ride to school psyching himself up to deal with the day. But he was surprised to find that no one who use to attempt to hurt him even looked his way. He once tried to talk to one of the guys who use to beat him up, but they seemed to be terrified of him. Maybe his swearing while they'd beaten him up had scared them off. Or maybe they'd noticed his confidence the next day and knew if they didn't back off he was going to beat them up. Either way from that day onwards no one seemed to touch him. Any new bullies also seemed to back off very quickly, so Tommy knew he must have had a reputation build up.

Luckily this reputation seemed to spread to Tubbo as well. He's sure he once saw one of the guys much older than them flinch when Tubbo went near. So they must know that clearly Tommy would beat them if they even touched Tubbo and that was why they were reacting as such. Tommy would always protect his brother, no matter what. And he's happy everyone else knew this too.

"How were the parents?" Billzo asked. But Tommy had already spaced out and forgotten the prior conversation.

"Sorry what?"

"How did the parental figures react to the whole punching situation?"

Ahh, right. That whole thing.

"Bill, bill. You should have seen them. They were so mad. But not at me for once! They told that teacher to go fuck himself then they bought me ice cream." Everything Tommy had said was true, but he'd decided that Billzo didn't need to hear the 'don't do it again' talk. It was way cooler if he pretended that his parents were completely fine with his actions.

"That's cool as heck of them. I wished my parents were like that." Bills finished the sentence with a laugh, then his face quickly dropped. Tommy noticed the shift in his mood and instantly felt a tug of worry. "Bill, you good. What's wrong?" Bill shrugged his shoulders at the taller boy, sinking into his seat and avoiding eye contact with Tommy. Tommy wasn't

having this though, quickly putting his arm around the withdrawn boy and re-asking the question.

Billzo leaned into Tommy's touch, "I'm ok, I just." Bill paused for a second, blinking away what looked like tears. "My dad lost his job." Instantly Tommy understood his change in demeanour. Bill currently lived in the Middle District. As did most of the school. Tommy and Tubbo lived in the Outer District. Tommy wasn't sure why. Phil and Kristin clearly had the money to live in the Middle District if they wished. But Tommy was not complaining. He lived in the wealthiest neighbourhood in the Outer District anyway. It did give his family some freedom as well it seemed. Heroes did not patrol the Outer Districts. (I mean, *they were never reportedly there*. Tommy was sure they did if they were looking for a Villain.) Which yes, did mean crime ran rampant. But it also meant there was no curfew for kids his age. Which considering his work schedule was beneficial. The reason Bill looked like he was on the edge of crying from his father losing his job was simple, if you didn't have a high enough paying job, the city higher ups would send police to remove you from your homes. Then Bills family would be banned for ever entering any district beyond the Outer again. I mean, they would allow Bill back in again at 18, but he'd have to disown his family to do that. And Tommy knew he never would.

Because Tommy's family were in the Outer District by choice, they could freely travel to any district. They haven't yet been banned from anywhere. This meant they could buy food from anywhere. Or, to be more specific, fruit and vegetables from the inner city. Fresh grown food, and any plant that grew it, was banned in the Outer District. It was also heavily restricted in the Middle District. For those who lived in the Middle or Outer by choice this was no issue. They could just travel to the inner and shop there. But for those banned for anywhere but the Outer it was horrible. Malnutrition ran as rampant as crime. Tommy had grown up seeing this. Seeing his poorer neighbours' kids growing up to be half the height they could have been with the right diet. Phil and Kristin had tried their best to help at times, but they couldn't risk being banned themselves if someone found out.

So Bills dad losing his job was a bit of an issue. If he couldn't get his status back up in the next 2 weeks Billzo and his family would be forced to leave everything they knew behind. Their friends might promise to come visit them, but no one from the Middle ever really did (well, ignoring Tommy's friends. But they were special). Tommy knew he needed to say something to calm his clearly distressed but trying to hide it friend. "Hey, it's ok Bill. Your dad is a smart man. I'm sure he'll find another job before you know it."

That lifted Bills face a bit. Tommy knew he didn't actually believe Tommy's words, (*Tommy didn't really believe them either if he was honest*) but he knew Bill would still feel better anyway. Tommy always had a way to cheer everyone around him up. Even if no one really did believe what he was saying was true. Ranboo had once told him it was because he was so

stupid that his stupid rubbed off on other people, and stupid people were always happier people. Tommy had then told Ranboo to go fuck himself, *with love* of course.

As if sensing the tension his comment had caused, Bill decided to change the subject. “Thomas,” (that was not Tommy’s name, but he let it slide) “let’s talk more about how much you’d like to fuck a cat.”

Ahh right, this conversation. The lunch before Tommy got suspended, Bill and him had been arguing over whether having sex with a person with a power that makes them look part animal makes them a furry. “THAT IS NOT WHAT I SAID MATE, YOU NEED TO SHUT THE FUCK UP RIGHT NOW!!!”

“Oh really Tom, I’m not the one who’s into a bit of fur.”

Tommy may reconsider his thoughts on ‘murder is bad.’

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The day passed by fast. Tommy hadn’t noticed how much he missed his friends. He really enjoyed the constant arguments that meant nothing. Although Freddie and Eryn did seem a little off, but Tommy decided to ignore that. Instead focusing on Billzo. He was sure if he ignored that issue it would go away. That was always the way it seemed to work.

He had to work again today. So when he got home he quickly changed before going to leave. What he did not expect was Wilbur to be waiting by the door for him.

“Hey big man. Mind if I walk you to work today?” That was odd, Wilbur had never been interested in walking Tommy to work before. But he wasn’t about to say no, so he instead gave a small nod and started walking. Assuming Wilbur would just start to follow.

“So...” Wilbur seemed unsure what to say. “My new song with Lovejoy is almost fully written. I don’t think I’ve shown you this one yet.”

Tommy was highly interested in this. “WILBUR, WHY HAVEN’T YOU SHOWN ME YET.” Tommy of course knew why he hadn’t been shown yet, Wilbur had been avoiding him.

Wilbur ignored his question, “would you like to hear it once you get home later?” Tommy was already hype. Quickly nodding. “Oh Wilbur, the great Op brother. You ever the best and I will listen to it forever.”

Wilbur burst out in laughter over Tommy’s enthusiasm. His laugh then made Tommy laugh. The laughter slowly faded out, Wilbur looked out at Tommy with a very soft smile. “How have you been,” he asked in a soft tone. “Anything interesting happen?”

Tommy thought back to that night. Something had surely happened alright. But he wasn’t about to tell Wilbur about that. Tommy was sure that if Wilbur even knew Sootings had been in the area he’d freak out, let alone knowing Tommy had actually saved his life. It’d also be a bit odd to explain one of his powers like this. So Tommy decided to do what he did best, lie. “Nah nothing unfortunately. It’s been a pretty boring week tbh. I mean except for that one time I decked the teacher. But you already know about that.” Tommy still remembered Will high fiving him on his way out the front door.

Wilbur’s smile faltered a little at Tommy’s words, but before Tommy could really process Wilbur’s reaction he was smiling again. Although his smile looked a little hurt. “Tommy, I’ve been told I’m not allowed to give you my opinion on the whole teacher situation. But I’m an adult who does what he wants. So good work.”

Tommy smiled at Wilbur’s now real smile. “Oh Will, you should have seen his face!”

Tommy spent the rest of the walk to the train detailing his day and joking around with Wilbur, and things finally felt normal. Things were ok. Even if Tommy was hiding what happened from his family, his friends, his best friend (Wilbur). Things were going to be ok. They had to be ok.

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Tommy wouldn't say he hated working. It had originally started as a hobby he did 3 times a week. But as an owner of the café he slowly realised they were struggling, the area having a slowly raising crime rate scaring people off. So Tommy took up the late shift, and insisted he could do it alone. This meant hiring less people, and because Tommy was an owner he was able to stop himself being paid so that the money instead could go towards Niki and Puffy. Jobs were hard to find in the Outer District, and he knew this job was the only reason the two weren't currently living on the street. Tommy was happy to work for free to keep those two away from crime, even if it was tiring. But the hardest part was keeping what he was doing with money away from Niki. She'd never let him be working this much unpaid if she knew. So he did his best to keep it away from her. He'd almost slipped up a few times, but luckily Niki seemed to trust his word. (or she at least trusted his word on business stuff)

Today was another quite day, but it seemed just a bit too quiet. After wondering about why it was so quiet for about 20 minutes, Tommy decided to check his phone to see if there was a reason. What he found was a Villain alert had been activated in the area, urging people to either leave the area or take cover. It was vague though. Not detailing the Villain, or the Hero dealing with it. This was most likely to avoid panic, as it tended to be someone very powerful if it did not say who. It also was easy to tell the level of Villain based on the Hero dealing with it. So, the government tended to leave those details out in alerts if it was bad. So it was either something bad, or, the government was trying to hide something a Hero was doing. Considering the area of the café though, Tommy doubted the government truly had anything to hide around here. This meant a major Villain was probably around.

But Tommy didn't really care. He couldn't see it from the café windows, so it was unlikely to affect him. Most Villain actions that killed people tended to happen in the Inner District. Or, at least the *reported* killings did. (The government didn't really seem to care about the outer district people much. But the Villains didn't either, so it was ok) But Tommy had never worried much about Villain actions. He could still remember when he was little Phil telling him that most Villains came from the Outer District, which meant they wouldn't harm those who lived there intentionally. It had calmed little Tommy down quite a lot, although today's Tommy couldn't remember what had made him so scared in the first place. But today's Tommy wasn't as easily calmed, he was still worried that Sootings would track him down and kill him for seeing him in such a weak state. Maybe he'd been spotted in the area and was searching for Tommy. The thought sent chills down his spine.

Tommy felt himself starting to panic. Sensing it early he decided to put on some music to calm himself before it became too much. He'd had panic attacks before, mostly during that time of constantly bullying. And, to put it mildly, they were not fun. Besides, he needed to keep an eye on the shop. There was always the chance the alert went away, that or someone would ignore the alert and come in anyway. It wasn't like keeping it open was losing them much money, it wasn't like he was being paid.

Despite deciding to stay open for the chance someone would come in, Tommy also decided the chance of someone coming in was low enough that he could get away with blasting music and dancing without any judgment. He put on AJR and turned up the sound as loud as possible. Singing along in a way that was basically shouting the words and dancing in a way he never would in front of anyone else. Tommy felt himself starting to calm, and again he felt like things were ok.

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Tommy spent the rest of the afternoon listening to music and finishing off homework which he'd been behind on for working so much. He felt very productive, even if he was sure he could have done better just by turning off the music. But it kept him happy anyway. So even if he didn't get as much done as he could have, he was happy with himself.

Tommy closed up at the normal time of 10 pm, having gotten no customers. He turned the music down so he could make sure he cleaned everything properly. Mopping the floors and wiping down the benches. He then counted the money for the day, it being a bit less than normal due to the empty late shift. But it seemed to be Niki or Puffy had earned them heaps earlier in the day so it wouldn't matter. Tommy was about to go home when he remembered the coffee machine needed to be cleaned out, another day he might leave it for Niki. But he felt bad for the lack of afternoon funding and decided it'd be a bit mean to leave it for her. So he got started on the job of cleaning the old thing.

He was about halfway through cleaning the thing when he heard a knock on the front door of the shop. Opening the door without thinking he heard the slight jingle of the bell as he slowly opened it, before he fully opened it he started to think about how he really should have took a peak before opening it at this time of night. But his thoughts were interrupted by the sight he saw.

Sootings was at the café's front door. In his arms was the Villain Pink Shark, her head resting against his chest and her breathing shallow. Her pink hair messy and covering Tommy's view of her blue mask. The most noteworthy feature though was the huge burns down her chest.

"I need your help" Sootings heavily breathed out.

## Chapter End Notes

Shit's about to go down.

As always, please give me your thoughts and feelings. I'd love to hear how I can improve if you have any thoughts on that. Updates will try to be atleast once a week.

# **If Tommy had a nickel for everytime he saved a Villain from certain Death he'd have 2 nickles, which isn't a lot but it's weird it happened twice.**

## Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the love on the first 3 chapters!!! It makes me really happy to see people enjoying this as much as I enjoy writting it. Also credit to the people who put comments in their bookmarks, I love reading it.

Enjoy this chapter. It's a little shorter but hopefully still good.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I need your help.”

Sootings was breathing heavily. His lips parted slightly in a look that Tommy couldn't properly read, but was most likely anger or distress. The Villain in his arms wasn't moving, she appeared to be completely limp as he cradled her. If it wasn't for her shallow breaths Tommy would have assumed she was dead.

He considered closing the door in Sootings face, but then he glanced at the woman in his arms. The burns looked indented in her skin. He wasn't sure how bad it was, but for her to have passed out it must have been very painful (or deadly). He doubted that she would live if he left them there. Despite his best judgments, despite his brain telling him to run and hide, he quickly motioned them in. (He'd later realise that he probably didn't have a choice anyway)

Closing the door behind him fast, Tommy moved a few tables aside so there was plenty of room on the floor. Sootings seemed to understand what he was doing without explanation as he placed the woman down on the now cleared earlier. She appeared much smaller in person than she was on the news, although Tommy couldn't tell if that was because of her current fragile state or if it was due to Tommy finally getting to see her real height in person.

Tommy leant down on his knees to take a closer look at the burns. Tommy isn't a doctor; he knew next to nothing about burns. But even he could tell this was bad. The burn spread from



the top of the Villains chest to her stomach. It was so charred that if it wasn't attached to the rest of her body Tommy wouldn't have been able to identify her as a person. Tommy had no first aid training, but he felt like he should clean the wound first. Worst case scenario, Tommy figured he would just heal any damage done by cleaning. But it could also help him heal it easier, potentially.

While Tommy was looking at the burn and deciding how to handle it, Sootings had been standing nearby. He was watching Tommy, in what Tommy could tell by his slight rocking back and forth and his heavy breathing, was a panicked state. Although Tommy was nervous around the Villain, right this second Tommy felt a bit of confidence. He was sure he could tell the Villain to do anything right now, and he would. (If it meant saving, *what Tommy assumed was*, his friend.) Tommy made the decision to put him to work. "Hey, Could you go behind the counter and find something for me." Tommy felt like he was testing his luck a little here, but he kept going. "Second draw to the left should have towels in it, behind the towels at the back is a first aid kit. Grab the kit and one towel please." Tommy kept his voice calm, he wanted it to seem like he knew what he was doing. Even if he was truly making all of this up.

The normally terrifying man seemed a bit out of it, taking a second to respond with a quick "yeah sure," that even with the deep voice changer sounded nervous. Tommy wasn't sure of the woman's relation to this Villain. Pink Shark tended to work alone. Or, on rare occasions, with The Joker. So it was odd to Tommy that she was with Sootings. But the government did like to hide anything that made them look bad. Tommy decided to shoved off the thoughts and to just to accept that, yes, they knew each other. And, yes, they were somewhat close. And that was all the information he needed to know. He was still not interested in getting involved in this world. This was just the right thing to do after all.

Sootings worked fast to grab what Tommy had requested. He seemed very out of place in the small kitchen. Sootings (from what Tommy could tell) was already a tall man, but the fact he seemed to wear large heels made him seem unhuman. Although it was kind of hard to see him as anything but human while he was in this state. Tommy quickly searched the first aid kit, successfully finding the item he was really hoping was there.

"Hey, um, what are you doing?"

"I'm about to use alcohol wipes to clean the wound before trying to heal it."

"Oh... What's the towel for?"

Tommy was surprised by his tone yet again. *This was one of the guy's who'd killed hundreds of people?* Tommy didn't think he'd ever get use to the soft tone used, he really hoped he wouldn't have to either.

“Well the top of her shirt has been burned away. So if this works we can use that to cover her... well, you know.” Tommy didn't feel the need to finish his sentence, and it didn't seem like Sootings felt the need to reply either.

Tommy started to clean the wound. He wasn't sure what was doing so he decided to start at the edges of the edges of the burn. As Tommy applied some light pressure Pink Shark flinched and let out a small sound of pain from under her mask. Tommy felt Sootings flinch from behind him as well. Tommy braced for the worst. Preparing to be beat for hurting her, but nothing came.

It took a few minutes. Tommy carefully cleaning the area the best he could. He kept an close eye on her breathing, making sure that the slow breaths continued. Tommy didn't know what Sootings would do if she died right now, but he couldn't imagine it'd be good.

Tommy didn't think he'd ever be ready to attempt to heal this wound, but he knew that if he didn't act now she really could die. When he'd healed Sootings that first time he'd been mostly running of adrenaline. But here, with the previously saved Villain watching over him the nerves were panic creating. But he couldn't hold it off any longer, he just had to try.

Tommy put his hands in the middle of the burn. He already felt like he could feel everything. He could sense exactly where the skin was dying, he could see the slowly developing organ damage, he could hear her heart beating slowly. But the most important thing he felt was the urge to fix all of this. The instinct to put her back as she should be. Tommy gave into the feeling. The gold blood rushing into his hands. He focused on that pull. Gripping as hard as he could mentally.

The sensation started off feeling amazing. The gold blood bringing with it a sense of relief. Then the nausea started. It was originally tolerable, but the further Tommy pushed himself the worse it got. His head was aching, but he had to keep going. He kept pulling, until he felt that there was nothing left to pull.

He let go suddenly, jumping off the woman in a panic as he backed himself into the wall. The nausea passed over almost instantly, but was replaced by the worst headache of his life. The nausea then returning due to the pain. Keeping his eyes shut tight, Tommy placed his head in between his knees as he saw white. It was the worst pain of his life. He felt like he was dying. He wasn't sure how long he was there for until he felt a hand on his knee and a soft voice singing a song Tommy felt he recognised from somewhere deep in his memory. The migraine passed fast with the new voice helping Tommy's head. Instead being replaced by a strong ache.

Tommy felt like he'd sat there for years before he cracked open his eyes. The first thing he'd noticed was that at some point Sootings had turned off the lights. The second thing he noticed was that the towel had been placed over Pink Sharks chest at some point. The third and final thing he noticed was that Sootings had been the one singing to him, his hand still resting on his knee. A soft smile appeared on his lips before he backed away to check on the other Villain again.

Tommy, even from the other side of the room, could still feel the woman's body in his figures. He could feel that her heart had evened out and that she was breathing normally. Tommy unfortunately couldn't say the same about his own breathing. He felt like he'd run a marathon, his lungs ached as much as his head. But the main thing he felt right this second, was thirst. He felt like he was going to pass out from how dehydrated he was.

He made a dash for the sink. Almost falling over along the way. His legs felt like they would give out at any moment as he leant against the counter. He gave himself a second to regain his energy before moving to the sink. He didn't bother to use a cup, catching as much water as he could in his mouth. While this did seem to fulfil the water issue, it did make the nausea return. Tommy tried to ignore this feeling though, as he instead focused on staying upright.

Another sound grabbed Tommy's attention. He turn back around to the Villains to see Pink Shark coughing and slowly lifting her head up from the ground. Sootings seemed to notice her waking too. He bent down to her level and instantly moved his finger to his lips, he motioned his head towards Tommy and looked his way. Stopping the action when he realised Tommy watching.

Pink Shark stiffened up a bit in reaction to seeing Tommy. Staring for a few seconds before turning back to stare at Sootings. Tommy wished he could see her face to gauge her reaction. But her mask covered all of facial features, leaving Tommy clueless. Tommy decided to look away from her as his staring was getting him no where in understanding the woman.

Sootings cleared his throat a little, moving to speak for the first time since Pink Shark being healed. “Thank you for healing her. And I guess for healing me last time as well. I was a little rude running off last time I guess.” His tone was a little out of place, but clearly less panicked than before.

Tommy turned his face up in a smile, fighting off the nausea that was rising in his stomach as he replied. “It’s no issue. I mean it’s just the right thing to do innit.” This wasn’t a lie, Tommy did really think this was the right thing to do. No matter who these people may be. “But if your gonna be doing this more often, maybe you should consider bringing some cash in with ya. I am working afterall.” This was a joke, although Tommy might need the money he really didn’t want this to continue happening. Tommy felt so sick that he really thought he might die, he couldn’t imagine doing this more often.

Sootings did not seem to get the joke.

“Oh, ah. I can make sure your paid if you’d like.”

Oh this was a bad idea. Tommy knew this was a bad idea. He didn’t want to be involved in this world. He knew he didn’t ever want to be involved in this world. If he did he’d be in the Hero’s program right now. But he did need the money, and he was sure they’d pay well. This didn’t mean he’d be involved of course. No, no, this was just business. I mean everyone did what they had to do to live right.

“Leave the child alone Sootings. I’m sure he doesn’t want to get involved in stuff like this.” This was the first time Tommy had ever heard Pink Shark speak. Her heavily autotuned voice was hinted in what Tommy could only guess was aggression. But it seemed more directed at the other Villain than Tommy. Her head not having moved from his direction since she started staring before.

“No, no. I actually. I could use the money.” Tommy’s voice was hesitant, but he was sure in what he was saying. The reaction from the other two Villains though was, uh, weird to say the least. Pink Shark had broken her focus on Sootings to stare at him, her face still unreadable. Sootings was also looking at Tommy. He seemed like he wanted to say something but held his tongue.

The silence was deafening. But Tommy didn't really notice as he was currently trying to avoid throwing up. His stomach was calming slowly, but it seemed the better it got the worse his head felt.

"I'm sure we can arrange some type of money agreement then." Sootings replied, staring straight at Pink Shark with a very slight smirk on his face. Tommy wasn't sure what was going on, and he hoped he wasn't involved enough to find out.

"Hey, um, Tommy?" Pink Shark's voice was hesitant and soft as she looked over at Tommy, it had a spark of familiarity to it that Tommy just couldn't put his finger on. "Do you have any shirts or jumpers in here. I uh, could really use one right now." It was only then that Tommy realised that this whole time the woman had been clutching a towel to her chest. Only upon this realisation did it hit Tommy the weirdness of this situation. This duo, this duo of people who he knew had killed hundreds were in his café. They were speaking to him in such soft tones, as if he was just a small child they knew and not the reason they were both living right now. That these people probably felt in debt to him. That was a very scary thought to Tommy.

But he had just agreed to be payed as these two's healer. This was a very weird night. But was Tommy about to stop it all? Of course not. Yes he was terrified, yes he knew this was a bad idea. But he had already decided it was a necessary evil. He was sure he could avoid being caught up in all this, I mean it couldn't be that hard right.

Tommy started looking for a shirt. He knew Niki kept some spares around here somewhere, they'd probably fit Pink Shark. Tommy looked hard, so hard in fact that he missed Pink Shark whispering something to Sootings. Sootings then proceeded to attempt to help find a shirt. Somehow opening the exact cupboard full of them first try. Instantly throwing one to the girl on the ground before sitting besides Tommy. It was very strange. This was when Tommy started to consider the fact that he might be dreaming, but the painful ache in his head reminded him that he was very much awake.

Pink Shark yelled out that the two could turn around pretty soon after. This confused Tommy a little as he hadn't even yet clicked that that's why they were sitting on the ground behind the counter. He was so tired that when he stood up he instinctively leant into the large warm hand helping him up, it feeling familiar in a way Tommy couldn't explain.

Pink Shark seemed ready to leave. She still looked small to Tommy even know that she was up on her feet, so it must have been her height and not the situation Tommy decided. He also

decided this was not something he should ever say out loud. “Sootings, we need to get going’ Her tone reminded Tommy of Phil’s “when we get in the car I am going to kill you” voice. Sootings didn’t seem too bothered by this though as he strutted up to stand beside her. His earlier panic completely gone now that the woman was awake.

Looking at them standing next to each other made Tommy feel like he’d been there before. Sootings standing tall in his long brown coat with a dark blue glittering jumper underneath stood beside the much smaller Pink shark donning Niki’s shirt. It all just felt too familiar. Tommy couldn’t figure out why though.

Pink Shark made a move to leave and Sootings followed. But before he left he gave a quick wave and smile towards Tommy. Shouting over his shoulder a quick “Thanks Tommy, you’re the best!”

Then it hit Tommy,

standing now alone and tired,

His head spinning,

the images of the burn mark that no longer exists racking his mind,

*Tommy had never told Sootings his name.*

Chapter End Notes

Sootings is about to get his ass beat.

# That One Where Tommy is very Panicked

## Chapter Notes

Woo, new chapter. Yay!!! I'm really enjoying all the comments I've been getting. You guys keep me going. Anyway, I'll probably do some one shots set in the same universe soon. I really want to do a Christmas one from a very young Tommy's perspective. Or maybe a young Tommy having a nightmare. Or even a Tubbo backstory might be good. (although that'd probably be a bit longer) I just think it'd be fun and cute. This chapter is a little shorter than the others, but some of these will just be like that. I promise I do have a plan for this story. So stick around to see everything develop overtime. Anyway, enjoy! (oh, and I'm adding chapter titles. Just for fun.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy felt like he was in a really weird dream. Sootings knew his name, *Sooting knew where he worked*. Tommy knew he hadn't said anything about either of these to the man, he'd barely spoken to the man. He didn't have the time to let his name slip. That meant one thing. *Sootings had been stalking him*. The thought sent chills down Tommy's spine. The 3<sup>rd</sup> most dangerous Villain had been stalking him. He knew Tommy's name, where he worked. He probably knew where Tommy lived, and who his family members were. Everything Tommy knew was unsafe. *He'd been stalking him*, and Tommy had just agreed to work for him? Tommy didn't know what he was doing.

The scariest thing though, was how Tommy felt. He had no regrets. Tom Simons Watson, the man who had stated his whole life he didn't want to be involved in this world, had just agreed to work for a Villain who had been stalking him, who could kill his whole family in under 10 seconds, who could destroy *everything* Tommy loved. Tommy had just agreed to work for him. And he had *no regrets*? The thought sent more chills down his spine. What the fuck was he becoming.

Getting home was a blur. Tommy's legs ached, his head spun. He remembered deciding to leave the rest of the clean-up for Niki tomorrow. (He knew he'd feel bad about it in the future, but right that second doing unpaid work at like 11pm didn't really appeal to him.) He remembered wondering how he was going to get home. But he didn't remember actually walking home, or the train ride. Just one second, he was in the café, next he was home. Tommy might have even gone to bed without remembering anything if it wasn't for the sudden migraine that hit him.



The pain made him see white. He grabbed his head as he sunk to the ground. Every thought from earlier gone, as was his peaceful walking home dissociation.

The pain echoed through his skull.

Every movement felt like pain.

He felt like screaming.

Then suddenly, all at once, it was too much. Tommy made a run for the bathroom. Aiming for the toilet as he vomited due to the pain. He wasn't sure how long he was there. His throat burnt by the time the pain subsided. He really hoped his family didn't hear anything. He didn't know how he was going to be able to explain this. But as he opened his eyes, his biggest concern was no longer his family hearing. No this was just a little more concerning.

Tommy had been vomiting *blood*.

Oh great, another thing to add to Tommy's list of problems. He really *really* needed that right now. Another problem.

Tommy had really been having a *fun* time recently. First, he got suspended and now that teacher surly hates him. Then he saved the life of, and is now being stalked by, the city's third most dangerous Villain. Who he now works for, apparently? He has to deal with the whole moral stuff of knowingly helping Villains for money. And now, he has to deal with the fact that healing others is making him throw up blood. Isn't that just the cherry on top of the shit stain that is his life.

Tommy needed help. Probably in the form of a therapist. Or, maybe just right this second, a doctor.

Here's the thing though, Tommy was not dumb. No, Tommy was probably the smartest person in existence. Which meant, that right this second, he knew the exact way to deal with

this issue; Ignore it and it will go away.

I mean think about it.

If Tommy was to tell someone about the blood issue they would probably take him to the hospital. The hospital would quickly figure out that it was from power usage. Where he would promptly be arrested. Even if Tommy managed to get out of that situation without being arrested (I mean, he was amazing after all.), he would still have to deal with huge amount of questions from his family. Which, let's face it, would not be good.

So the best course of action is pretty simple. Just don't tell anyone.

I mean what's the worst that could happen?

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Apparently throwing up in the school bathroom was.

It'd been fine earlier. I mean, his head still hurt, but Tommy just had to make it through one more day. Then he'd have the whole weekend to rest up. Drugged up on pain medication, he decided to go to school. His parents none the wiser to his sickness. The only person noticing Tommy's aching body being Techno. Who'd asked if he was ok just as he left for school. But Tommy had just faked one of his classic smiles before telling Techno he felt great.

Other than that interaction things had been fine. Until about 10 am. Tommy was in class. Not paying attention, as is normal. Then suddenly he felt like he was about to puke his guts up. He ran out of the classroom, ignoring his teachers yells from behind him, and entered the closest bathroom. His vomit was still just blood, which may have concerned Tommy if he was able to think at the time. His headache having turned back into a migraine as he continued to empty his stomach. Maybe if Tommy wasn't in so much pain, he would have noticed the sound of someone else entering the bathroom.

“Tommy, are you in here?” That was Tubbo. His tone sounded concerned.

“Tubbo?” Tommy had a brief moment of confusion, struggling to remember where he was.

“Tommy!” Tubbos voice had a sense of relief, “are you ok?”

“Yeah king, I’m good.” Tommy yelled back, his voice making it sound like he was drugged. Unfortunately, his body decided that was the moment to betray him. Throwing up loudly.

“Tommy! Tommy please open the door. Please let me in.”

“No no, I’m ok big man. Tubbo I promise I’m ok.” Tommy said in between gags.

“No your not! Tommy your clearly not ok. Please just let me in”

“Please just go back to class, I’ll be ok.”

“Tommy I’m not leaving you. Please boss man, please just let me in.”

Tommy relented, unlocking the door before instantly throwing up again.

Tubbos was instantly at his side. Pulling back Tommy’s hair away from his face with one hand and rubbing his back with the other. Tommy was unable to see the concern in Tubbos face. Nor hear Tubbos worried thoughts as he carefully decided what to do next.

What he did feel though, was the love that his brother felt towards him. Now it wasn’t that Tommy didn’t get shown love often. (If anything his brothers showed they loved him *too much*.) But that Tommy had long ago decided he was too old for anything involving physical affection. He’d push and struggle against anything more than a hand on his shoulder or a pat

on the head. But in this moment, the warm hand on his back felt like such a relief. All the stress of the last week had been leaning on him (and it's not like his mental health levels prior had been great either). But this small act of love from Toby when Tommy was at his weakest, it was just a bit much to mentally process at that moment. It was more than Tommy felt he deserved.

And so, Tommy cried.

At 10am in a school bathroom, while throwing up blood. Tommy cried. At some point Tubbo leaned down to hug him from behind. Tommy leaned into his touch, allowing himself to be vulnerable, just this once. The tears continued to run hot down his face long after he'd stopped throwing up. Curling up in his older brothers' arms. Tubbo didn't try to get him to talk, which Tommy appreciated. Just letting Tommy stay silent for once.

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And then Tommy was here. In Techno's car. He'd managed to talk Tubbo out of anything involving doctors (or telling Phil and Kristin), but Tubbo had insisted he not stay at school. So here Tommy was, having been broken out of school by Techno. Tommy wasn't sure what Tubbo had told Techno in his text messages, but Tommy trusted Tubbo to not talk about the whole blood side of things. I mean Tubbo was trustworthy right.

"So... What's with the whole, 'throwing up blood' thing."

That fucking asshole.

"Wouldn't you like to know."

That was probably a bit rude of Tommy. But it did seem to surprise Techno into being quite for at least a few seconds.

"Yeah, uh, that's why I asked."

Well, this was bad. Tommy didn't really know how to respond. I mean he wasn't about to tell Techno. So he decided to just say silent.

“Well?”

Tommy still stayed silent.

“Come on Tommy, just tell me.”

....

“Tommy, you either tell me right now or I'm taking you to the hospital.”

Well Fuck. Techno's voice was still calm, to the point anyone else might think he was joking. But Tommy knew he meant every word.

“IT'S FROM POWER USE OK, *Jesus*.”

“Oh.”

Fuck, fucking hell. Tommy had fucked up. Techno was surly going to yell at him for this, or maybe tell Phil and Kristin. Or well, do something.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“No”

Well, that was weird. Tommy felt himself dying on the inside. “Please don’t tell Phil and Kristin” Tommy basically whispered. He felt like curling in on himself.

“Why would I do that?” Techno’s voice had a sense of humour to it. Like Tommy had made a joke or something.

Tommy didn’t really have a good answer.

“Well, I know you and Phil are super close-“ This was completely true, the two hung out all the time. If it wasn’t for Techno being Phil’s kid they’d probably be best friends. “-and I don’t think you’d ever lie to him. You tell him everything.”

Techno’s face got a small smirk on it. “That’s what Phil thinks.”

Tommy found himself unable to speak again. He felt like his world had shattered a little. I mean some things in life were just basic facts. 60% of the human body is water, the earth was as flat as Wilbur’s ass (his words), and Phil knew everything about Techno. It was just the way the world works. But now that was shattered.

And Tommy had to know more.

“Wait what! Techno, keeping secrets from Phil! Impossible. Techno, what else are you hiding!”

“Well wouldn’t you like to know.”

“Yeah, uh, that’s why I asked” Tommy felt quite smug at turning Techno’s own words against him. It seemed to work too as it made him go silent for a moment.

“...If I tell you, you must swear to never tell anyone ever.”

“I swear, just please. Techno tell me!”

“Ok, well. I have a tattoo.”

“WAIT, WHAT. WHERE!!!!”

“Nope, that’s all you get.” Techno laughed out at Tommy’s horrified expression. Tommy’s ramblings filling the car as he demanded to know more.

“YOU FUCKER, YOU CAN’T DO THAT YOU BITCH.”

“I can and will Tommy. And hey, wanna know what the best part is?”

“What you dick?”

“No one will ever believe you.”

The sounds of terror were loud and amusing to Techno’s ears. Tommy was deeply disturbed by this information. No one would ever believe him. It was sad, but true. He continued to yell at the older man. Although he knew it was futile. When Techno had an idea, especially one related to tormenting his siblings, he was very unlikely to be persuaded away from it. But that wouldn’t stop Tommy from breaking his ear drums. I mean it was only fair.

Eventually the car went quiet again. But this time it was just comfortable. The two both relaxing after earlier tension. Tommy still ached, but at least here he didn’t have to put so much effort into hiding it. Tommy trusted Techno and Tubbo to not talk. Techno understood why Tommy was unwell. So he’d probably just make sure Tommy rested and make sure he wasn’t getting worse. As for Tubbo, he’d trust Techno to deal with it. The two were very close. Tommy didn’t know how it happened, but at some point Wilbur had decided Tommy

was his, and Techno had done the same with Tubbo. It'd worked well. With that system no one ever felt left out or was the last choice. But still Tommy sometimes envied the trust the other two had in each other. At least, for today, it would work to his benefit.

Tommy found his mind going back to his recent Villain encounters. For some reason he didn't feel particularly terrified anymore. I mean, he was still in danger if he ever fucked with Sootings. But it didn't seem the man would hurt him otherwise. Tommy couldn't understand why he'd come to this conclusion so fast, there was something familiar about the Villain. Tommy remember the voice. It seemed like something he'd heard before. He shoved the thought aside, his head starting to hurt from the heavy thinking.

Tommy thought back to feeling safe around the Villain. And I mean, he defiantly did feel safe with Sootings. But he had a feeling that that wouldn't necessarily extend to his friends. He needed to make sure he stayed safe, he had to be able to protect himself. And so, a thought came to him.

"Hey Techno," Techno hummed in response, "could you teach me to fight?"

Techno's eyes seemed to light up in surprise at the question. Tommy understood why. I mean if he was Techno he'd be surprised to. Tom Simons, the kid who'd threw multiple temper tantrums about Phil trying to teach him basic self-defence, was asking to be taught to fight? If Tommy was Techno, he'd be very suspicious of what led to this.

But Techno only answered with a quick "yeah sure." Tommy was very grateful of his lack of questions. Tommy was so tired and sore. But who knows?

Maybe this will be ok.

## Chapter End Notes

Ya'll didn't really think Tommy would figure it out right? You guys read the discription for this fic, you knew what you were getting into here.



# The Customer is Always Right

## Chapter Notes

YOOOOOO, I start hormones and a new job this week. So WOOO. Anyway, have the chapter you SBI simps.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The rest of the day passed over averagely. Tommy took the day off work to heal properly. Techno covered up Tommy's leaving school. And by cover up, he just didn't tell Phil Or Kristin that Tommy was home early. God it was lucky that Phil and Kristin had Techno listed as a guardian (Wilbur was removed after "the incident"). Tubbo had at one point come to Tommy's room to just pat him on the head then leave. It was a simple act, but it still spoke a thousand words.

Tommy slept most of the day. Which was really good, it meant being able to avoid having to act normal around his parents and Wilbur. It wasn't that Tommy was against telling Wilbur anything. But Wilbur was shit at not speaking. So, if he wanted this to stay a secret, unfortunately big brother would have to be kept separate from all this. Tommy finally got out of bed at 11 pm to shower and brush his teeth. He noted his head no longer hurt and his stomach seemed finally settled. Although he still struggled to stand for a long time. Leading to him having a very delirious sitting down shower. His plan was initially to go straight back to bed. But he stopped himself along the way as he heard muttering coming from a room over. Listen through the door, he could make out Wilbur (well *obviously* he would, it was Wilbur's room) and Techno. Their voices were very hushed, but Tommy could still tell that the tone was worried. After about 30 seconds of listening Tommy decided he was bored of hearing nothing. So, with no further thought, he shoved open the door.

Wilbur and Techno instantly stopped whispering to stare at their very small brother. (or, at least small compared to them.) His appearance in the doorway reminiscent of a toddler waking their parent at 3 am to tell them they threw up. He looked between the two men before sticking out his lower lip. "I demand attention" he stated strongly. Techno and Wilbur were still stuck considering how to respond when Tommy came over and kicked Wilbur in the shins. The older boy leant down with a yelp as Techno laughed at the child's actions. Tommy took advantage of Wilbur's leaning down to wrap his arms around the man. Wilbur giving him a murderous glance before returning the hug as if he didn't consider kicking the child back one second earlier.

Techno watched the two from about a step away. He'd tell himself he was happy Tommy didn't go for him, but the twinge of jealousy said otherwise. (although he couldn't really tell which boy he was jealous of in this scenario) He for a second considered joining in on the hug. But decided to instead just gently stroke Tommy's blond curly locks. "How are you feeling now Tommy?" his voice was as soft as Techno's could get. Techno knew what power overuse was like, so he was conscious to avoid being too loud.

"I'm fine," Tommy's reply was muffled by him having shoved his head into Wilbur's shoulder. Normally Tommy wouldn't even consider doing this. But right now, he was too tired. Too sore. He just needed some comfort, just for a bit.

Tommy was still curious though. Techno and Wilbur weren't the kind to speak quietly so that others could sleep. Which meant, they were hiding something. Probably from Phil and Kristin if he had to guess. Still with his face pressed into Wilbur, "What were you two talking about?" he muttered quietly.

There was no immediate reaction. For a second Tommy thought the adults hadn't heard him. Pulling his head away from Wilbur's shoulder to speak more clearly. He then noticed that Wilbur and Techno were staring at each other, the two having a conversation with just their eyes. Tommy tried his best to read the looks. But he could tell about as much about those eye emotions as he could hear from outside the door, fuck all.

So, he went back to cuddling into Wilbur's shoulder. For once satisfying his cravings for touch. He could be a big man tomorrow. He could wonder about the whisperings another time. For now, he just needed sleep.

And this seemed like the perfect place.

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It was another quite afternoon in the café. Tommy was back to his normal. Happy, cheerful, and a bit overly aggressive. He felt pretty good if he was honest. After the pain and drowsiness passed over, Tommy was just left with an after glow of energy. And, (more importantly) the desire to use his power more.

The door rings, announcing a customer. Tommy turned fast to look towards the new person, his fake customer surface smile on his face. It dropped instantly upon seeing who was in the door. And then was replaced by a real smile this time.

*Wilbur*

The bitch had been nothing but a pain to Tommy in the past few day. He was being *too* clingy. Like, normally Tommy could handle a little clingy-ness. But this was just over the top. He'd tried to tell Wilbur as such, but Wilbur missed the point. "You started it" he'd responded. No Tommy fuckin didn't. Wilbur just took advantage of Tommy's messed up, tired brain to make him fall asleep in his arms. *(Tommy preferred to ignore that he was the one who started the hug, or continued it, or made the decision to sleep there.)*

Now this, was too far. Wilbur *never* visited during Tommy's shift. Tommy knew he stopped by during Niki's time, and that was fine. The two were friends, and Wilbur did like coffee in the mornings. But it was way past a respectable time for Wilbur to be ordering a coffee, and Tommy just knew that he wasn't here for one of Niki's left over cinnamon rolls. So what the fuck did he want.

"Wilbur, what the fuck are you doing here." Tommy's feigned an aggressive tone.

Wilbur instantly perked up at the sight of his younger brother. The smile he saved for the younger man alone spreading across his face. "Hello Tommy!" His voice high pitched in the specific tone he uses when very happy.

The tone somewhat pissed Tommy off. (Or maybe it was the happy emotions that flooded his brain that he was mad at) "Answer my question Bitch."

"Can't I just want to visit my brother at work"

"God I hope not."

Tommy noticed Wilbur's smile faulted for a second, before he then decided to ignore Tommy's comment. Instead focusing his attention on looking over the Menu. "I'd like a Black coffee, 4 espresso shots."

At this time of day? No, absolutely not. Tommy would *not* allow that. "No."

Wilbur's face pulled up in a confused look as he seemed to mull over Tommy's answer. "What? You can't say no."

"Well I just did. Deal with it Bitch."

"No, no you can't Tommy. That's not how this works-" (It was exactly how it worked) "-I order whatever I want, and you make it. You know what they say, 'the customer is always right.'" Wilbur didn't actually believe this, but if it got him what he wanted he'd still say it.

Tommy gave him a blank Techno stare as he answered. "Not if the customers a bitch-" This was honestly Tommy's policy. "-besides, you're not a customer. Only paying people are customers."

Wilbur's gasped in offense at this. "I was going to pay!" (he wasn't) "Tommy please just let me order my coffee."

Tommy was not about to do that. But what he would do though, is annoy Wilbur. "I'll make you a white chocolate."

Wilbur looked mortified, another gasp coming out of his mouth. Tommy finally broke at the overreaction, laughing loudly. Wilbur eventually laughing too. After a bit more bickering, they managed to compromise to an iced coffee with 2 espresso shots. Wilbur seemed to be satisfied by this. He took a seat next to the front windows of the shop. Doing something on his phone while he drank. The two brothers mostly ignored each other after that. Wilbur would sometimes shout a comment at Tommy, and Tommy would shout back. But they mostly kept to themselves.

It wasn't until about 30 minutes before closing did Wilbur get up and leave. Shouting a happy goodbye as he walked out. Tommy did think it was weird that Wilbur had come in so late in the day, but when wasn't Wilbur weird. Tommy could always ask him later if there was a real reason (well, a real reason other than him being a clingy bitch) if he really wanted to know.

Tommy exited the shop as he normally did, looking at his phone. He probably should have been keeping his eye's out for potential muggers. I mean it was after dark in the Outer District, any smart person should be very careful. But Tommy was used to the way this community work. Besides, worse case scenario he does have his other powers. They'd probably give him time to run at a minimum, or maybe he'd go for a real fight if he was caught in a bad mood. Still, he should have been paying attention. If he had then maybe he wouldn't have jumped as hard at the hand on his shoulder.

Tommy stifled a scream as he jumped to see his assaulter (if you could call a pat on the solder *assault*), defaulting to a fight stance as he turned. He was surprised to find himself standing chest to face with the slowly becoming familiar of Sootings. Despite his towering height and intimidating getup, the smile he flashed at Tommy stopped the boy from being scared. Instead replacing his instinctual panic with half-hearted anger.

"You Bitch-" Tommy screamed, "-give a guy some warning before you sneak up on him you creep." Tommy's voice echoed down the empty streets. Just too loud for comfort considering the time of night.

Sootings continued to smile at Tommy. "Sorry did I scare you?" his voice hinted with amusement at the scenario.

"What? No. I'm a big man, big men don't get scared. No, you just activated my fight mode. I'll beat you up bitch."

Sootings smirked at the child, "sure sure, whatever you say."

Tommy decided to ignore the disbelieving tone, instead focusing on the real issue at hand. "Why are you here anyway? Don't tell me you almost got one of your other friends killed now."

Sootings mouth opened in offence. “Hey! I wasn’t the one who almost got Ni- I mean Pink Shark killed, she did that all on her own. I just got to be the Hero.”

“Yeah, the Hero who *panicked* as the *teenager* he met a few days earlier did everything to save her.”

Sootings did not seem to appreciate Tommy’s tone. But he decided to ignore the comment. Only giving Tommy an annoyed look before heading back to the main task at hand. “*Anyway*, no, no one is dying. I came here to get a way to contact you.” Tommy just stared at the man, slight confusion in his eyes. Sootings continued “I mean, what if we get injured after you’ve went home. Or when you’re not working. We need a way to be able to call you at any moment, emergencies only of course.” Again, Sootings gave that calming smile. His tone was slightly nervous as he was saying all of this, like he was worried Tommy would change his mind.

Tommy just looked up the man, considering how to respond for a few seconds. Tommy knew that having some way for them to contact him made sense, and he ok with being called at any time during the night. Especially if it was a life or death scenario. It was just how was Tommy meant to respond to the mans nervous rambles? Just by saying “ok?”

And that’s exactly what he did.

The two quickly exchanged phone numbers. Sootings briefly mentioned something about having 2 phones and how work life separation is important before disappearing again. Tommy let the man go. Not much wanting someone to take a photo of the two together. Oh what a fun story that would be to explain to his family. “Yeah mum, just saved this dudes life and now I work for him.” That’d go *so* well.

Tommy walked home, for the first time not feeling sick after a meeting with the Villain. It was nice to be able to think properly. But it was also horrible in that, he could think properly. At one point he walked past an alleyway. Spying a vigilante standing over a passed-out man. He was dressed in a dark purple hoodie, the hood pulled over himself to hide his identity. Tommy moved on quickly. As nice as vigilantes could be, they were still illegal. Tommy was already too involved with law breakers, he didn’t need to add another to the mix.

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Tubbos light was on. Which wasn't odd. It was late, but not that late. Tubbo was 15, and he was Tubbo. Tommy wouldn't have been shocked if Tubbo was up until 3 am some nights. Most days Tommy would just go to his room, but today Tommy took note of the light. Deciding to enter the Room. Without knocking.

Tubbos room was a painted alight green colour. A picture of a bee was hung up in the middle of the wall. His dresser contained a few photo's of him with his friends over the years, Tommy was in most of them. The floor was completely clear. Out of all the siblings, Tubbo preferred cleanliness the most. He didn't clean for fun like Phil did, but he did enjoy living in a clean place. His bed was located in the corner of the room, Tubbo layed out on it. Tommy noticed the young man had fallen asleep on his phone, it now placed just under his chin.

Tommy considered for a second throwing something at the boy, or jumping on him. But sometimes you can choose not to be a dick. So instead tommy carefully moved the boy under the blankets without waking him. Plugging in his phone for him and shutting off the lights. Before leaving the room, he remembered the head pats Tubbo had given him the other day. Repeating the same action to the sleeping older.

Tommy knew Tubbo wouldn't remember these actions the next day, but it was the thought that counts right.

*Besides, maybe this would stop Tubbo from killing him when he realised the next morning the Tommy had draw a dick on his hand.*

## Chapter End Notes

Fluff Fluff Fluff. These boys are brothers and they all love each other. (even if Tommy will never admit it)

Hey, did you guys know I wrote a one shot set in the same universe? I know, cool right? It's pretty short, it's just a conversation between a young Wilbur and Techno. You don't have to read it to understand anything here, and I wrote it in under an hour at 1 am anyway so it's probably shit (I refuse to reread it). But I think it provides just a little infomation about what Techno and Wilbur went through when they were younger. So if

this capter isn't enough for you please go read that (I want comments that can tell me how bad/good i've done).



# Saving a Fucking Idiots Life

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy's first night 'on the job,' as you'd call it, wasn't really what he was expecting. If you'd ask him what he'd thought it'd be like, he probably would have told you it'd be like the night he healed Pink Shark. He'd be working normally, then BLAM, almost dead Villain in another's arms he has to use up 90% of his strength to heal. But this night, was nothing like that.

The first hint that this was going to be different was the time. At 2 am Tommy received a phone call. Before Tommy could answer it the caller had hung up, leaving him woken up in the middle of the night wonder what the fuck had just happened. He reached for his phone in the dark, suspected it was probably a call from one of his friends. Or a dodgy alarm (his phone was just a bit old after all). What he instead found though, was a missed call from an unknown number along with a text. (Plus 100 messages in his friends group chat, that he would never check.) The message was simple.

Unknown number, 2:04; ***"Hey! Are you the healer?"***

Tommy replied fast, not wanting to risk pissing off someone. Or, worse, someone dying.

Tommy, 2:06; ***"Yeah that's me. I'm currently in the Outer District in the 5<sup>th</sup> Area. I can meet you at Niki's in 7<sup>th</sup> in about 25 minutes."***

Unknown number, 2:06; ***"I know of it. I'll meet you there."***

Well that's not creepy at all. Tommy did think it made sense. All he knew about this person is that it was not Sootings, but they did have to get his number through said Villain. But still, *creepy*.

Tommy got out of bed fast, instantly regretting it as he had to sit back down to avoid passing out. (damn low blood pressure) He made the decision fast not to bother getting dressed, instead grabbing one of his light blue jumpers and a red beanie he'd stolen from Wilbur a few weeks before. He still didn't know how bad the injury was, and every second could count.

Tommy moved towards the front door. Exiting his room, only to instantly re-enter it. The lights were on in Techno and Tubbos rooms. Which meant they'd hear the front door opening. So, new plan. Go out his bedroom window. This wasn't too hard of a task. The main risk being that his room was on the second floor. So, with powers on hand in case of emergency. Tommy scaled down the side of his building. Surly bruising his knees along the way.

The train ran 24/7. Which before now Tommy had never cared for, but now he was so happy. The train was empty, but if it hadn't been it wouldn't have mattered. At this time of night no one would care for a kid in some PJs. There was way weirder stuff out there to focus on. As long as now one was concerned enough to call the police, he'd be fine.

The café was as it always was, or at least from the outside it appeared as such. But in the late night it had an increasingly creepy nature to it. Or maybe, it was that Tommy knew it housed a known Villain. *What was he doing with his life.* The one thing he did notice as he walked up to the door, was a few splotches of something such as dark blue ink on the ground. But he quickly realised that they had most likely always been there. He was just trying to mentally avoid dealing with the task at hand.

Entering the café, things were instantly off. A few chairs having been off placed, almost as if someone had used them to lean on as they moved through the location. Tommy couldn't see anyone in the seating area. For a second he'd thought the Villain hadn't arrived yet. But that fantasy was quickly destroyed as he heard movement from behind the counter.

Tommy rounded the counter slowly. If anyone had asked why he would have told em that it was for safety reasons, not scaring the Villain and all. But in reality, it was just as fast as his legs would let him.

On the floor was the Villain The Joker. He wore a purple suit with a green shirt under neither. Clearly inspired by the DC Universe character. Rather than the classic makeup though, he had a white mask that covered his whole face. Tommy took a second to consider the man on the ground. It was odd to see the man. In general, not just from a "he's a Villain" perspective. Him having been missing for the past few months. Somewhere in Tommy's memory he remembered Tubbo noting his reappearance. Which was clearly going well, considering where he was laying.

He noticed Tommy suddenly. Snapping his head in the direction of the boy. Tommy jumped lightly, having thought that the man had passed out by his lack of movement. Both tensed up at the appearance of the other, The Joker the first to relax after getting a look at Tommy.

“Ayup”

“Ayup,” Tommy repeated in the exact tone the Villain had used.

The Joker relaxed onto his back. “I take it you’re the healer then?” his tone sounded tired, or maybe he just didn’t care.

Tommy started to lean down to the man on the floor, responding without showing hesitation “yeah mate, that’s me.”

Tommy noticed the man was putting pressure on his stomach, he couldn’t see any blood so whatever he was doing must be working.

“I didn’t know Soot was hiring children now.” His voice had a hint of humour to it.

“Ey! I ain’t no child.”

The Joker looked towards him. It was at times like this Tommy wished he could see his face. “yeah, sure you ain’t.” That was defiantly sarcasm Tommy thought. He was tempted to keep this conversation going, but he had a job to do.

Tommy slowly pulled up the shirt, finding a red stained bandage under neither that Joker had previously been pressing on. Tommy took over as he moved his hand aside. Tommy wasn’t sure if he was allowed to ask what happened but decided it couldn’t hurt.

Joker didn’t seem concerned by the question. Answering pretty fast. “It’s nothing too bad mate. I just reopened an old wound during a fight with Dream that’s all. Original was just a

stab wound done by Sapnap a few months back.” He huffed a little from the pain as Tommy removed the bandage.

Tommy thought it didn’t look too bad, or maybe he was just desensitised after the last 2. It seemed a little deep. But given a few stitches by a real doctor he’d probably be fine.

“Why didn’t you go to a doctor mate? I’m sure they’d fix you up all good.”

Joker tensed up a little at the mentioned of doctors before relaxing again. “Yeah mate, that’d be a nice way to get caught. What’d ya think the weather at Pandora is like this time of year?”

Oh, right Pandora’s vault, The Prison for Villains. Tommy hadn’t thought the hospital would snitch on the Villains, but they are like Terrorists. So that makes sense.

“Probably warm.” There was no probably about it, it was always warm.

Tommy reached down to start healing. Joker flinched at his touch. Tommy thought for a second that he was going to push him away. But he stilled himself, allowing Tommy to do his work.

Tommy closed his eyes, letting the power run through his body. He felt his hands go warm as the power rushed through them. He was surprised to find it quite easy to do, the pulling felt lighter than it did the last two times. And before Tommy knew it, he reached the end of the rope.

Tommy was ready for the headache, or the stomach dizzying feelings. But instead, all he felt was tired. He sat down back for a second to recover. Looking over his handy work to prove he’d actually helped. The only evidence of the prior wound being the still blood-stained bandage on the floor next to the man.

The Joker looked over the wound as Tommy had done before, touching and prodding at the area where the cut had previously been. “Holy shit mate, it’s actually gone!”

Tommy didn’t quite understand his excitement. Of course it was gone? He was sent to a healer, what did he think would happen. “uh, yeah. It is.” Tommy’s voice was hinted with slight confusion, but mostly he was just tired.

The Joker stopped poking around, instead focusing his full attention onto Tommy. “No scar or anything, you really are good.” He was impressed, Tommy still could not understand why.

“What do you mean no scar? Of course there wouldn’t be a scar, I’m not some half assed after all.”

Joker stopped for a second, then he let out a loud laugh. “*Not some half assed*, where the fuck did Soot find you.” He laughed louder. “You manage to heal a wound *perfectly* and act like it’s normal.”

Tommy was so confused. “I mean it is normal ain’t it? I’m a healer. I’m made to fix everything.”

The Joker seemed amused. “Not like this mate. Most healers heal. this isn’t healing, it’s rewinding. You’re like reversing the wound to before it happened. Man, you’re a healer and you don’t even know how healing works.”

Tommy was slightly offended. “Of course I fuckin don’t. It’s not like they teach us this shit you know. I thought every healer did stuff like this.”

“If every doctor could heal like that we wouldn’t have cancer anymore mate. Your very valuable you know. I’m sure Sootings is gonna be very careful to keep you safe. At least I would if I was him”

Tommy thought over this new information for a second. This didn't really change anything, all it did is make him double sure that no one could ever find out. He'd be scooped up into the Hero plan way to fast with these kinds of powers.

"huh, I always knew I was special." He faked some confidence. Normally he didn't need to fake it, but he was tired.

The Villain let out a loud laugh at him. Tommy was starting to like this guy. A person who found him funny was always a good guy. Even if The Joker was defiantly not a '*good guy*.' But at this point Tommy was clearly passed judging people on their illegal acts. If he did then where would that put him?

The two both went to stand up at the same time. The Joker successfully getting up without any trouble. Tommy was not quite as lucky, going straight back to the floor as his vision went white. He wasn't sure if it was low blood pressure, or the tiredness. Either way, he did not appreciate his body doing this to him. Tommy let out a large sigh at his situation.

The Joker looked down at Tommy. Again Tommy wished he could see some part of his face.

"You right mate?"

Tommy looked up at the man with pain in his eyes and defeat on the tips of his lips. His shoulders slumped as he sat up against a counter.

"I'm fine, just need a second." Tommy managed to grumble out. Half lying, half telling the truth. He didn't quite understand his feels yet. But fuck it if that'd let it stop him.

The Joker didn't calm down, his body a bit tense as he stared down at the child. Probably wondering if he'd broken him or something. "I can get you some water, should I get you some water? Would that help?"

Tommy just nodded. A little to stunned at the man's nervous tone to respond properly. He didn't feel very sick, just a bit lightheaded if anything. Tommy drank the water fast, instantly feeling a lot better.

The Joker reached out a hand for Tommy. "What was your name again? I don't think you told me."

Tommy accepted the help openly, again too tired to hide weakness. Not that he thought Joker would use it against him. But it was a little concerning how often it was happening recently "I'm Tommy." He replied.

The Joker nodded. "I'm Jack," He supplied.

Tommy short circuited. For a second he thought the guy had made a mistake. But considering the fact he didn't react to his slip up, Tommy figured it must be intentional. That or this guy, Jack, was an idiot.

"Jack?"

"Yeah mate, don't go spreading it around now will ya. I don't think you will. You seem like a good guy. But I do own a knife and I can find out where you live."

Tommy was tempted to laugh at the words, but he just still couldn't process the information that'd just been provided. "I won't tell anyone." He almost whispered.

"I know you won't, I do own a knife after all." This time Tommy did laugh. Mostly at how casual it was, or maybe because he was nervous.

"What next mate? You gonna show me your face too?" Tommy asked sarcastically.

"Maybe next time mate."

Ok this guy was defiantly an idiot Tommy decided. But he wasn't about to tell the guy that. He did have a knife after all.

Tommy was back up on his feet. No longer feeling like passing out, but still very tired. He stopped himself from celebrating when The Joker- no, Jack, said he had to get going. Letting Tommy know that he'd left Sootings and Pink Shark by themselves and that would only end well about 50% of the time. Tommy was inclined to agree with the man after his first meeting with Pink Shark. Although he didn't fully believe that Jack could help at all, he did just tell a teenager his real name after all. But 3 heads are better than 2 Tommy guessed, even if he already knew 2 were idiots. (Jury was still deciding on Pink Shark.)

Jack slipped out a window of the café without a word. It was only then Tommy wondered how he got in, in the first place, the door and windows having been locked overnight. But it was a little late to ask as when he went to Jack had already disappeared into the night.

Tommy was left to clean up, not that much needed to be done. Jack had avoided any mess making that'd normally make Tommy's life hell. Tommy would almost thank him, if he hadn't decided the guy was an overconfident idiot. First meeting and he already knew his name, what a fucking dickhead. Tommy was almost mad that he wasn't going to call the police on him, it'd be so satisfying. But the death wouldn't be quite as fun.

Tommy started to walk home. Again noticing the weird splotches of blue on the ground. But he didn't really care.

What a weird ass fucking night.

## Chapter End Notes

Jack and Tommy friendship go \*dream speedrun music.\* Was gonna post a Christmas oneshot. But it's not done (sads), so go look at my other Wilbur and Techno one if you want more of this world. Also, Merry Chistmas everyone!!!!



# He was not getting involved at all

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy was in a bit of after shock from Jack's big strange secret identity secret no longer being, well, secret. I mean, it wasn't like Tommy could do anything to hurt him anyway. Jack was a pretty common name. And it's not like he could go to the police, not without getting himself arrested anyway. Besides, even if he was safe it's not like he would do it. After that whole interaction, Tommy was pretty sure he was no longer a "good guy." Jack was just, too entertaining for Tommy not to befriend. Not that Tommy would ever let Jack know that. He hated the guy. That's why within 5 minutes of Jack disappearing he was already labelled "dickhead" in Tommy's phone.

The past 2 times Tommy had healed someone he'd been left to hobble home slowly, trying not to pass out in the streets. Today though, that was not necessary. Tommy was actually surprised how well the water had worked. He felt, almost like more energized than when he'd come to the café. So, mostly because Tommy was 15 and dumb, he decided to go another way home. Through the city.

The subway wasn't exactly safe. But it was fast and didn't require any effort, and it was true that he was less likely to be mugged on a train than the street. So, most of the time Tommy would take the subway. But some nights, when it was dark enough for him to slip up his hood and avoid the public eye, when his powers built up so much that he just couldn't hide it anymore, he would instead walk home. Or well, "walk" home. It was more like "leap" home if he was honest. Not that he normally got all the way home before tiring out. Half the time he'd give up and google the closest subway when he felt his power drain back out into something hideable.

So here he was. Jumping through the city late at night. In his pyjamas with a light blue jumper chucked over the top and one of Wilbur beanies on his head. It wasn't exactly what he'd call pulling up a hood, but it did hide his blond hair enough that hopefully if the police did manage to get a photo of him he'd been unrecognisable. The most notable key thing here though, the thing anyone looking at him would instantly notice first. Was the small white wings on his back, donned with red tips at the bottom. Ok, "small" was an understatement. They were small in that most avian people had huge wings that would be almost triple the size of the person. But Tommy could only just wrap them fully around himself. Most of the time he'd just have them hidden (a power most hybrids had in some form). But it was pretty tiring. He could constantly feel a slow growing ache whenever he had them in for too many weeks at a time. (When they'd first appeared, he very quickly realised why Phil didn't hide

his at home.) So, ever once and awhile, he'd do this. He'd bring them out and let himself just feel the stress release from his body.

He'd tried many times to fly with them and had so far been unsuccessful. Only achieving a light glide to the ground, and sometimes a little double jump if he pushed it hard. But it still felt great when he jumped off a build to glide to the next. The air pushing through his feathers. The flutter they did when he missed the building and brought himself slowly to the ground. The way he stretched them in and out, testing his control. Sometimes he wondered if Phil had been like this when they were younger. If he had also leaped over buildings late at night. He wondered if Wilbur or Techno could also have wings like this. Hybrids types were potentially genetic? Tommy wasn't sure. Maybe it was just a coincidence.

His feet barely touched the ground as he flew from place to place. Only touching the ground to push himself back up again, gravity light on his toes and his body moving faster than the average person. Dodging in and out of buildings when he fell to get back to the roofs as fast as possible. The power pumped through his body, it's feeling similar to that of his healing ones. But rather than effort, it was a release.

Tommy stopped to catch his breath on the roof of an apartment building. Something he found himself doing a lot lately. But he found himself freezing up as he heard some sounds down from bellow.

He clucked his wings close to his back. Not fully hiding them, but making them appear small enough that from the front you could see them. He pushed his head off from the side of the building to have a good view at what was going on.

What he found was a fight. There were 5 men, all dressed in black. Masks hiding their faces. They were fighting a Vigilante. He was dressed in a multicoloured jumper with a swirl in the middle. His eye's were coved by googles and he had a light blue mask over the bottom half of his face.

He moved fast, faster than Tommy could follow. Jumping in and out of blue portals sporadically. Tommy tried to think back on who had powers like that. Only 2 came to mind. Ender, or Traveller. Watching closer he knew it had to be Traveller. He'd never seen either of the two in person, and they could both teleport. But if he was correct Ender didn't need portals, he just appeared and disappeared. Plus, he didn't work alone, always with Nuke.

This Vigilante was very much alone. Watching closer Tommy could also spot him using his hands to open the portals and close them. Fast, but not fast enough it seemed. As one of the thugs he'd been fighting seem to have caught onto what he was doing as well.

One second he was opening a portal, next he was on the ground with two guys holding his hands still. Tommy watched him take the fall hard. Traveller letting out a pained sound as he hit the ground. The voice real and clearly not in use a voice changer.

Concern stuck Tommy as the man bellow was beaten up. The other men kicking his back as he was continued to be restrained.

Tommy really didn't want to get involved.

*But he was losing.*

Tommy shouldn't do this, he needs to just turn around and go home.

*He needs help.*

Tommy isn't a hero, and he doesn't want to be.

*He could die.*

Against Tommy's greater judgment, he glided down from the roof. Quickly kicking one of the guys holding down Traveller's hands. It wasn't much, but it was enough of a distraction for the Vigilante to get back on top. He pushed 2 of the men into a portal before closing it. Punched another in the face hard enough for him to collapse.

The remaining 3 took one look at Tommy and decided to bolt. Tommy couldn't blame them. 2 overpowered people against 3 wasn't something most people could risk, especially around here.

Tommy looked back around. Only to find himself face to face with the Vigilante.

He was much more intimidating up close than he had been from the building. He stood a little taller than Tommy, his fluffy brown hair blew in the wind as he stared at Tommy. If Tommy had been watching the man on a screen, he probably would have taken a second to appreciate his beauty.

But right now, he was being stared down. Tommy thought for a second, he might have to run. But before Tommy's mind got too carried away, Travellers body language loosened up. Relaxing as he looked at the kid and letting out a slight chuckle.

“Your look serious, why are you so serious.” He let out in between laughs. “You look like I’m about to try to kill you or something.”

Tommy let out a sigh of relief at the laughter. He relaxed his own body, not having realised the stress that had built up in it until he let it go.

The man continued to laugh a little more before calming down. “Thanks for the help. You really saved me back there.” He seemed genuinely happy with Tommy.

Tommy wasn't quite as cheerful. Going slightly shy as he muttered a “it's no problem” between clenched lips.

“I know, but it could have been.” Traveller looked like he contemplating something as he took a breath. “Hey kid, it's not like I don't appreciate the saving, and those wings sure are pretty cool. But, isn't it a bit late for you to be out of bed?”

Tommy knows he shouldn't yell at someone like this, he knows he shouldn't. But he was never very good at self-control.

“I don’t need a fuck lecture from some law-breaking freak!” He yelled, clutching his wings closer to himself at the comment.

Tommy was not liking this conversation. He suddenly had remembered his lack of mask and fluffy back appendages on full display. This was dangerous for him. The lights from the streetlamps made it very clear that if someone took a photo from here, he was done for.

The Vigilante was highly amused by the child’s clear temper tantrum. He let out another high-pitched laugh before responding. “That’s fair, that’s fair. But shouldn’t you be at least wearing a mask out here?”

Tommy didn’t like how correct he was. “Well this wasn’t really a planned night-time activity. It just happened. If I had a mask, I’d be wearing one.”

The Vigilante looked him up and down. He then pulled a hand up. Tommy would be lying if he said he didn’t almost flinch. Up close Tommy could see the spirals that appeared before the tiny portal did.

The man stuck his arm into the tiny portal, reaching around for a few seconds as if he was looking for something. After about 5 seconds he let out a triumphant gasp and pulled his hand back out. He then put his hand out towards Tommy.

Tommy looked at what he was holding, not sure what to expect. But what he definitely wasn’t expecting, was to see a pair of steampunk styled goggles, almost identical to Travellers own. The only difference being the ones in his hand had red tinted lenses instead of the light blue on his own face.

Tommy didn’t quite know what to do. He didn’t need these, this wasn’t something regular he was going to do. He didn’t need to get involved again.

Traveller seemed to notice his hesitance. “Please just take them. Think of them like-“ he took a pause to think for a second, “like, like payback for the saving my ass before. You protected me, so I’ll protect you. Then we can call all debts paid off.”

Tommy didn't quite understand his logic. He hadn't done anything. But it was clear the Vigilante wasn't going to stop until Tommy took them. And, well. Maybe it was the mans talking, or maybe it was streetlamp, or maybe it was just the lack of sleep finally weighing him down. But Tommy felt like he needed to be hiding his face right now.

He quickly put on the goggles. He was surprised by how well they fit. It was almost like the Vigilante was prepared for this to happen. Weird.

But what was really weird, Tommy realised, was the man stared at him again.

The Vigilante snapped out his trance a second after Tommy realised his staring. Clapping his hands together in slight excitement before stilling again and turning.

If he'd been facing Tommy he would have seen the Yellow glow in his eyes as he talked. Suddenly serious. "I have got to go now. Word of advice small Vigilante, *do not trust the man with the fake clay smile or anyone who claims to be loyal to such a person. If you do, I promise it will not end well.*"

Tommy wanted to ask questions, but he was stepping through the portal before Tommy could even try. Disappearing to who knows where.

Leaving Tommy alone, as he always was.

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Tommy was left so confused as he continued his night 'flight.' Repeating the man's words over and over again in his head. Tommy realised the man must have been confused. Tommy wasn't any Vigilante, but he guessed it could be an easy mistake to make. Next time he'd correct the man- *wait, what*. No, Tommy, no. There wouldn't be a next time, because he was *absolutely not* getting involved in that world. Tommy told himself.

Still though, “*do not trust the man with the fake clay smile.*” What could that mean? Tommy tried to think on if he knew any Villains with that description, but quickly gave up. That was a Tubbo question, not a Tommy question. Maybe Traveller had just gotten Tommy mixed up with another Vigilante with wings.

For every headache that man could possibly give him, at least Tommy really liked his new goggles. The colour matched the red tips on his wings. Tommy started to think of possible hoodies that would look good with thi- *nope*. Tommy was not doing this. He was not even considering it. He had a job, two of them now that he thought about it. He didn't have the time, or the want, to be doing this more often.

No, no. It's late. Tommy needs to go home. Tommy needed to stop putting himself in these scenarios. If Tommy continued thinking about this tonight, he might just... He might just... Tommy didn't know what he'd do. But it wasn't going to be good.

So, he made an honest great choice (*if he did say so himself*). He decided to go home. He got himself down from the building, hiding his newfound goggles and his wings (properly this time), and found the nearest subway station. It was only when he was exiting the train that he realised his huge mistake.

It was 4 am.

Tommy had been out, in the middle of the night, for almost 2 hours.

Fuck.

So, as Tommy approached the house, he came up with a plan. He had to get inside without being spotted. Normally, he'd just get out his wings and use them to help him climb up. (Double jump come in hand) But at this time of day, the chance of a being seen was just too high to use the wings. Tommy could try going up without the wings, but if he fell, he'd have to fall properly. So that was off the table.

That left the front door. Which was fine, except for one issue. He'd have to sneak through the whole house to reach his room. The chance of being undetected was small, but not

impossible. If caught at the right time he could probably pretend that he came from his room. But it was risky.

Not that Tommy had a choice he realised, entering the house. (Secretly very happy he'd grabbed his keys)

The first thing he noticed was the sound of two voices coming from the kitchen. So, Fuck. There was no way to avoid that. Only way to his room was through the stairs in the kitchen.

As he got closer the voices became recognisable. Techno and Wilbur. Oh how much Tommy wished Tubbo was there. Tubbo wouldn't tell. Tubbo would protect him. But no, it had to be the pretty boy and the walking daddy's boy. There was no way he was getting out of this unscathed.

Just from outside the door he could tell the two sounded mad.

Still Tommy entered the room, clinging to the wall and hoping he would just suddenly become invisible. It seemed to work-

"Your hiding things from me Wil. Stop deny it I know you are. I just don't get it, I thought we tell each other everything."

"Techno I'm not hiding anything from you . Stop stressing yourse- TOMMY"

Well, it worked for a second.

Tommy froze up for a second, secretly hoping he'd just misheard his being found out. Within about a second he figured it wasn't working, so he put on one of his classic fake smile and glancing up at his two brothers. Both of which had frozen midargument to stare at the child. "Wilbur! Techno! My friends. What a coincidence to see you two down here at this time of night. I was grabbing some water and going back upstairs."



Instantly Tommy knew the two didn't believe him. But Techno was the one to call him out.  
"Tommy, we know you came from outside. What are you doing up this late?"

Tommy new he was caught. But that wouldn't stop him from trying to get away with it.  
"What, me! Outside at this time of night! Techie, you know I would never."

Techno didn't seem impressed.

"Techno leave it, it's fine." Wilbur almost whispered.

There was a look of guilt on his face that Tommy didn't understand.

"No, Wil. Tommy where were you? Do you know how dangerous it is out there at this time?"

"The shop had an emergency," Tommy lied. "I had to deal with it."

"At this time of night, couldn't it have waited until morn--"

"Techno" Wilbur interrupted. He grabbed Techno's hand, forcing him to face him.

The two stared at each other, communicating in a way that Tommy could understand. Techno gave Wilbur one last pointed look, one of distrust before looking back at Tommy. His voice now hushed and calm.

"Go to bed. Please don't let it happen again."

Tommy just nodded. Sneaking upstairs as he heard the twos muttering continue. But it was much to quite for Tommy to listen in this time.

That was, weird, to say the least. But Wilbur had seemed to protect him. It made sense to Tommy though, Wilbur had gone through a rebellious streak as a teen. Well, it never really “ended” as such, it’s just harder to rebel as an adult when your parents no longer care what you do. Wil probably just thought that Tommy was doing the same thing. He was like a mini Wilbur after all.

What was odd though was the lack of complaints about Tommy wearing Wilbur’s clothes though, and the arguing of the two. Tommy knew the two were close, and they did bicker a lot. But that seemed like an actual argument. It made Tommy nervous, he almost thought he wouldn’t be able to sleep. And yet, a teenage boy will always find a way.

And if he decided the next day to play sick, that secret would stay between the 3 men forever. If Wilbur did yell at him later for stealing his hat, then so be it. All of that was tomorrow Tommy’s problem.

## Chapter End Notes

Yo yo yo. Happy new year buds. Gimme fic recs if you want because I am bored.

Comments keep me going so keep em coming please!

# Bonding with Wilbur

## Chapter Notes

Hello readers. Things should hopefully start to make sense soon. Before now I've never really had chapter plans, I knew what would happen in the future, but I'd never written it down. Now, I've got heaps properly planned. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next few weeks passed strangely. Wilbur and Techno seemed very tense since that night, and he'd heard more arguments since then through the walls. Although he could never hear what about beyond that apparently Wilbur wasn't telling Techno something. Tommy wanted to be concerned about the whole scenario, he really did. But whenever he entered the room, they'd suddenly become normal, like they hadn't been screaming at each other one second before. Tommy had tried to bring up the issue with Tubbo, but Tubbo didn't seem to have heard anything. Leading Tommy to believe that he was probably just hearing things. Maybe those late nights really were getting to him.

Talking about said late nights though, Tommy had in the past few weeks had met two new faces. The first being Quackity, a Villain very famous for, well, not legally being a Villain. For whatever reason, Quackity had managed to avoid there being any evidence towards him doing anything illegal. Every time he'd been arrested, the charges had quickly been dropped, and the Heroes responsible had had to give public apologies. This by itself wasn't too uncommon, as many politicians had stuff like this happen. But what made Quackity particularly famous was the fact that, A, he hid his face behind a mask. Like the Heroes did. And, B, his real name was unknown. The name "Quackity" being based mostly off the fact that he, like Tommy and Phil, was an Avian. A duck one specifically. This led to him being known as the "legal Villain" in the public's eyes.

So, one day. A few years ago. After Quackity had been known by the public for a few months. He suddenly used his fame to open a Casino in the Inner district. It was an instant hit. Las Nevadas quickly being branded as a classic part of the city. But still, the rumours went round that it's owner was involved in potentially more 'devious' actions. Tommy had heard the rumours before. What he didn't expect was to have the duck hybrid appear at his shop as he was closing was a badly broken arm.

It took a small conversation with the man for Tommy to hear about how he avoided the law for so long. It was pretty simple honestly. *Luck*, Quackity's power was luck. It made so much sense to Tommy. This guy had been close friends and colleagues with the SBI for years, and the only reason he'd avoided capture, was because of luck. Tommy was so interested as to how the power worked that he'd probably asked Quackity more questions in that one night than he did in his entire 11 years at school. Only shutting up after Quackity told him too. But it was clearly quite light-hearted.

The other new Villain he'd met had been Sneeg. The man had come to him in pretty bad condition. And by "*bad condition*" Tommy meant "*2 bullets in his chest.*" It was then that Tommy decided to test what happened when he tried to heal over bullets. Apparently the answer was they'd be slowly pushed out of the wound as he healed. Which was Tommy thought was strange, but he wasn't going to say anything until Sootings had pointed it out as being so. That healing session had been harsh on him. Tommy vomiting up his guts for the next 3 days straight. But the thing that stuck with Tommy was the jokes Sneeg cracked after he awoke. His smile as he looked at Tommy. It made it so clear to Tommy that no matter how hard this job was on him, it was always worth it if these people were alive and well.

But on the other hand, it did leave him very drained. He was skipping more and more school to catch up on sleep. And weekends were always sleep in until 3pm days. That was why when Tommy was woken up at 1pm by Wilbur one Saturday, he was not happy. He'd demanded Wilbur leave him alone. Wilbur had ignored the child, attempting to drag him out of bed. Tommy was stubborn, but Wilbur was clearly worse as he eventually won the child over.

Tommy got dressed fast (by Wilbur's command). Grabbing his phone, ignoring the many messages from Eryn and Freddie. He followed Wilbur downstairs and out of the house without complaint. It was only once they'd been on the train for a bit that Tommy finally thought to ask where they were going. Only to receive a very cryptic "you'll see" from Wilbur.

Tommy wanted to scream at him, he wanted to know why he was here instead of in bed. But, Tommy *just couldn't*. Tommy had been so busy lately that he'd had no time for hanging out with Wil, and so, even if Tommy's body screamed for him to find a purpose in this. Tommy would let Wilbur do this. Tommy trusted Wilbur more than anyone else in his life (well, ignoring Kristin. But Tommy's mother was an exception).

So when Wilbur exited the train, Tommy followed without a word. It was only once they started walking more that Tommy realised he was in the Inner district. The main giveaway was the fact that the area was actually well taken care of. Buildings shined, streets contained

no garbage. The few people Tommy's age he saw were all well dressed, to the point that if it wasn't for their baby faces Tommy would have assumed they were middle aged. Tommy felt very out of place in his plain shirt and shorts, following the yellow sweater dressed Wilbur, guitar strapped to his back. The two got a few stares from people, but if Wilbur noticed he didn't say anything. Walking straight ahead.

They kept walking for awhile. Taking seemly random alleyway to random alleyway until Tommy figured he probably couldn't find his way back if he tried. And yet, he still trusted Wilbur too much to question him.

Finally, Wilbur turned towards a building. "*The Pride Palace*" it's sign read. It appeared to be an Ice Cream Parlour of some kind, which wasn't strange or anything in the Inner District by itself. What was odd though, was how it looked. Just from the outside Tommy could tell it was small. The signs all looked hand painted and the chairs seated around the little place had clearly been spray painted rainbow. It was clearly an oddity in the huge white modern city. But he guessed passers by just didn't notice it, if it wasn't for Wil Tommy probably wouldn't of either.

Wilbur motioned Tommy to follow him (*as if Tommy would ever stop*). The two moved inside.

The inside perfectly fit with the outside. Small and quaint. The walls were cream coloured, although it was almost unseeable with all the pride flags on the walls. There were a few framed images which, on closer inspection, were all newspaper articles on the development of LGBTQ+ rights throughout the years (*there were lots, which is Pogchamp*). There were no tables in the store, but there was a long bench with many chairs in assorted colour, as well as a couch in the corner. But the main attraction, of the whole store, was the huge ice cream display.

Now, it wasn't like Tommy was an expert on ice cream. He honestly hadn't been to many ice cream parlours before. But even in his wildest dreams he couldn't of imagined this many flavours in one place. I mean, **45 flavours!** Isn't that a *huge* amount. Although, the more he thought about it, the more it became clear to him that this was probably just something that if he said out loud everyone else would look at him with really sad eye's for.

As Tommy a Wilbur entered a little bell went off, and one second later a person appeared behind the counter. Their smile changing for the classic customers service one Tommy was

all too familiar with, to a real one upon seeing Wilbur. Their nametag let Tommy know their name was “Eret” and that they went by any pronouns. Eret had long brown wavy hair that was tied back in a pony tail. They wore a pink fluffy skirt down to their ankle that Tommy really wanted to touch (he was sure it’d be so soft), along with a small black apron and a plain black shirt. But the biggest thing Tommy picked up on, was that she was tall, not like superhuman tall or anything. But tall enough that Tommy was sure that even with Techno’s new training, he wouldn’t stand a chance in a fight. (Maybe that was a little dramatic. But what was Tommy if not *dramatic*)

In all honesty, Tommy thought they were stunning.

“Hey Eret!”

By Wilbur’s higher pitched tone, Tommy could guess he thought the same.

“Hey Wilbur!” Tommy was not expecting such a deep voice. “Who’s this?” He moved to look towards Tommy.

“This is Tommy. The one I told you about.” Wilbur spoke casually. His hands finding their home in his pockets as he relaxed against the counter, his body and head tilted towards Eret.

“Oh! The Tommy.” His voice shifted up a bit. “It’s nice to meet you Tommy. —“ His eye’s shifted back to Wilbur. “Oh my god, he looks like a carbon copy of you.”

Tommy decided to ignore the fact that Wilbur talked about him without him there. Instead focusing on the flavours listed below, zoning out of the conversation beside him. He scanned over all of them a few times, mostly trying to ignore his brothers’ weird eye fluttering and deep tone as he talked to Eret. But he already new the flavour he was choosing from the second he’d laid his eyes on it.

“That one!” Tommy shouted triumphantly, his finger touching the glass as he pointed to the one he wanted.

The other two stopped talking to look at him.

Wilbur looked a little confused. “What?”

It was then that Tommy remembered he didn’t have any money on him and was completely reliant on Wilbur for ice cream. So he held back his comment on Wilbur being a deaf bitch and instead decided to use one of his many hidden skills; being polite.

“Can I have the Coke flavoured ice cream, please.” He added the last part as an afterthought.

It was then that Wilbur got a huge smile on his face. And not the nice, *“Oh Tommy is using manners and is such a good brother and that makes me happy”* smile. No, it was the *“I’m about to say something that will piss Tommy off”* smile. Tommy for a second wondered what Wilbur was going to say, but he didn’t have to wait long.

“I don’t know, can you?”

Tommy was going to kill him.

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The chairs were nice, a lot softer than Tommy was used to. Not that home had particularly bad chairs or anything. But furniture options were limited in the Outer District. When it comes to super soft pillows vs privacy though, you always choose privacy. But that didn’t mean Tommy wasn’t about to enjoy the current situation as much as possible.

So there was Tommy, snug in the comfy red chair eating a coke flavoured ice cream. Across from him sat Wilbur in a yellow chair, eating a triple scoop ice cream. Bubble-gum, Blackberry, and Raspberry (placed in that order) in a glass cup.

Tommy ate as if he hadn't eaten for a year. When in reality it'd probably been like 12 hours, *max*. Wilbur made a comment telling Tommy to slow down, but he instantly regretted it as in retaliation Tommy took a huge bite using his teeth while staring Wilbur in the face. It hurt Tommy a little, but Wilbur's flinch at the action made it so worth it.

It was kind of nice, the gentle silence. But Tommy couldn't handle it for long. He had to say something. And so he did.

"Hey yo, Wil. Fun fact; Cats cocks have like a tiny spine in them, and so do the cat dudes dicks from skyrim!"

Wilbur's eyes opened wide in slight horror at this new knollage. "Tommy! Why the fuck would you tell me that?!" He yelled.

"Well, it's fun, and it's a fact." Tommy stated, as if this fully explained his thought process.

"It might be fact, but it is 100% not fun." Wilbur was still slightly horrified. "Wait, Tommy. Do human cat hybrids also have them?"

Tommy hadn't thought about the real life implications of that fact. "I don't know mate, I'm not some furry fucker."

"Well, why'd you know the original fact then?"

"Biology class" Tommy replied, as if that answered anything.

"What? Your teacher told ya'll about cat dicks did he?" Wilbur's tone was full of amusement at the conversation.

"More like google."



“...What?”

“Well, me and Bill were bored. So we decided to take out learning into our own hands-“

Wilbur cut Tommy off. “Always a good idea.”

“I know right. –so we started googling animal penises.” Tommy stated as if it was a completely normal thing for him to do.

Wilbur passed for a second, considering his next words carefully. “You and Billzo are weirdo’s.”

Tommy faked offense. “Say’s you!”

“What does that mean?”

Tommy decided not to respond. The two sitting in silence for a second as Wilbur considered the child’s words. Tommy focused back on his ice cream for the moment.

“Hey Tommy, what do you think of Villains?”

Tommy was a bit taken aback. It wasn’t too odd of a question or anything. But this was just, not the place. It was the Inner District after all.

Tommy looked around quickly, trying to hint to Wilbur what he was thinking about.

It worked. Wilbur quickly responded to his worried looks vocally. “You don’t have to be quite here; you can speak your mind. This is one of the few places in the Inner without camera. It’s why Eret bought it.”

Tommy was still a little unsure. “Are you sure Wilbur?”

“Yeah Tommy, Trust me.” He said with a smile.

Tommy did trust him. Not that he’d say it out loud, but Wilbur was probably the person he trusted most in his life. Sure, Wil could be wrong. But Tommy would risk that for him.

But now he had a new issue; what to say. He didn’t want Wilbur knowing his night-time activities. He trusted Wil. But he also knew that Wilbur would freak out over Tommy possibly putting himself in that much trouble. It wasn’t like Tommy would stop though, which meant Wilbur would probably join to protect him. And that was the last thing Tommy wanted. Tommy wanted to protect people, not hurt them. So, the best thing for Tommy to do here, is to lie. Say that Villains are bad people, say that he’s never ever going to be involved. Say that they all deserved to burn in pandora.

But, it is Wilbur. Tommy trusts Wilbur. He couldn’t get Wilbur involved, but telling him his opinion couldn’t hurt. Tommy could still keep him safe. But Wilbur needed to know what Tommy really thinks.

“Well, Wilbur. I think, I think they’re, it’s-“ Tommy stuttered as he tried to explain his point of view “- they’re more complex than just bad guys vs good guys. They have their reasons for doing what they do, and I think it’s unfair of me to judge every single Villain out there without even having talked to one.”

That last part was a clear lie, but Wilbur didn’t need to know that. “I think, I think your right Tommy.” Wilbur then gave Tommy a very large smile. It was only a second when Wilbur then started talking to Eret about another topic that Tommy figured the smile was probably meant for him and not Tommy.

The two stuck around and talked for awhile, going straight home after. It really felt like something Tommy had needed. It broke Tommy out of his tired borderline depression and he finally felt like talking to a friend again. But when he opened up his phone he just didn't feel like messaging Freddie or Eryn, he didn't know why, but he didn't. So instead he started Messaging Bill. It was nice. And yet, his brain kept thinking back to that conversation with Wilbur. Or more specifically his own words.

"They have their reasons for doing what they do..." Tommy knew it was true. He knew at this point it was more complex than good vs bad. He knew these were serial murderers, that he was helping those who'd probably killed thousands over the years.

And yet, these were still people.

Quackity, who looked like he was going to cry after Tommy mentioned the whole "throwing up blood after healing" thing.

Sneeg, who had laughed hard at Tommy's Smurf joke, even when it wasn't that funny.

Pink Shark, who had refused to leave until after she helped Tommy clean up for the night.

Jack, who's first reaction after seeing Tommy sick for the first time was to offer him water and tell him his real name.

Sootings, who always sung to him to make the pain pass after a particularly bad healing session.

They were all people who cared for Tommy and treated him well, even when they didn't have to. They could have forced him to heal them without pay. They could have used his family to threaten him into working for them. They could have kidnapped him. But instead, they constantly reminded him that he could stop at anytime. They would always look upon him in worry when he clutches his head in pain.

They all cared about him not just as an object, but as a person.

Because *they were people*.

People who Tommy knew did horrible things. But he knew them well enough now to know they had to have their reasons. These weren't monsters, these crimes had to have a purpose.

But what was the real question.

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It didn't take long for an opportunity to ask to appear for Tommy to get an answer.

It was late one evening. Tommy had been almost finished cleaning when he received a text.

**The Clinger, 9:31:** Hey me and Jack have a free minute and were wondering if you wanted to hang out

**Big man, 9:34:** Fuck you

And that's how Tommy ended up sitting on the top of a random building, coke in hand, talking to two villains as if they were his close friends. And at this point, they might as well be.

Soot and Jack had a beer in hand. Tommy had at this point figured out they'd met each other as villains but were close enough friends that by this point, they knew each other outside the "job." (the way all of the Villains described what they do). It was then that Tommy started thinking again about the whole purpose of this, the whole purposes of all the killing.

“What are you guys trying to do?”

Sootings and Jack suddenly stopped talking to consider Tommy’s question for a second. It was Jack that spoke first.

“What, you don’t know.” Tommy just nodded. “You’ve been helping all of us like this, while just thinking of us as killers.”

“Awwwww, Tommy!” Sootings let out loudly. It was familiar in a weird way that Tommy just could not put his finger on. His normal smile spread into a new one that Tommy knew by now was of amusement. “You’ve gone soft for us!”

“be quite” Tommy just muttered. “just, uh, tell me I’ve been saving all of you for a good reason.”

Sootings froze a little, Tommy thought he might be nervous or something. “It’s uh, it’s pretty simple. We’re trying to take down the government.”

It did make sense, but there was one big thing missing here. “Why?”

Sootings seemed a little shocked at Tommy’s question. “Why? Toms, look around you. The place is a mess. The rich and popular get to live it up in a safe posh city, while the poor are abused, beaten down, malnourished. The rich stay rich, and the poor stay poor. It’s horrible. We’re just trying to even it out.”

It made sense. In a way Tommy felt like he’d always known this was why. But still, surly there was a better way.

“Couldn’t you do it without hurting anyone?” Tommy for a second felt like he’d went too far, misunderstood the new friendship the two had. Overstepped.

Sootings, luckily for Tommy, seemed to understand why he was asking. “We tried. Years ago, when it was just Kri-Trixian and Birdza, they tried to do it without hurting anyone. They tried for months with no improvement. People still got hurt, badly. Crime was even worse than it was now, the government never even looked over here. Now, things aren’t really better. But they’re not worse either. And that’s at least something I guess. At least we’re still alive.”

There seemed to be more unspoken to what he was saying. This was clearly personal to Sootings, in a way that he just couldn’t explain. But Tommy understood it all too well, he had people he was protecting. Trying to make the world better or, or at least stop it from getting worse.

That didn’t make what he did good, or moral. It didn’t make any of them Heroes. It didn’t make what Tommy was doing ok.

But maybe that didn’t matter. Maybe Tommy didn’t have to be “moral” to be trying his best. Maybe he could just care for these people because they are human too. And, just maybe, it was ok for him to be “bad.” If these people were still alive, then he’s done the right thing.

The silence continued as Tommy thought this over. Jack and Sootings were waiting for a response. If Tommy had been paying attention he might have saw the clear nervousness in the other twos body language. The look of worry Jack gave Sootings.

“I think –“ Tommy started, he was nervous. Not because of the two Villains beside him, but more at the idea of expressing this all out loud. “- I think, that’s ok.”

“You sure Tommy? You know, none of us are forcing you to do this mate. You can stop if you want.” Jack’s voice was calmer than normal.

“Yeah Toms, none of us want you to be unhappy here.”

Tommy instantly caught into the softness in Sootings tone. His face turned up in a mischievous smile as he responded. “Aww, Sootings, you’ve gone soft for me.”

Jack let out a loud laugh as Sootings tried to deny Tommy's words. But his high-pitched denial only served to convince both Jack and Tommy that he was completely correct.

"Shame you don't have another more fun power, you'd be so great to indoctrinate into our ranks." Jack let out between laughs.

"Please no. I can't handle another one."

Tommy was curious, "Another one?"

Jack stopped laughing for a second to let out, "Let's just say, one of our younger members has quite an *explosive* personality."

The two men let out a laugh at their seemingly inside joke. Tommy tried to piece together who they were talking about. But nothing of which they were saying rung any bells to Tommy, so he let it go.

What the conversation did remind Tommy of though, was the fact that he did have "*another more fun power*" as Jack put it. He had 2 more in fact. But Jack could never know, Sootings could never know. None of them could know.

Ok, so, maybe Tommy was now involved. Ok, yes, he was defiantly involved. But if he was arrested, he could still probably claim innocents at this point. If he told them about his other powers, he knew he'd get involved. Sootings was just too, *him*, for Tommy to say no to.

So, this had to stay a secret. For Tommy's sake.

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Tommy walked home late, again. He decided to go a longer way, again. This time it wasn't even to stretch his wings. It was just to walk. Which was probably not the best choice.

The night air way nice. The area Tommy was in was new to him. In the past he'd stayed clear of it. The streetlights never worked, and drinking was popular in the area. Making it perfect for midnight muggings. Tommy wasn't dumb, he knew it was best to stay clean from here. And yet, with his new found Techno training he was feeling almost stupidly confident. He knew that if anyone attacked he could probably fight them off, it would be easy. Tommy just had to not be dumb.

And that was when he decided to be dumb.

Tommy heard noises coming from an alleyway. Which, if he's learnt anything at this point, is never a good sign. The smart thing to do, is keep walking.

But, obviously Tommy just couldn't help himself.

This time now equipped with some self-defence skills, he confidently walked down the alleyway. At first he thought no one was there, any sound having disappeared. But then Tommy heard it.

*Breathing.*

Tommy turned towards it.

What he found, was one larger figure, holding another smaller. The larger wore a burl mask and a red cape, his pink hair was tied in a now frazzled braid. Even though he was crouched down, Tommy could still tell he was wearing heels. His arm had a huge chunk taken out of it, which was currently bleeding. Another day Tommy might be worried about it, but right now, he was more worried about the small man in his arms.

The smaller man wore a big brown coat with fluffy accents, it looked more like he was preparing to play in the snow than commit crimes (or stop it, he was a vigilante as well Tommy had to remind himself). His whole outfit seemed to fit that theme. His "mask"



actually just being some ski goggles and a grey metal face mask. Not that his goggles were really see able under his long brown hair.

But the main thing Tommy saw, was the blood rushing down his head.

And then in clicked;

*That was The Blade and Nuke.*

*And they were injured.*

## Chapter End Notes

Someone is getting their asses kicked. About time don't ya'll think? Anyway, I think this is the longest chapter I've written. So what do you guys think. I also just want to remind people that Tommy and Tubbo are 15 here, and Nuke showed up 2 years ago... Make of that what you will.

# Wilbur is doing drugs and fucking guys

## Chapter Notes

TW for sex talk near the end of the chapter and a little shipping, but it's used mostly as a joke.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Both Tommy and The Blade were still, each waiting for the other to move first. Tommy knew he had to do something, he had to help them. They both looked in a bad place. And yet, his legs wouldn't move.

He thought he was over this; *he was over this*. But, it's just, Villains are a lot more intimidating on their first meeting. Especially when you're in the middle of an unlit alleyway late at night.

What Tommy was confused about was how The Blade seemed just as stuck. The Blade didn't know him. Like, sure, he had to *know of him*. But he didn't *know* Tommy. Shootings had never introduced any other SBI members to him actually. Which was probably a good thing. It meant no one was getting hurt.

The fear in The Blades posture, his slightly shaking knee caught Tommy off-guard in a weird way. This guy was a murderer, heck, he'd probably murdered multiple people while getting that injury. So why would he be nervous around Tommy? Tommy was just a random kid to him. That was when Tommy realised, how bad is this? The Blade wouldn't be scared of a random kid unless the injury was *really* bad.

But, here was Tommy. Tommy could help! It was literally Tommy's job to help.

God he was happy he found these two now.

As Tommy came to this conclusion, a smile spread across his face. That was when The Blade must have decided now was the time to leave.

He turned fast, his cape and hair flicking behind him in a way that at another time Tommy probably would thought would have been cool. But all that he could think right now was he needed to stop him.

“Wait! Please! I can help! I know Sootings.”

He stopped in his tracks, turning back to look over at Tommy over his shoulder. Tommy could see the slight confusion in his lips from under his mask. He still looked ready to run, but at least he'd stopped.

“What?” The Villain spoke. His voice was weirdly monotone, and yet it spoke with so much emotion at the same time. He sounded hesitant, and Tommy couldn't blame him.

“I'm a healer. I work for Sootings. I can help you.”

The Blade took a shaky breath. He seemed to be considering his options as Tommy stood there, not daring to move first. Tommy was ok to wait, he knew what the Villain was going to choose.

The Blade turned slowly back, again showing the smaller man in his arms. The red running down his face. It was then that Tommy decided he was safe to move forward.

The two worked without Talking, Tommy leaning down to the ground and The Blade followed. Tommy slowly guided Nuke out of his arms and to the ground. He was limp, but he was breathing.

Tommy up close could see a bruise starting to appear over Nukes face. Tommy felt a sense of relief at the realisation. It mean Nuke wasn't bleeding out, he had just taken a hard punch to the face. Which wasn't good of course, but some bruising and a small cut was much easier to heal than huge blood loss.

Tommy put his hand on the man's cut, he closed his eyes, ready for the warm feeling to spread through. But then, he stopped. He felt a weird sense, like this shouldn't be his priority right now. Like he just *couldn't* heal this right this second. Something had to be sorted first.

He opened his eyes, and let his hand guide him off Nuke towards the Blade. He could sense the heavy bleeding from The Blade's arm, he could tell it wasn't deadly, but it wasn't good either.

He considered going back to Nuke, but he just couldn't. It, it wouldn't let him. Someone needed him more.

Tommy looked The Blade straight on. The Blade looked back. Tommy wished he could understand what the man was thinking, but his face was about as flat as a Pre-Socratic earth (very flat).

Tommy felt like now was an appropriate time to whisper "I can't heal him until I've healed you."

The Blade mimicked his voice level, "Why?"

"I don't know. I just, I can tell your injured more. My body won't let me heal him until I heal you."

They both stood frozen again for a second. Tommy could tell The Blade wanted to argue with him, but Tommy was happy he didn't. Tommy didn't know if physically could heal Nuke first, and he didn't want to waste time trying.

The Blade moved first, offering up his heavily bleeding arm towards Tommy. Tommy placed his hand over it slowly, not wanting to risk a sword being at his throat. (*although, he'd probably been taking that risk from the second he walked down this alleyway if he was honest*)

Tommy could instantly sense why this needed to be done first. It was bad. Over the few weeks Tommy had been healing others he'd slowly learnt how to tell wounds apart just from the feelings in his fingers. He could now tell how many bones were broken, how heavy the bleeding was, and how easy it was going to be to heal. (*as well as many other smaller details*) This wound, was no exception. A huge chunk of muscles was missing, and multiple veins had been cut. Which was, pretty bad news. If Tommy wasn't here, The Blade might have bled out. (Assuming he was dumb, which he probably wasn't)

The good news is, Tommy is here. And for him, A wound like this was pretty simple. It was new enough that he didn't need to replace much blood. Skin and muscles were a bit easy to reform. Draining, but easy. So, this would be a piece of cake.

He closed his eyes again, the warmth flooding his fingers.

"So... You do this often?"

Tommy wasn't really expecting to be talked to, most people just sit in silence while he healed. But he wouldn't say he hated it either.

"A few times a week. You?"

"Get myself and my teammate injured then get healed in a alleyway by a teenager? Yeah, no. This is a first for me." The Blade's tone was tinted with amusement, Tommy couldn't help but let out a small laugh at the monotone humour of the older. It felt, familiar.

Tommy finished up with the arm fast, only feeling a small headache starting. He'd never attempted to heal two people on the same night, but now seemed like a great time to start.

He moved back to Nuke. He noticed The Blade checking out the previously wounded area, which explained his sudden silence.

He put his hand over nukes head. He could already feel that the wound was minor, it had just bled a lot. (as head gashes do) But nothing deadly. Tommy found it healed fast and without much strain, so he decided to also clean up the bruising while he was there. It'd probably help Nuke avoid a few questions in his normal life.

“Done”

The Blade was silent, again. Tommy had gotten use to quite among Villains, normally it was comfortable. It gave Tommy time to think through what he was doing, to gain their trust. But this, it just felt *awkward*.

“How long have you been working with Sootings?”

“For, not with. But like-“ That was a good question, how long had it been? With all the lack of sleep, Tommy had kinda lost track. “-like, like...”

Tommy had to think for a second.

“two months? Maybe?”

Even from under the mask Tommy could see horror fill his face. “Two months-“

He went silent. Nuke had started to move. He let out a low hum as he started to sit up.

“Don’t say anything,” The Blade spoke quickly. Tommy didn’t quite understand why. But Nuke seemed to listen, any noises stopping instantly. He sat up slowly, but froze at the site of Tommy.

Tommy instantly felt awkward under the intense glare. Or at least what he assumed was a glare. *Being unable to see his eyes made it a bit hard to tell.*

It was tense for a weird reason that Tommy just couldn't place his finger on. It reminded him of his first meeting with Sootings in a weird way. Maybe the SBI Villains were just like this?

Whatever reason there was for the tenseness, Tommy was quite happy for happy for it to be interrupted. His phone suddenly ringing, making only him jump. Both The Blade and Nuke stayed as still as they had been the second before.

Tommy reacted quickly to the sound of Wilbur's newest song echoing out in the ally. He checked fast to avoid the stares from the terrifying men.

### **Big Q is calling**

That was never good, the Villains only called if it was bad. If it was minor, they texted.

"Quackity. What's up?"

Quackity started mimicking Tommy's accent. *"Tommy!!! Sorry to bother you so late but I've had an, ah, incident, and could really use your services. Preferably fast."*

Even though Quackity was speaking almost normally, with a slight giggle to his tone (probably at the dumb accent he was doing). Tommy could still sense that something was wrong. He was breathing a little heavily and well, he'd called. Quackity normally didn't call, he was more inclined to text. Even if it was bad.

"I can meet you at the normal place in a few minutes if you need?" Quackity responded with a quick word of agreeance and then hung up.

Tommy looked over towards Nuke and The Blade, both of which had been watching him quietly. They hadn't moved a muscle since he'd picked up the phone.

“Welp, duty calls men. I’ll see you soon, but not too soon I hope.”

He tried to ignore the fact that neither dared to move as he went off. He also chose to ignore the fact that Nuke flinched as he walked just a little too close to him. Those were all issues for another day.

---

“YOU PULLED THE KNIFE OUT?!”

Quackity had the audacity to look a little embarrassed, “well I couldn’t just leave it in there.”

Tommy saw red, “YES, YES YOU COULD OF. DO YOU KNOW HOW FUCKING DUMB THAT IS? YOU COULD HAVE KILLED YOURSELF!”

Quackity just mumbled something quietly in response, his head down. He was still holding onto the stab wound on his stomach. Tommy could tell he was trying to make it seem like it didn’t hurt. But the slight tremor in his hands betrayed him.

Tommy slowly pushed away Quackity’s hand to check the damage. Instantly there was blood everywhere. Tommy mostly ignored it, but he couldn’t help but pat himself a little on the back for putting down the towels earlier.

He put his hand over the wound again. He was happy to feel that it wasn’t as bad as it looked. The knife hadn’t gone in very deep and had managed to miss anything important by a few centimetres. *Damn lucky bastard* Tommy thought.

He started healing again, ignoring the aching in his head. Today was really testing Tommy’s skills in the healing department. He finished it fast, it was a pretty easy wound after all. But something was off.



*Tommy was missing something.*

He wasn't sure *what* he was missing, but there was 100% something there.

He moved his hand up the man's body, checking for anything he's missed. He continued slowly, Quackity seemed like he wanted to say something.

He went over his chest all the way up to his face, searching around until. Bingo.

Under his mask, just over his left eye there was clearly a long cut. He wasn't sure why Quackity hadn't told him.

"Big Q, what's up with your left eye?"

Quackity backed away a little, "What? What do you mean?"

"You have a cut under there, I can feel it. If you lift up your mask I can heal it."

Quackity seemed taken aback a little, Tommy was unsure as to why. "Really? You can fix that Tommy?"

"Yeah, I mean I am a healer." Tommy was a little unsure at his tone. Tommy still didn't understand how these Villains repeatedly got confused at his powers. It was pretty simple; he healed. He wouldn't be offering if he couldn't.

And with that response, Quackity removed his mask.

The first thing Tommy thought was, "*I have no clue who this is.*" The next thing he thought, was how young the man looked. He couldn't have been much older than Tommy. Maybe 18?

Which brought a lot of questions as to how young he was when he was first arrested, or opened his casino.

The big thing though, the most noticeable thing about his face. Was the thick scar running across his left eye. It stretched from his forehead to his lip. To other people it may have tricked them into thinking he was older, but Tommy wasn't an idiot.

Tommy hadn't ever healed a scar before. He'd never had the chance. He really hoped that he could, he didn't want to disappoint Quackity.

Quackity seemed to sense his hesitance, "Are you sure you can heal it? It's ok if you can't, I won't be mad."

Well Tommy couldn't possibly fail, not after seeing the vulnerability in Quackity's eyes.

He placed his hand on Quackity's face, and started pulling.

It felt, new. It was somewhat harder than healing a normal wound. If Jack was correct then it probably had something to do with time travel and the injury being old, back what did Jack know.

Tommy felt like his blood was hot, it glowed a bright gold as it spread through his body.

And then, he was out.

The world just went black. Tommy wasn't sure how long he was out for, but luckily he had Quackity panicking in his ear to wake up to.

"Tommy! Tommy! Are you ok?"

Tommy blinked a bit as he tried to wake up, “ahh, yeah. Just must of pushed it a little hard today.”

That didn't seem to calm Quackity, who was still hovering over Tommy. “I knew it was a bad idea, we shouldn't of tried it. Tommy, next time let's leave it.”

Tommy's eyesight was slowly starting to work again. Quackity's face slowly faded into view, his panicked voice was now shown on his face as well. But the main thing that Tommy focused on, was the fact that there was no scar in site. Nothing to hide the youth on the young mans face.

Tommy just smiled, brightly at the site. It'd work.

“What you looked at?” Quackity asked defensively.

Tommy just got out his phone camera in selfie mode, then passed it to Quackity.

The confusion on his face quickly moved into a smile as he touched the previously scared area. He seemed to be rediscovering himself again. As if this face had been long gone. And that was when Tommy knew, that no matter how much he hurt physically tomorrow. It was worth it.

---

Tommy ended up asking for a favour from Quackity, which the man was very happy to do. The brief blessing of luck, just so Tommy could climb up into his room without risking a horrible fall.

It worked, but Tommy quickly realised it was pointless as he still needed to shower. The water running down his back was soothing, it felt like it was one of the only times he didn't have to think. Didn't have to worry about the constant stress of balancing schoolwork, running the café, and stopping the city's most wanted criminals from dying. It was freedom.

Tommy left the bathroom warm and relaxed, but with a very dry throat. Which meant he needed the perfect drink before bed, coke. Clearly the perfect choice, all the caffeine would defiantly help his sleep. It one hundred percent wouldn't keep him up until 1 am, nope.

Tommy started down stairs, quickly realising he wasn't the only one still awake. He heard muttering coming from the kitchen. Looking over he saw all his brothers; Wilbur, Techno, and Tubbo, whispering quietly.

No one had noticed his appearance yet. They all looked way too serious for 2 am kitchen talks on a school night. Tommy tried to listen in, but could only make out one nervous sounding sentence from Wilbur. "Please don't tell Mom and Dad."

"What aren't we telling Mom and Dad?" Tommy called out, not bothering to lower his volume.

The other three boys looked over at him in a weirdly stunned expression Tommy couldn't fully make out. Tubbo broke the fastest, responding casually "That Wilbur is doing drugs and having sex with some random guy."

"It better not be another fucking fish."

Wilbur seemed offended, "it was one-time thing Tommy. Besides, she was a shape shifter."

Techno scoffed, "yeah, when did you find that out, before or after you fucked her?" He already knew the answer, but it was funny to see Wilbur struggle to defend himself.

"It was one time guys!" Wilbur started to mutter something under his breath about "You fuck a fish one time and now everyone thinks your into that."

Tommy just kind of clicked what was going on as Wilbur muttered. “Wait, so Will, you’re gay?”

Wilbur stopped his muttering to stare at Tommy. “No, Tommy, I’m bisexual.”

“Ahh, so you really did like a fish then.”

Wilbur just seemed embarrassed, he looked like he was about to try to defend himself badly again before Tubbo decided to interrupt. “Even if he was gay, turns out Sally was actually really a Sam the whole time. So he’d actually have been dating a man, even if everyone only figured it out a little ago.”

Tommy just nodded at the new information provided, making a mental note of the new information. “Wait, so both Floris and Sam are trans?”

“Yeah, gender siblings.” Techno responded in his classic monotone.

That seemed to amuse Tubbo and Wilbur, as they laughed quite a bit at the comment.

Tommy had something else on his mind though. “Is the guy your fucking Eret?”

Wilbur instantly went bright red and denied Tommy’s words. Tubbo just laughed harder. Techno also showed a small smirk on the edge of his lips.

“You sure Wilbur? You and Eret were getting real close earlier. Ay?” Tommy himself was holding back laughter at Wilbur’s beetroot face.

“What? No No No. Tommy No! Firstly; Eret isn’t a guy. Secondly; She’s taken.”

Techno let out a little chuckle. “So you just want to fuck them then?”

Wilbur somehow got more red as the three brothers laughed at his pain.

As they all started to calm down and Wilbur stopped trying to defend himself, Tommy decided now was the time for some brotherly support (*trademark pending*).

“Ya know Will, Mom and Dad won’t care. I’m not sure how they’ll feel about the drugs part, but they’ll support you no matter whether you like fucking men or not.”

Wilbur’s face softened a little for a second, well it did until Techno started talking. “You need to tell them Will.”

“I will I will, I promise. Just, please give me some time.” He seemed pretty desperate to keep this secret. Tommy couldn’t quite understand why, but it also wasn’t his place to say anything.

Tubbo and Techno gave each other a small look that Tommy couldn’t understand. Techno responded for what seemed to be the both of them. Any previous joy leaving their face, they looked too serious.

“We won’t say anything Will.”

Relief flooded Wilbur’s face.

“Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

Tubbo is the only fast thinker in this whole houshold.

# Nuke Stalks Teenagers

## Chapter Notes

Hey, this chapter has been edited since upload. But the only change is a name. The original had Sappnap's real name mentioned as, well, his real name. At the time I was aware he wasn't ok with fans using his real name, but I hadn't chosen a replacement I was happy with yet and it was important to introduce him now. Now, I'm still not 100% sure on whether or not this new name is the right choice. The new name feels just a bit, silly? Yeah, that's the right way to describe it. But it's better than making the real Sappnap unhappy. Anyway, you'll see what name I chose. But, if anyone has a better suggestion, then please comment it! It's not too late for me to edit this chapter again if someone comes up with something better. Anyway, Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was surprised. He wasn't dead the next day. His light headache actually stayed, well, light. Maybe he was finally starting to get the hang of this whole healing thing.

School was, well, school. Tommy thought he was doing pretty good today if he was honest. His attention was only about 75% in his head, which compared to his normal 90% is pretty good. Could he tell you what classes he'd had today? No. Shut up. He was the best student ever. He *definitely* didn't spend all of the day googling new moves to use against Techno. *Not at all.*

Ignoring his potentially great grades (*if the teacher wasn't a biased dickhead*). Lunch came weirdly fast today. Recently he'd been spending lunch sleeping in the back of the library. One librarian had asked if he was ok early on, but after just explaining he'd stayed up late she'd let him sleep. He hadn't been bothered since.

Getting there though, seemed like it was gonna be a little harder today than normal.

"Hey Tommy!" Eryn's smile was infuriating, it just too toothy and just too wide for Tommy's tired mid-day headache.



“Hey Eryn.” Tommy tried to intimidate his tone, but instead it just ended up sounding tired. Which was true to how he was feeling, at least.

“Me and Freddie were thinking of going down to the movies later, wanna co-“

Tommy cut him off while already turning away, “-Not today guys. Maybe another time.”

He had already turned away before he could see the hurt resting across the two boys faces. Oblivious to their disappointment.

Tommy continued to walk towards the library, but he again ran into a friend.

Said friend didn’t stop him in the same way Eryn and Freddie had. In fact, for a bit he wasn’t even aware said friend was there.

But then, he turned around.

Tommy jumped, “BILLZO, FUCK OFF!”

Billzo laughed loudly. Tommy wanted to be mad, he really did. But Bills laugh was just too infectious. Tommy’s lungs burned lightly as he laughed. A subtle, but well needed reminder of the night he just had, and why he needed to sleep.

“Mate, I’ve been behind you for a good 2 minutes now. I’m like a fucking ninja mate.”

Tommy wanted to tell him that he was actually “like a fucking idiot”, but that would mean admitting that it was because of Tommy’s weakness that he went undetected. If Techno had taught Tommy one thing, it was that weakness must stay hidden. Even if you’re on deaths door you must always act like you’re the best thing on earth. Yeah, Techno did probably teach him that as a strategy for fights. But surly it could be applied to everywhere else in Tommy’s life too, right?

Tommy's face darkened a little as the laughter stopped. He really wanted to get rid of Bill, but it just, it wasn't going to work. If Bill wanted something then he just wasn't going to leave Tommy alone.

Tommy started walking again, hoping that Bill would just go back to Aimsey and boob boy. But instead Bill decided to walk besides Tommy.

Tommy again considered telling Billzo to go away. But, it wouldn't work. He'd have to actually hurt Bill for him to go away. And who in their right mind would hurt Bill?

"Tommy, Tommy. Me and Tubbo have been playing fortnite recently. You should really join us sometime,. I know it's like a game for 12-year-olds. But you gotta admit, a game in which you can have Ariana Grande shoot Rick from the hit show 'Rick and Morty' with a machine gun is just way too good of a game to not play."

Tommy just grumbled in response, before finally thinking of a real reply. "Does it have spiderman?"

Bill's smile lit up. "That, it does my friend."

"Then I'm in." Tommy tried to smile back, but anything more than a slight up curling of his lips was just too much right now.

Not because Tommy wasn't happy. He was pretty happy with his life right now, he had a good purpose to exist right now. If he didn't enjoy those late nights, then he'd simply stop.

But he was still missing out. Those late nights led to less time with his friends. So even if he told Bill he'd play, he just wouldn't have the time.

Tommy led Bill into the library. He started to lay in his claimed beanbag in the back, Bill pulling one closer to sit beside him.

Tommy looked up into Bill's eyes. And, ok, maybe Tommy wasn't an empath. Maybe he sometimes misunderstood others feelings towards him. But right now, he could see the concern in Bill's eyes. He could see the slight pout as he stared at Tommy. And, here's the big issue with that; Tommy couldn't figure out a reason why he looked at him like that.

Ok, so maybe Tommy did have the time for Bill today then.

Tommy sat back up in his chair, now face to face with Bill.

"Billzo, Why can't spiderman be a real hero?"

Billzo seemed a little taken aback by Tommy's quick turnaround. "What?"

"Ya know, The spectacular spiderman? Why couldn't we have him as a hero. He'd be so much cooler then that green bitch and the glasses wearing freak."

Tommy watched Billzo's face light up, the concern leaving as Tommy rambled on about how much better Spiderman was then Dream.

"Isn't Spiderman technically a vigilante Toms?"

"Yeah, I mean that's probably why he's not a dick." This was something Tommy 100% believed.

Things always got messy when you made peoples lives about earning money.

Tommy should stop letting himself be payed for healing people.

“Bill, what is your opinions on Heroes and Villains?”

Bill looked up at Tommy, maybe he shouldn't have spoken with such a serious tone. “I'm not so sure Tom. I don't like to think about it too much. The Heroes keep people like me protected, that's all I care for.”

“And the people like me?” Tommy said, referring too those living in the outer district.

“You guys have, like, the vigilantes to protect you.”

Tommy bit back a comment on the “Heroes” locking up those protecting people like him. Instead resolving to just nod. Billzo's outlook was a bit surprising, but at least it was normal. That was the way people in the middle thought after all. As ignorant as it was, Tommy couldn't blame him. Tommy just wished he also had the privilege to not care as much as he had to.

Tommy then thought back to a conversation he'd had with Bill a few months ago.

“How'd that stuff go with your dad anyway?”

Bill lighted up a bit at that. “Fine, he found a good job that pays better then the old one. And I mean, like, thank god for that. Like, No offense Tom. But like, good riddance I don't how to live in The Outer.”

Tommy tried to not be hurt by Bills words. Tommy was happy for him! No really, he was. He was just also tired. He had come here to sleep, so he needed to sleep.

He gave Bill his best “I'm happy for you” voice as he told him he was happy for him. Even if it was a lie, Tommy didn't want to hurt Bill spark.

He tried to ignore the hurt look as he turned away to sleep, or the fact that Bill didn't seem to move from his side the whole lunch, or Bills hurt face as he walked past him on his way back to class without a word.

Tommy didn't have the time for childish stuff like this anymore.

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Tommy was trying to clean the coffee machine, for the 4<sup>th</sup> time that after noon. He wasn't sure what he was doing wrong, but the water just wouldn't stop running a weird yellow colour. He was really considering calling Niki for help, she seemed to be good at fixing things like this. Like whenever the tap wouldn't run, she'd just touch it and then it'd be fixed every time. I mean, Tommy did somehow rebreak it every time he touched it after her. He wasn't sure what he was doing, but she always ended up calling a repairman to fix it for him. Even though she could surely make it run herself. Maybe if Tommy wasn't such a screw up then she wouldn't have to keep getting help.

The familiar doorbell rung, signifying customers. Tommy peeped his head up to see three figures.

The first man had black scruffy hair, with a white bandana holding it out of his face. He had a light smirk on his face. The second was tall with fluffy brown hair, he was wearing a bright pink hoodie with the word's "fuck" on the front of it. Tommy briefly wondered if that had ever caused him any trouble. He was laughing, loudly. Tommy guessed by the first mans smirk that the laughing was probably connected to it.

The two were unfamiliar to Tommy, but the third was not. The third man seemed at first completely new to Tommy. He was short, he had scruffy black hair that was stuffed under a blue beanie. But his face, that face was very clear in Tommy's mind.

Quackity was in his café during opening hours.

Ok, how was Tommy meant to handle this. Was he meant to act like he knew him, or were they meant to act like strangers? Did the people he was with know who this guy really was, did Tommy even know who he really was? He should act like he doesn't know him, but what if Quackity speaks to him as a friend. What name does Tommy use? He doesn't even know his real name.

Tommy continued to mildly panic for a few seconds as the three men looked over the menu.

"They have white hot chocolate!!! Pandas, you should get that one." Spoke the fluffy in both hair and personality man.

"Why?" Spoke the bandana wearing one who Tommy now knew was called Pandas. (*Weird name, but Tommy wasn't about to judge. I mean, his brothers were called fucking **Techno**, **Wilbur**, and **Tubbo**.*)

"It fits with your soul."

Pandas gave the other a slight look of annoyance, but Tommy didn't miss the slight blush that betrayed his otherwise disapproving stance.

Tommy looked over at Quackity. Their eye's met for a second, Tommy looking away first. He wasn't scared or anything, Quackity was a friend. This was just, new, that's all.

Quackity refocused his attention back to the other two men, who were still bickering over choices. "Karl, what are you getting then?"

"hmm, probably just a black coffee."

"Well that's boring."

"Pandas, you think plain bread with butter is a good meal."

Pandas looked offended, “So do you.”

Karl looked like he was about to retort with something else, but Quackity cut him off. “I get it, your both white as fuck. Just hurry up and choose what you want before I change my mind about paying for you fuckwits.”

His tone was harsh, but the other two didn’t seem bothered. Tommy could almost sense a general affection in the bickering among the 3, like this was normal for them. Tommy even started to suspect their relationship was more than friends, as he watched them all stand just a little too close and touch each other just a little too much.

His suspicion was quickly confirmed as he caught onto more small actions of the three. The way Karl held onto Pandas hand, how Pandas kept slowly touching over Quackity’s previously scared face. But even if Tommy had missed that, he defiantly didn’t miss Karl kissing both their cheeks before he came over to order.

Karl was the one who spoke for the other two. This was Tommy’s first meeting with the man, but Tommy could already tell he just radiated positive energy everywhere he went. He wondered how Quackity could possibly have pulled in such a different man.

Despite the earlier bickering, Karl ended up ordering the same caramel latte for all three of them. One containing double the sugar of the other three.

True to his word, Quackity came over to pay. Tommy avoided his eye’s, not wanting to do or say the wrong thing. But then came a little issue, Tommy needed a name to call out.

Karl had already left to return to Pandas side, leaving him face to face with Quackity. Was it ok to ask? Would Quackity be upset?

“Can I- can I have a name for that?” Tommy stuttered.

Quackity stared Tommy straight in the eyes. “Alex”

Tommy let out a breath he didn’t know he was holding. Quackity smiled, it looked like he wanted to laugh at Tommy’s panic. Tommy didn’t even know why he’d been so worried, it was just Quackity. Or well, it was just Alex.

He’d never been in danger with this man, he needed to stop his random surges of anxiety.

Tommy didn’t see anymore of Alex that day, him and Karl having waited outside for Nick to collect the drinks. But Tommy was still happy Quack-*Alex* had trusted him that much. To see both his real name and face. Or well, his assumed real name.

He was still Quackity. The guy with the best possible luck in existence.

***Big T, 10:31 pm:** hey thaks for coming by today. It was pretty Pog of you to trust me with that info. But next time you wanna bring your boyfriends in gimme a heads up*

***Big Q: 10:34 pm:** \*Fiancés*

---

Tommy walked home in the dark, again. There was no healing today though, just plain old hard work.

Tommy swore he heard something as he passed one building. But as he looked around, he couldn’t spot anything.

He kept walking. Again, a noise. Again, nothing.



This ended up happening a few more time before Tommy finally saw something. A shadow on top of one of the nearby rooves.

“Hey! I see you! Show yourself before I come up there.”

Tommy for a second genuinely thought he may not have seen anything.

With no response Tommy kept walking.

Then he heard it again, turning fast enough to find Nuke. Fully frozen as Tommy caught him stalking red handed.

He wasn't moving

*Did I cause that,* Tommy thought to himself

Nuke moved

*Oh good, I didn't.*

Tommy waited for an explanation. Nuke didn't talk.

“So?” Tommy called out.

“So what?” Nuke yelled back.

“What are you doing up there.”

“Just stopping you from getting murdered.”

Tommy looked into the mans heavily obscured face, looking for some sense of a lie.

“Well, couldn’t you do that from down here?”

Nuke didn’t respond. But he did take to flinging himself off the building to walk beside Tommy.

They walked in silence for a second. Tommy wasn’t sure what to say. Nuke wasn’t going to hurt him, but Tommy didn’t want to mess up.

“Is Sootings forcing you to do this?”

Tommy’s eye’s widened and a huge grin shot up onto his face.

“Holy shit, you sound just like my brother mate!”

Nuke looked over to Tommy, “Do I now?” he stated in a noncaring tone.

Tommy gave a nod

“huh, that’s kinda funny.” He was still monotone, but Tommy could see the slight curl of his lip.

Tommy defiantly agreed.

Then, Tommy had an idea.

He got out his phone, “Hey, could you just say some stuff for me.”

“No”

“Please! Please Nuke Please.” Tommy whined

“I’m not helping you make fun of your brother.”

“But it’d be funny though!”

Nuke seemed amused, “You are very annoying.”

Tommy felt something click within him. “Ya know, most people find me annoying at first.”

“I can tell”

“Hey!” Tommy faked offense.

Nuke started to laugh, “It’s true! You know it’s true!...

“But really, Tommy, are you ok? Are you doing this by choice.”

Tommy smiled up, “Of course I’m doing this by choice. Shootings wouldn’t force me to do anything I didn’t want to.”

Nuke stopped talking. If Tommy had to guess, he’d say the man was thinking.

He spoke quietly, “What if you get hurt?”

“You wouldn’t let that happen.”

Tommy knew that was a fact. You don’t ask “what if you get hurt” to someone if you don’t want them to be safe. Although, Tommy couldn’t quite understand where the concern was coming from. They met like the other day. Maybe Nuke was just an empath?

“Nuke, are you an empath?”

“What?”

“Answer the question.”

“Tommy, stop talking.”

Chapter End Notes

Tubbo best brother

# Attention Now Pls

## Chapter Notes

Woowoow, chapter a day early! And it's long! (insert Wow meme here) Enjoy!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The ground hit him hard, or well, he hit the ground hard. Tommy preferred to think of it the other way around. I mean, the ground hurt him, he was offended to even pretend like it could possibly be the other way around. The Ground **hit him** hard. His knees were bruised, and his hands were scraped. And yet, he got back up.

He blocked the oncoming attack while attempting to kick out the other man's legs, his opponent predicted this though. Which was probably due to this being the 5<sup>th</sup> Time Tommy had tried this, but it had to work at some point right.

Tommy blocked the constant attacks, trying to look for an opening to strike. But an opportunity never came. Tommy started to get impatient, so he made a decision that could only go great for him. He decided to attack without an seeing an opening.

He was instantly blocked and knocked back. Landing straight on his back.

“You done?”

Tommy should get up again, he needs to keep fighting. Giving up means losing. In any other scenario, losing means death. But right now, the grass is very nice. He could feel the soft glowing in his veins as his body automatically healed his bruises. Sure, he could get back up. But he'd really rather not. So maybe defeat was worth it here for peace.

Only here though.

His opponent bent down, offering a handout to Tommy. A few stray strands of his braided pink hair fell in front of his face. His smile felt welcoming to Tommy, knowing that he was one of the few people in the world to ever see such a look on the other mans face.

Techno looked proud, which made Tommy feel proud. Techno rarely gave fake praise, (*well, he rarely gave fake praise to Tommy. Sometimes Wilbur needed uplifting that only hopeful lies could give*) so Tommy was ready to hear the truth of how badly he was going. At least the smile would lighten the blow.

“You fell.”

Tommy felt the need to punch the man (*out of love, of course*), “Ahh, yes. Stunning deduction Shakespeare. What gave you the hit, was it me literally lying on the ground, or the grass stains on my shirt that clued you in?”

Techno ignored most of Tommy’s sarcasm, “Sherlock.”

“...What?”

“You said Shakespeare, but I think you mean Sherlock.”

“I know what I said Bitch-“ Tommy did not, ”just help me up.”

Tommy got back on his feet easily. To be honest, he really didn’t need Techno’s help getting up. But it was nice to see that he cared at least.

“Your improving-“

“Thank you.”

“-But, you need to focus more.”

Tommy’s eyes widened, he wasn’t sure what he expected as criticism. But it was not that.

“I am fully focused at all times!” Tommy argued back in offense.

“Sure, if you say so...” Tommy stuck a finger up at Techno, Techno ignored the childish action. “Really though, you’re very fast and could be really good if you just focused.”

Fast huh, Tommy didn’t feel like he was very fast. But Techno doesn’t lie. Or, well, not about this. Weird.

“You say that, but I wasn’t even close to beating you.”

“And you never will be.” Techno’s words may have been harsh, but they didn’t hurt. Tommy knew he was right, Techno dedicated hours a day to this badass shit. There was no way that Tommy would ever reach his level unless he was willing to dedicate his whole life to this.

Tommy knew he’d just gotten up off the ground, right, he knew this. He knew that he’d only just brushed the grass off his back. He knew he should practice more, get better at protecting himself.

But the grass was pretty soft when he wasn’t being pushed down on it, and his legs were quite sore. He could surely take a break. Missing 30 minutes of training couldn’t possibly affect his life in the long run.

Tommy flopped down to the ground in his backyard. Enjoying the way the grass felt under his fingers.

His garden was small, but a rarity in the Outer District. Tommy had only met two other people who lived out here with their own yards. The fence was lined with flowers Tommy

couldn't name in many colours. Another rarity in these parts. I mean, Sure, there were some parks around. But most lacked much more than a bit of grassy area and a small heavily graffitied playground. So for anywhere to have flowers such as this was very weird. Tommy didn't actually know how they'd been kept alive, he'd have guessed the ground was too dry around here for such beauty. It was like magic.

Tommy closed his eyes. He intended it to be just for a second. Techno was probably going to lightly kick him then tell him to get up any second now. Or maybe Techno would just leave him there, go back inside. He probably had like, adult work to do, or something.

Which is why Tommy was surprised when he felt Techno lie down next to him. Tommy opened his eye's to check, sure for a second that he'd imagined this. But, yep, Techno was lying down with him.

Tommy being surprised wasn't because Techno never hang out with him or anything, they talked all the time. Or, at least they did up until recently. But Techno was never really the kind of person to want to just stare at the clouds or talk about nothing with Tommy, that was Wilbur's area of expertise. Techno preferred to have a specific topic of discussion, and then when that topic ends, he leaves. Because of that a lot of people thought Techno was rude. Wilbur had once tried to explain to him why people thought that, but Techno was too distressed by the idea of people not liking him over something he didn't know how to fix, so Wilbur had decided to leave that conversation for another day.

Tommy reached out and lightly touched his hand against Techno's, silently asking for permission to hold it. His question was answered when Techno gripped his hand, giving it a loving squeeze before holding it softly.

"Tommy," Tommy turned to look at Techno, their eye's meeting each other, "you know you can tell me anything right? You know I'll be there for you no matter what you've said or done."

"Yeah," Tommy lied, "of course I know I can."

Tommy could have swore he saw a slight bit of sadness in Techno's eyes, but it was overshadowed by small smile that followed. Making Tommy think he instead imagined it.



“Good.” He said softly.

“Hey Techno, ya know how there’s like different types of dogs, but their all dogs.”

Techno paused, “...what?”

“Ya know, like pugs and golden retrievers.”

“Yeah?”

“Well, why don’t humans have stuff like that. Why don’t we have like a giant or tiny version of us?”

“Why are you asking me? What makes you think I would know Tommy?”

Tommy looked over at him, a slight innocence falling over him “Because your Techno!”

Techno’s ears turned red and very small smile appeared at the tips of his lips. “I appreciate your confidence in me.” Techno paused, “... I might actually have a few theories for you. If your interested?”

Tommy vibrated with excitement, “Yes! Yes! Techno, I knew you’d know!”

“Well, maybe they fucked it-“

“What the absolute fuck are you two talking about?”

Tommy and Techno looked up to see Phil hovering over them, a look of concern on his face.

Tommy smiled up at him, “Ahhh, great father! Techno was just explaining the human species’es to me!”

Phil didn’t look any less confused, he looked over to Techno for answers.

Techno stared him in the eyes, he had a smirk before any words had even left his mouth. “Actually Phil, you could probably answer the question better then me.”

He looked over at Tommy, giving him the chance to finish the joke. “Yeah Dad, firsthand accounts of events are always more reliable then Theory’s.”

Phil looked between the two boys, still having no idea what they were on about.

“Phil, it’s because- Phil it’s because your old.”

“Ok you little shits, Inside now.” Techno and Tommy just laughed at Phil’s authoritative “*I’m done with this shit*” voice. “I’ve made you both lunch, so get in before it get’s cold.”

Tommy sat up and looked at Techno, a glare in his eye’s. “Techno, race you back inside.”

The glare was sent back, “Tommy, you are so on.”

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Techno glare down at the food Infront of him, before giving Phil a look of confusion.

“Phil... This is a sandwich?”

Phil looked at Techno, confusion back on his face. “Ah, yes?”

“Phil, I hate to break it to you, but something that is already cold can’t go cold.”

Phil smiled, “Oh I know, I just wanted you inside fast and without any arguments.”

Techno glared at Phil, But Tommy was too invested in eating his sandwich as fast as possible to complain.

“Tommy slow down, you act like we don’t feed you.”

Tommy looked up at Phil with an angry eye, but he did slow down a little. Truth was, Tommy hadn’t been eating much lately. He just, didn’t have the time. He was sleeping in late, so he missed making breakfast and lunch, and he was always working during dinner. So most days all he’d eat is maybe 2 muffins Niki had taken to leaving behind for him recently. So truth was, Tommy was actually not being fed. Not that he had the heart to tell Phil that. The man would probably fret over him nonstop if that information ever came out.

Tommy decided he needed to change the topic of conversation, and fast. “Where are the others?”

Techno looked up at Phil too, also interested in where his other family had disappeared to.

“Kristin and Tubbo are visiting Floris and Sam, and Wilbur had a work thing pop up.”

Techno nodded, moving to look at his phone, done with the conversation. Tommy was interested in what his mother and brother were up to, so his full attention stayed on Phil.

“Why are they at Floris and Sam’s place?”

“Kristin is teaching Sam how to cook, and I think Tubbo is just hanging out with Floris.”

Tommy looked back down at his food. If he was honest, he was a little hurt he wasn’t invited to hang out too. But he couldn’t blame Tubbo, it’s not like he’d said yes often recently. And he probably would have said no anyway.

“Huh, Dream and 404 were spotted around last night.” Techno said way too casually.

Phil turned instantly, “What, Like around here?”

“Yeah, outer district. At like 10 pm.”

Tommy started to panic, why were they out here? They never came out here. What if they’d heard about him, what if they were here to send him to jail. He didn’t wear a mask or anything, it’d just take one image of him with a Villain for him to be tracked.

Phil interrupted his panic, “Maybe they’ll finally start to fix this place then.”

Techno and Tommy just nodded. Maybe them being here was a coincidence then. Tommy was fine, I mean if he wasn’t then surely he’d already be arrested. They weren’t gonna wait until night to arrest someone who was saving Villains now. Hell, maybe them being here is a good thing, maybe they’ll even start to clean up all the crime around here then. Tommy doesn’t have to think badly about this whole thing.

Tommy watched Phil give Techno a look he couldn’t understand. It looked almost, scared? Tommy didn’t understand why, this was a good thing for people like them. But who knows, Tommy knew that their family was sort of breaking some laws by living here and traveling to

other districts for work. But it wasn't like it was the Heroes jobs to fix that, no, that was the polices job to deal with.

Tommy started to wonder how that worked, how they avoided arrest for this. He almost kept his mouth shut. His parents didn't really like talking about this kind of thing, probably because they didn't want Tommy thinking about it until he was older. But, well, he'd never been explicitly told he couldn't ask questions. And it wasn't like Phil was afraid to tell him when he was too young to know something.

"hey dad?"

Phil made a sound of acknowledgment. But he still looked pretty focused on his food.

"How do we keep living here without getting caught?"

"We have someone in the government coving for us." Phil said without looking up from his food, it was almost like he hadn't even processed the question at all.

"Who?"

"It's better that you don't know."

Tommy just nodded, going back to his food. Only to find that he'd eaten it all during his earlier panic. He checked his phone for a second, instantly closing it upon seeing messages from Eryn and Freddie asking to hang out.

He scowered over the table, looking for his next victim. Both Phil and Techno were looking at their phones. If they weren't then they probably would have left the room, they both pretty use to the look Tommy got on his face before he asked a brilliant question. (if he did say so himself.)

“Ya know, Ranboo told me the other day that I was committing Tax Evasion. Which is weird because I don’t even pay taxes.”

Techno looked up from his phone, “That’s what Tax Evasion is.”

“Oh,” Tommy started to think just a little too hard, “How do I pay the Taxes then?”

“Don’t bother, the government doesn’t care enough about us out here to look for you for something as small as that.” Phil still didn’t look up while he talked, but he was listening in.

“And if they do decide they care?” Despite Techno’s words, there was not a hint of concern in his voice.

“Our person will deal with it.”

Tommy and Techno nodded. Tommy was still bored. He was hoping his random statement would have gotten a good reaction, but the two men still acted like they didn’t care.

Tommy thought for a second. He wasn’t sure what came over him, but he needed a reaction. And he knew exactly what would get one.

“Dad, what would you do if I happened to have a healing power that I was using to heal mass murders.” There was a hint of a challenge to his voice as he stared right at Phil.

Phil instantly put his head up, staring Tommy straight back in the eye’s. There was a pause before Phil talked. Tommy noticed he’d also caught Techno’s attention, who was currently looking between the two. His eye’s had a hint of something Tommy couldn’t explain.

“Well Tommy, I wouldn’t appreciate it.” Phil’s voice was slightly challenging back, but it felt more playful than Tommy’s.

“Why?”

It felt like Phil was staring into Tommy’s soul, but Tommy wasn’t backing down. “Because, it’s dangerous. Do you know how much trouble you’d be putting yourself in by doing that?”

Shit, Tommy needed to defuse this situation, and fast. Phil was pretty good at reading him, so if he didn’t make this out to be a joke it was going to end badly. Tommy smiled, before laughing loudly. “Phil! You looked so serious.” He said between fake laughs.

Phil started laughing as well, a real laugh on his part. “Tommy, you are a very weird child.” He picked back up his phone, and went back to whatever he was doing prior, still snickering a little.

Tommy decided that then was his time to leave. He tried his best to walk upstairs normally. Catching Techno’s eyes on his way past, they had a strange, sadness? In them. Techno looked away as fast as they’d caught.

That was, close. Way too close. But at least it’d gotten him some attention, even if only for a second. But next time, Tommy should maybe think just a little more before speaking.

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Two men walked into the café. Laughing loudly.

The first was tall, he had tanned skin with freckles dotting across his face and dusty blond hair. He looked like he belonged more on a beach than in the store. But what really caught Tommy’s eyes was his piercing green eye’s. They seemed to hover over him for a moment too long though. Tommy noted that they almost looked like they, glowed? Tommy brushed it off, he was probably just a hybrid of some kind. He probably had just forgotten to put in contacts that day or something. Tommy couldn’t blame him, it must be a pain to have something that obvious to hide every day.

He was holding the hand of another man. Tommy only briefly looked over him. He was shorter than the other, with wavy brown hair. He laughed a lot at the other, but went red whenever the taller stared him straight in the eyes.

They were somewhat cute to Tommy, too cute. He almost wanted to make a fake gag noise to make them stop. But these were customers, he had to play nice here.

They only order a pack of muffins. Which seemed to amuse the both of them greatly, constantly repeated the word then laughing at their inside joke. Although Tommy didn't understand the joke, he found their smiles were contagious. Smiling for real for the first time in awhile.

He didn't end up catching either of their names, them having not ordered anything that requires him to ask. But something about the two of them stuck with him, some customers just did. Normally though he could specify why though. Like that lady wore giant heels, or that person with the bright yellow lipstick. But these two seemed just, too normal.

And yet, those emerald eyes stuck with him. For better or for worse.

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Pink Shark, Tommy had discovered, was cool as all heck. Tommy had been walking home, again, when he ran into her. She was putting out an on-fire car. Which let to Tommy talking to her and realise she was more a Vigilante then a Villain. The big thing though, was that she never advertised her saving people part time job. She only let herself be photographed drowning people or working with SBI on other missions. To her it didn't matter how the world viewed her, she wasn't trying to get people to trust her, she was just trying to stop people dying. (well, except for when she wanted them too).

And that was how Tommy ended up eating muffins with her on a building at 1 am.

“Ya know Tommy, I bet I could list every ingredient in this just from one bite.”



Tommy was fully in on this, Niki's recipe was such highly specific combination of ingredients that no one could probably guess it correctly unless you'd seen her make them.

Which was why Tommy's mouth dropped open in shock when she managed to list every ingredient, with measurements.

"How, how did you do that?" He stuttered a little.

She just started laughing manically while Tommy desperately interrogated her. There was just no way she could, and yet she did.

"Niki would be so mad at you, she spent so long perfecting and keeping that recipe secret just for you to spill it out like that."

Pink shark still laughed, "Oh no, how will she possibly deal with that." Her voice littered with sarcasm before she burst out laughing again.

"Don't laugh, Niki could kill you."

"Oh, can she now?" She said, humouring him.

"Oh yeah, Niki is terrifying when she wants to be. She once yelled at my brother for fucking with her cooking. Once we got home, he cried for like 2 hours."

"Oh... Did he now?"

"Yeah, but he's also a bit of a bitch. So he was overreacting a little. But yeah, she's scary."

She nodded, still snickering a little.

“It’s ok though, I’ll keep you safe. I won’t tell her about you.”

“Why, thank you Tommy.”

“No problem.”

Tommy looking out over the buildings, he spotted a figure in the distance. He felt nervous for a second, but then he noticed it was Nuke and any fear left his body.

“YOOOOO, NUKE. COME JOIN US.”

Pink Shark jumped a little at his yelling, Nuke heard him though and gave a wave as he walked over.

“Hello Thomas.” He called out once he was close enough to talk without the whole neighbourhood hearing their conversation.

“That’s not my name.”

“Well it should be.”

Tommy wanted to flick him over the back of his head, but he knew he’d probably get it back twice as hard so he restrained himself. But the man having his brothers voice really didn’t help this decision.

“It’s ok Pink, I’m here now. You don’t have to deal with him alone.”

“Thank you Nuke, it was getting a little annoying.”

Never mind.

Tommy lightly slapped the back of his head, playfully. Which ended with Nuke laughing loudly at the interaction.

“Tommy, you’re such a bitch.” He said between laughs.

“How dare you say that with my brothers voice, Tubbo would never say such a thing and I am offended.” This was a lie, Tubbo said that often. But Nuke didn’t need to know that.

“You’re such a liar.”

“How do you know, my brother would never dare call me such a thing. How dare you say he would.”

“Tommy, he deals with you. Of course he’d think you’re a bitch.”

Tommy was ready to hit him again, but getting away with one was already pushing it a little. So he instead took to sticking his tongue out at the man. Greatly enjoying that due to his mask he couldn’t do it back.

Nuke and Pink just laughed at the childish action. The laughter felt great in Tommy’s ears. Sometimes he felt very useless around these people, his only use being healing. But when they laughed like this it made him feel like an important part of the team.

Not that Tommy was getting attached or anything.

“You read the news Pink?” Nuke commented after the laughter stopped, his voice sounded almost professional. Tommy sensed that this conversation was about to go in a more important direction and decided to keep quiet.

“You mean the Dream and 404 stuff? Yeah, it’s strange.”

“Yeah, definitely.”

She looked towards him properly. “What does Birdza think of the whole scenario?”

“He reckons it’s nothing to do with us and we shouldn’t worry. He’s probably right, but I’m not completely convinced.”

She nodded. Pausing to, what Tommy guessed was, think.

“Is he aware of Tommy yet?”

“No.”

Tommy peaked up at this, “Wait, he doesn’t know about me?”

Nuke’s attention changed back to him, “Yeah, Sootings thinks you’d be safer if he can keep as many people as possible away from you.”

Tommy nodded, but he still didn’t understand why. Pink seemed to pick up on his confusion. As she answered his main question before Tommy could think.

“The less people that know about you, the less people can revile who you are if we’re caught.”

Ok, that makes sense. Tommy thought. The less people who know about him, the more normal a life he can live. At least that explained why Nuke and Blade were so weird on his first meeting. He really was just a random teenager to them who claimed to know their friend? Tommy wasn’t really sure what they all were to each other. But they seemed close at least.

“Won’t Sootings be in danger if Birdza finds out he’s hiding stuff from him?”

Nuke looked a little shocked that Tommy could think such a thing. “Danger? No way! Birdza might be mad, but he’d never hurt Sootings. Or me and Blade for that matter.”

Tommy nodded, it calmed him a little knowing that these people weren’t going to hurt their own.

“Should I be worried about Dream and 404?”

Nuke and Pink shark paused to give each other a look. Neither’s faces were readable to Tommy with the masks, but they seemed to understand each other well enough.

Nuke spoke first, “No, if they were here to arrest you you’d already be in jail.”

“Chances are they actually think your being threatened by us.” Pink Shark finished for Nuke.

Tommy hadn’t considered that possibility, but it made sense. “Oh, okay. I promise if I’m caught to make sure they know you haven’t-“

“No! Tommy don’t!” Nukes voice was weirdly distressed.

Tommy was confused.

“Tommy, if they catch you, lie and go along with it. If they know your doing it by choice you could end up in jail.”

Tommy looked at Pink Shark. Tommy didn't like it, but she was correct. “What about you guys though.

“We're already known murders. Kidnapping and threatening a child is nothing to add to that.”

Tommy wanted to correct him on the child part. But he guessed they were right. It was better he stayed out of jail. He still didn't like them taking the fall for him though. But he'd just have to deal with it, because if he was in jail they'd die. And that wouldn't be good either.

He still didn't know how to feel on the whole “these are murders” part. Like, yeah he knew they were. But he still liked to pretend it was all some joke. It made hearing them feel more moral, in a way.

It was also kinda badass though.

“Ya know, I don't normally approve of murder. But I will make an exception for politicians.”

Nuke tilted his head to the side. “As in, politicians killing people or us killing politicians?”

Tommy stifled a laugh, “Nuke, I live in the Outer District. What the fuck do you think I meant by that.”

Nuke found such a statement very amusing, letting out a small giggle. Pink Shark also seemed to find delight in the comment, happily exclaiming “Well I’m happy you support my work Tommy!” Which resulted in Nuke and Tommy laughing loudly, probably a little too loudly for an area where Heroes had only been a day prior. But Tommy couldn’t find himself caring about being caught when he was having this much fun.

While laughing Tommy carefully ran his hand close enough to Nuke to check for injury, he found a few small scars but decided they were something he could deal with another day. He then repeated the same action with Pink Shark, he noticed a few small burn scars on her hand and a larger burn scar across her back. But both were long healed and Tommy didn’t really feel like having a conversation about scars at this place and time. He’d just heal them next time she was injured. Then he wouldn’t have to mention how he’d creepily checked them over earlier.

Ever since the event with Quackity he’d taken to doing this when he had the chance. He’d found most of the Villains had a lot of scars, he’d also figured there wasn’t much point in healing them unless they wanted him too. Scars sometimes had heavy meaning to people, they showed what you went through had really happened and that you lived. Which could be a great reminder, or a horrible one. Either way, it wasn’t Tommy’s place to heal without asking. And it also wasn’t his place to ask how they got there.

No matter how curious he was.

---

“Mama, have you seen my beanie?”

Tommy tried to sink further down on the couch, hoping that he’d avoid his brother spotting him sporting a particular red hat.

“I don’t know Wilbur, how about you check the couch.”

*Shit.*

He was instantly lunged at by Wilbur, his mother laughing at the chaos she'd helped create.

Tommy fought back childishly, clinging onto the hat while Wilbur grabbed the other side. He fought with all his strength, but all it took was Wilbur shoving him in the ribs for Tommy to let go. Letting out a fake sound of betrayal that Wilbur ignored.

Kristin fluffed up his hair as she giggled at his small pout.

“Mother, you betrayed me!”

“That’s because I’m her favourite.” Wilbur commented while adjusting his beanie.

“You are not!” Tommy exclaimed, offended Wilbur could even suggest such an idea.

“I am so.”

“Are not!”

“Am So-“

“Boys, boys. I can settle this argument. My favourite is Tubbo.” She laughed at the offended faces of the two.

“How dare you mother-“

“Imagine spending hours squeezing 3 children out of you and being in incredible pain just to choose the only one that took no effort. How dumb would that be.”



“Imagine having 4 children and choosing any but the one didn’t cause you any pain. How dumb would that be Wilbur?”

Wilbur spluttered as his argument was turned back on him. Kristin and Tommy just laughed at his dumbfounded face as any argument in him left. Kristin was one of the very few people who could argue back at Wilbur and win. Wilbur had a way with words that let him win even the most dumb arguments. But the one thing he always forgot to factor in was the fact he learnt that from one person, and that one person could out argue him at any time.

“Mama, you hurt me.” Wilbur dramatically sprayed out over the couch, a pout on his face.

“Oh no Wilbur, how will you ever recover.”

Wilbur suddenly got a small smirk on his face, “Well...”

“Oh no” Tommy commented.

“Nothing will ever fully heal my destroyed heart after those horrible comments mother-“

“But?”

“But! 50 dollars would certainly help at least a little!”

She just stared at him for a second, “Wilbur, you have money. Why do you want mine?”

“I spent it all on the thing Mama!”

“The thing?”

“The thing!”

She let out a small laugh, “Ahh, yes, the thing!” She smiled at Wilbur as she pulled out her wallet, passing him the money he had so requested.

He was instantly up off the couch, yelling out a thank you as he ran out the front door.

She just smiled at where he’d exited for a second, the smile more soft then it had been to his face. She then turned to Tommy, a new more amused smile on her face.

“What do you want for lunch!”

Tommy thought for a second, food wasn’t really something he thought about often currently. “Hmm, do we still have any curry left over?”

“Yeah! I’ll heat some up for you.”

Tommy muttered a thank you as he followed her into the kitchen. Leaving his phone in the living room so that he would put his full attention on her.

Tommy watched her pull out a pot from the fridge and put it on the stove before speaking. He wanted to say something that would get a reaction out of her, but not something like he did to Phil a few days earlier. He wanted a positive reaction, something fun.

“Mama, do we have any relatives in jail?”

She turned to him, the hint of a smile at her lips. If he'd asked Phil such a question he'd probably have assumed it serious and then the conversation would have been boring, but Kristin always assumed Tommy and Wilbur were joking first with these kinds of questions. She just knew them too well to take such chaos seriously.

"I really hope so Toms."

"Oh good, that means Wilbur should have some protection in there."

She looked at him, again, staring him in the eyes. "When is Wilbur going to jail?"

"Whenever I get the time to frame him for Jaywalking."

She laughed a little, "that all he's going to jail for?"

"Well, that and doing copious amounts of cocaine."

She laughed a lot, highly amused by Tommy's words. Tommy smiled too, enjoying the way her laughter sounds.

"Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you Tommy, but any family we have in prison is not something Wilbur will be able to rely on."

"Oh well, there goes my plans."

"You could still send him to jail anyway."

"Nah, he needs to have friends in there first."

She didn't laugh, but Tommy could tell she was amused.

“Mama?”

“Yes love?”

Tommy knew he was about to push how far he could joke around here, but it'd be worth it.

“Do we actually have any living family around here?”

“No.”

Ohh, too serious. But Tommy needed to ask now. “Wait really? Their all dead then?”

“Well...” She started to giggle, “Their dead to me.” Tommy laughed with her.

“No But really Mama!” He started off with alarm, “I need to know if we do!”

Kristin laughed, “Why?”

“Well what if I have a cousin that I happen to fall in love with, I don't want to fuck my cousin!”

She laughed more.

“Mother, it is not funny!”

“It’s a bit funny” she let out between laughs.

Tommy let out an offended noise as she laughed more. Silently celebrating as he achieved his goal.

“I don’t think you have to worry about that.” She breathed in and out a little, focusing on calming herself. “Why don’t you go for someone you already know then?”

Tommy’s face curled up a little at the idea of dating any of his friends. ”Like who?” he was honestly interested to see who he’d tricked his mother into believing he was interested in.

“Like that boy you mention a lot, I think his name is Bill?”

Tommy’s face curled up in disgust at the idea. “Bill!? I can’t date Bill! He’s diabetic, he’d breed such weak children”

“WHAT THE ABSOLUTE FUCK DID I WALK INTO!????”

Tommy looked up to find a horrified looking Tubbo standing at the top of the stairs. Kristin was clutching her stomach besides Tommy as she laughed. Tommy couldn’t help but laugh as well at Tubbo’s face.

Tommy considered explaining himself, but it was probably funnier if he just left it as is.

Tommy enjoyed these small moments with his family, no matter how few and far between they were.

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*Tommy stood in end of a long hallway. The room was cold, he pulled his hands up to hug his exposed arms as he felt a heavy breeze pass through the room. The smell of smoke passed through the hallway, coming from a small highly lit room at the end of the hall. The room was the only source of light in Tommy's vision. He suddenly felt a pulling in his chest, towards the door.*

*And so he walked. The Creek of the floorboards echoing in his ears. The hall stretched on, Tommy getting cold every second he kept walking. He wished he'd had a jumper with him, that might block out the cold. That might make him feel less like death. Tommy wanted to turn around, he wanted to go back home, he wanted Wilbur, he wanted his Mom. And yet he didn't stop.*

*Finally the door got closer, the smell of smoke changing into the strong smell of lavender. Tommy saw smoke despite the lack of smell. It was, purple? He didn't have time to question it, he had to get into that room. It was vital he did.*

*Tommy stood at the door of the room. The purple continued to waft around him. Inside was a man, no, Traveller. Traveller was standing there. In front of a bright gold portal. His hands glowing the same colour as he stared into the sight in front of him. Tommy tried to talk, but he couldn't let out a noise. He took a step forward. Traveller turned fast, Tommy fell back in shock. He looked at the man's face, but all he could see were his bright gold eyes staring back.*

And then Tommy woke up. Shivering and covered in sweat. Tears running down his cheeks. He gripped his blankets hard as he tried to remember what had made him wake up so suddenly.

But he could not remember.

Chapter End Notes

Woooooooooooo. Shout out to everyone coming up with theorys. Ya'll are cool as all heck. I swear, I'm going somewhere with this story! This does have a storyline. Even if it's been like 40k words of buildup more stuff is coming soon (I promise).

# Tommy is traumatised

## Chapter Notes

Ok, so, thank you everyone for the love! I'm trying really hard to write good here, so this support is a great motivator.

I just need to give a content warning for future chapters. Obs, this fic is tagged as violent for a reason, but there is untagged stuff as well because it's spoliery. So I just need to give big heads ups. If you have no issues with anything related to mental illness, then keep reading. If you have issues reading stuff that implies Self Harm, Eating Disorders, bad self worth, just generally a child being traumatised, or anything else mental health related (No S#icide though, it doesn't go that far), then maybe stop reading here. As in, right here. Don't read this chapter. None of it is very graphic or anything. But a lot of bad stuff is implied in the way Tommy thinks of himself or how others around him treat themselves (if you've read my one shot, you'll know already that another character has issues. I'm going to rewrite that to be better btw)

If you can handle all that stuff mixed with my normal semi crack storyline, then I'm very happy to keep hearing from you. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo gave Tommy a glare through his dumb glasses and dumb mask. Tommy couldn't actually see enough of his face to tell if he really was glaring at him, but it was the most logical choice.

“What do you want, Bitch?” Tommy drew out the last word a little, a smirk appearing on his face.

“Tommy, give back my homework.”

Tommy looked up at the dryly spoken man. “What homework.”

“The one in your hands.”



Tommy looked over the piece of paper in his hands. Red lines correcting mistakes all over it, as well as adding in a few expanded points. He'd picked it up yesterday after seeing Ranboo forget about it while packing up for the day. He'd originally just planned to give it back the next time he saw the boy. But when he saw the absolute bullshit first sentence, he just couldn't help himself.

Tommy looked into Ranboo's glasses, hoping he was making eye contact. "I don't know what your talking about."

Ranboo sighed. Tommy waited for the next sign of a fight. No one else he knew would give up that easily.

But Ranboo wasn't anyone else he knew.

Tommy couldn't help but be disappointed when he turned to walk away. Giving up on Tommy.

"Hey! I'm just joking. You can have it back." Tommy slammed the paper down on the table he was previously leaning on.

He walked past Ranboo, making the decision not to hear his anger at Tommy ruining his work.

He wanted to keep walking, to his normal spot in the library. But then there was Tubbo, right up in his face, blocking the doorway out.

"Hey Tommy, your coming with me." He grabbed Tommy's arm, pulling him towards the school exit.

Tommy followed, but was fully prepared to turn him down in a second. "I've got plan-"

“Well then, clear your schedule. Techno is taking us out for lunch.”

Tommy looked at Tubbo, a bit in disbelief at his words. “We’re leaving school?”

“Yep” Tubbo said, popping the p at the end.

“Isn’t that against the rules?”

“Like you care.”

Tubbo was correct. Tommy really couldn’t care less about leaving school. If it wasn’t for how annoying his parents disappointed conversations with him were, he’d do it more often. Tubbo was about the same. He cared about Kristin’s opinion of him too much to do anything as brash as Tommy. But deep down, he was as chaotic and rebellious as Wilbur and Tommy without question.

The real shock here, was Techno. Techno, the perfect student, was willing to help Tommy and Tubbo leave school grounds. That was highly against the rules.

And Tommy was going to take great delight in reminding his brother of this.

“Oh Techno,” Tommy slid into the back of his car. “Look at you, the perfect child is breaking us out of school. How rebellious of you.”

“Don’t get too excited, you’ll be back before they even realise your gone.”

Tommy frowned, slumping down in his seat and crossing his arms. His knees were still sore from fighting Tubbo for the front seat, a fight he’d lost. As it turns out, Tubbo was surprisingly strong for his size.

That or maybe Tommy was overly weak.

Techno ignored Tommy's minor temper tantrum, "We're getting McDonalds. Tommy, what do you want."

"I'm not hungry," Tommy lied, "I'll just come along for the ride."

Tubbo looked over his seat, making eye contact with Tommy. "You liar." Tommy flinched, "You skipped breakfast this morning, you have to be hungry."

"I ate in the bathroom before school."

"You-"

Techno interrupted him, "Tubbo, leave him be. If he doesn't want anything he doesn't have to get anything."

Tubbo stopped talking, but he clearly wasn't happy about it. His bottom lip pointed out as he gave Techno a death stare.

Despite Techno's weird decision to defend him, he did end up also calling Tommy out on his bullshit. Maybe not as directly as Tubbo, but the burger he was passed was just as clear a call out as anything.

Tommy wanted to throw it out, to hide the fact he was lying. But he also didn't want to disappoint anyone. So, he ate it anyway. His stomach stopped hurting for the first time in awhile.

"Ya know," he talked through his mouthful, "humans would get so much more done if they just stopped sleeping."

Techno made eye contact with Tommy through the car mirror, swallowing before talking “explain.”

“Well, it’s like half of all time. So, if we just stopped sleeping we’d have like double more time.” Tommy explained with the precision of 1870s alcoholic scientist.

Tubbo sighed, “I feel like if Phil were here, he’d add something responsible about how we need sleep.”

“Well, good thing he’s not then!” Techno took another bite of his burger, letting the silence fall over the car.

Tommy found it was comfortable in the back. Or, well, comfortable enough to stay in at least. Yes, his legs were a little squished. And maybe he kept hitting his head on the roof. But, the company was good enough to push past it. It was better than being alone with his thoughts.

Techno kept fidgeting in his seat. Tommy noticed he was giving Tubbo a weird look, something he’d never seen on Techno’s face before. Tubbo was giving a concerned look back, although Tommy for some reason felt it wasn’t directed towards Techno’s weird behaviour. He decided not to think about it too much, it was easier to let it go.

“Hey Tubbo,” Tubbo stopped looking at Techno, instead turning his attention to Tommy. “how’d you go with that essay.”

Tubbo’s face shrivelled up in fear. He tried to hide it by turning away from Tommy. “It was fine.”

Techno interested peaked at this topic, “What’s the essay on.”

“World War 2’s effects on today’s Jewish population.”

Techno and Tubbo looked over at Tommy, Tommy didn't miss the shock on their faces.  
"Tommy, you actually did the assignment?"

Tommy tried not to be offended. "Well, I did Ranboo's."

It was Tubbo's turn to be offended. "Hey! Why did you do his and not mine?"

"I didn't mean to, it just happened."

Tubbo's eyebrows bunched up in confusion, "...How do you 'just happen' to do someone else's work."

"Well it was there, and then it happened."

"-You know," Techno stopped Tubbo from replying, "as the responsible adult here I should be telling Tommy to do his own work."

Tommy snickered, "Good thing your just our brother then."

"...Tommy do your own work."

"HAH" Tommy's smile faded as Tubbo laughed at him. Tommy suddenly felt a very strong "Cain instinct." He acted upon it without thinking. Which resulted in Tubbo climbing into the backseat to hit Tommy back.

"Techno! Tubbo hit me!"

Tubbo gasped in offense.

“Tommy, stop attention seeking. Tubbo, stop beating him up.”

“I’m not! Techno, listen, he’s being a bitch!” Tubbo said, as if Techno hadn’t already been watching the whole thing.

Tommy crossed his arms, sticking his tongue out at a horrified Tubbo. Tubbo looked over at Techno in anger, as if to say “*you going to do something about this?*” Techno, having already decided he was not going to do anything about “*this*”, looked away. Tommy took that chance to pull Tubbo’s hair. Which resulted in him shoving Tommy in the ribs.

It’d be a lie if Tommy said he didn’t hit him back.

---

“Owe!”

“Stop being a bitch.”

“I’m not being a bitch, it fucking hurts!”

Tommy couldn’t deny that, broken ribs certainly did hurt a lot. Tommy knew that for a fact (don’t leap off buildings without your wings out kids). But still, Nuke was a high ranking Villain. He should be able to handle a bit of pain. Just while Tommy is rearranging things of course.

Tommy and Nuke were on the floor of the café, Tommy currently trying to put Nukes ribs back into place before he healed them. Sootings was holding his hand as he complained. Ender was standing nearby, he looked like he was physically restraining himself from butting in. Tommy couldn’t blame him, the screams were a little hard to listen to. If it wasn’t him

doing the hurting, he'd probably want to punch himself as well. The Blade was also in the room, staring through the curtains as he avoided listening to the mans screams. Or, maybe he was immune to screams at this point. He was *The Blade* after all. Still, Tommy could probably have felt his nervous energy from miles away.

Tommy wasn't hurting him for fun. Sure, he could have healed the ribs without doing this. But moving bones with his mind was quite hard. Last time he'd tried he'd thrown up blood for 2 days, which had made him unavailable to help when Sneg had appeared with burns across his face. He couldn't risk that happening again. Sure, it was ok that time. He'd just healed it once he was better. But if it had been deadly, they would have been in big trouble. So, that's bad. The good news though, is that if he just puts the bone back into place first then it doesn't take as much out of him. The bad news is, pushing around broken bone really hurts, especially when the bones are multiple ribs.

And that is why Tommy was on the floor performing what was probably considered a form of torture on poor Nuke. Despite Tommy's harsh words, he actually thought Nuke was taking it pretty well. He was just a little loud. Tommy was providing very basic pain relief through his hands, which were glowing their classic gold. But it can't have been even nearly close enough to numb the man completely.

Yes, he was complaining a bit and yelling out on occasion.

Yes, it probably sounded like he was being murdered to an outsider.

But he wasn't shoving Tommy back at all, and for that he should get an award or something.

Finally, Tommy felt them go into place. He closed his eyes to focus. Applying as much power at once as he could to heal it fast. When he let go he heard Nuke let out a sigh of relief, he wanted to let one out himself. If you'd asked, he'd be unable to tell you why he didn't. It just, didn't feel right to do.

He turned, intending to get up and get water. But instead he found a cup already being offered to him.

Ender was tall, way too tall for his body type. Sootings and The Blade did stand taller, but Sootings and The Blade also wore heels. Ender didn't wear anything to increase his height. He felt familiar in a way, Tommy didn't try to figure out how.

He wore a Black suit with a red tie. His eye's glowed, one red, one green. His skin was White on one side, Black on the other. The weirdest thing about him though, was the fact he had no mouth. Like none. He didn't wear a mask or anything. He just, had no mouth. He was clearly a hybrid of some kind, probably one of the many who could go between two forms. (*Technically, Tommy was too. But no one **needed** to know that.*) It would explain why he didn't bother to disguise his very unique appearance.

Tommy jumped a little at the site of the man bending down with a glass of water. Tommy hadn't even seen him move. Which, made sense. He was able to teleport after all. But Tommy thought it normally made more noise when he moved like that. Tommy really wanted to just ask him, but there was no use. Ender didn't talk. It was kind of hard to do such a thing if you didn't have a mouth.

Normally Tommy would just ask Nuke instead, but now didn't feel like the time.

Tommy chugged down the water a bit too fast, coughing up his guts at his bad decision. He felt the weirdly long fingers of his silent friend on his back. Tommy was thankful for him, despite how freaky he was.

He heard laughter coming from Nuke. The sound lit up the very depressing room. It wasn't normally like this, normally Tommy would joke around with the person he helped. But, right now, Tommy didn't feel like he'd helped very much. He just felt like he'd caused pain. At least Sootings was here, ruffling Tommy's hair and telling jokes to make Nuke laugh.

The Blade clearly wanted to leave. Tommy could tell something was up by how desperately he ushered everyone out of the store. Tommy was forced to come with them. *You make the mistake of mentioning you passed out on the street after healing one time, and now Sootings just won't leave you alone.*

The laughter from Nuke felt natural, even on the street at 1 am in the morning. Although Tommy could not for the life of him figure out what he was laughing at. It wasn't like Ender



could tell him a joke. And yet, he stuck by the others side as if he was the best entertainment in the world.

Tommy was stuck between Sootings and The Blade, who were currently complaining about sandwiches. Or well, Sootings was complaining, The Blade was trying to seem like he was listening.

The Blade suddenly stilled, his pointed ears twitching unnaturally. “Everyone stop.” They all went quiet, Tommy watched closely as everyone looked around, instantly trusting The Blades Judgement.

Sootings watched The Blade, waiting for his signal that everything is ok. Nuke and Ender kept looking around. They all seemed to have some type of weird understanding of what was going on that Tommy didn’t get. But he found himself hoping he one day would.

Tommy waited quietly to be told he was safe.

He waited for the danger to pass.

But it didn’t.

Tommy was being pulled by the arm before he could react. Flames leapt at his heels as he felt small burns appearing around his ankles. He instinctively tried to shove the hand off him but stopped when he looked up and realised it was just The Blade pulling him away from the fire.

Tommy looked for the others.

Tommy heard an echoing voice shout out over the flames, “Guys, whatever you do don’t let them get away with him!” Tommy didn’t recognise the voice, which terrified him.

Tommy looked through the flames to see Sootings, standing face to face with a man wearing a white plastic mask, it was different from the classic Dream mask though. Dawning a pair of white sunglasses instead. He wore a blue sweater with the words “not found” on the front. Then it clicked who the Hero was, **404**. Tommy hadn’t seen many images of the man, he tended to avoid cameras. But that was definitely him.

Tommy instantly felt a sense of dread upon the sight. This was the worst possible person for Sootings to fight. 404’s powers involved the ability to cause hallucinations and make people fall asleep. It was also rumoured he could control dreams, but that wasn’t something he particularly used often during fights.

Due to the way his powers worked, he was immune to any type of mind control Sootings could try to inflict. But Sootings was equally as immune to his hallucinations. Meaning this fight would be full dependant on physical ability. Which, Tommy didn’t mean to insult the man or anything. But Sootings was not the most, muscular, of men. Aka, Tommy had no hope for him.

Tommy noticed the flames disappearing and reappearing, like a fluttering light. He then felt the ground moving. He couldn’t see the fighting, but he assumed that was Ender and Nuke Fighting Sapnap. He couldn’t see anything, but he could hear the sound of teleportation and bombs fighting back against the fluttering flames.

404 and Sapnap, that left one more. The Blade stood in front of him, his axe held out in a defensive position.

Tommy heard Dream before he saw him, the click of his heels as he walked through the chaos. A chaos he could call off at any time. Destruction he had complete control over. He swung round a large white scythe as if it weighed nothing more than a pen. His Green hood hung over his mask, shadowing the top half of it from view. It was a very different image from the perfect protector he appeared on TV.

“We don’t have to fight Blade. Just pass over the child and I’ll call them off.” Dreams voice was smooth and calm, yet, it had a sense of danger to it. Like he could switch at any time.

The Blades grip strengthened around his weapon. His eye’s focused on Dream as he looked for any sign of an attack. Tommy had never seen the two fight before. He was sure videos out

there existed, but they weren't really his thing. But something told him, it was about to become very much his thing.

Tommy noticed The Blade wasn't attacking like normal. If the rumours were true, he attacked first, and fast. Tubbo once went on a rant that part of the reason he's so dangerous is because he doesn't hesitate. But here he was, still, as he stood in between Dream and Tommy.

"Not happening Dream." He snarled out.

Dream took a step forward, The Blade backed a little into Tommy. "Well, that makes this much more fun then. Doesn't it Blade?"

Dream moved faster then Tommy could process. Aiming to throw Blade out of the way. But he was blocked. The Blade overpowered him, sending him to the ground.

Dream was up faster then he fell. Bouncing back, dodging The Blades attacks as he finally took the offensive.

Tommy was frozen in shock. He didn't know what to do. Should he run? Maybe he should run.

He looked around for a way out. But instead he found himself watching Sootings and 404.

It was just a bit, uh, *sad*.

The two kept throwing punches at each other, both failing to hit even once. Tommy could tell neither was comfortable with their current position. Both relied on their powers to fight normally. Tommy had previously judged 404 to be a better fighter than Sootings due to his muscular arms. But now Tommy was remembering just because someone could weightlift, does not mean they could win a fight.

It was then that Tommy realised he could probably take 404 in a fight.

It'd be easy. The man looked like one little push would send him tumbling to the ground.

Maybe one day he'd be able to test- *nope*. No, no, no, **no**. No way was Tommy going to start thinking like this. Tommy had a long life to live. There was no way he'd ever be in a fight with 404, once this was over Tommy was going to stay far away from these "heroes" forever. He was not getting involved. Or well, any *more* involved. And that was final.

Tommy jumped when he felt a hand on him. Tommy looked to find Dream tugging onto him. Tommy tried to shove him off, but it was no use.

Tommy was pulled away from The Blade by Dream. "It's ok, I got you."

"LET GO OF ME YOU ASSHOLE!" Tommy shouted. Dream looked taken aback, but didn't let go. He put himself between Tommy and The Blade in a similar way as The Blade had done earlier. But unlike The Blade, he didn't make the mistake of letting go of Tommy's arm to fight. Keeping him close by.

Tommy struggled. He heard shouting over the war around him, but he couldn't figure out from which side it came from. He just wanted Dream to let go of him.

Dream Lifted up his mask enough for Tommy to see his lips, "Hey, it's ok. I'm gonna get you out of here."

Tommy didn't stop struggling. Dream frowned, but kept his hand on the boy.

Tommy wasn't quite sure what happened next. He heard, music. A song. It was sung loudly, fogging his ears. He shoved Dream off him, expecting more resistance then he was given as Dream let go instantly.

Tommy looked up to see the man frozen. Tommy semi froze up himself, wondering if he should do something. Then Tommy felt a hand on him. He again, instantly pushed it away.

There was no struggle this time, the person stopping instantly. He just turned to find himself face to face with Sootings. Tommy instantly calmed as he saw the man. Sootings held out his arms. His voice was calming as he stopped Dream from moving. Tommy shouldn't trust him. He was a Villain. Tommy was only doing this job to survive, for them to survive. But just because he had morals that wouldn't let him let them die, it didn't mean he cared for them. Sure, some were a little charming. But he couldn't trust him. Tommy wasn't dumb, this would end badly for him. He needed to get away right now, he needed to go home.

But right here. Right now, maybe Tommy wanted to be dumb.

Sootings arms looked comfortable. They looked like they'd protect him from the fighting around him.

His smile was so soft.

Tommy looked back at Dream. His dumb hood, his previously soft smile was still fresh in Tommy's memory.

Tommy could go with them. He could go with them and never be targeted again.

But right now, he didn't want that.

He wanted the arms in front of him.

And so, finally moving without any regret. Tommy made his choice.

He was Sooting's deep down, for better or worse.

The arms instantly embraced him. Tommy ignored the injury's he could feel lining his arms, not being able to handle the fact that they were caused because of him being here. They blocked his ears from the world around him for a second. Everything was so warm. Everything was comfortable. Everything was ok.

Tommy was his, and he was ok with that.

Tommy wanted it to last forever. He wanted to just be taken home. Tommy was tired. He wanted to cry. It was too much, he just wanted it to all be ok.

Tommy was let go. Sootings dealing with Dream. And Tommy was left alone, again.

He looked around him. At everything else.

He watched the fighting. He noticed Sapnap's flames had faded, only now existing around the back and forth with Nuke and Ender.

The way it worked was Ender would teleport Nuke in and out around Sapnap, while Nuke threw bombs at him. It wasn't all that effective at once, Sapnap's powers making him semi immune to any normal damage from the explosions. But overtime it was wearing on him, his flames becoming less powerful as he repeatedly failed to land a hit. Tommy was satisfied with the realisation that at some point Sapnap was going to have to retreat.

Then he looked over to The Blade, who had swapped spots with Sootings and was now fighting 404. It was a much more effective fight then earlier. The Blade successfully brute forcing his way through the hallucinations to find the real 404. But taking just enough time to find the real one for 404 to slowly land hit after hit from behind.

But it would only work for so long. The Blade would capture him. He'd have to run away before he could.

And that made Tommy feel safe.

Tommy wasn't going to be hurt, he was here and they would win this battle.

Tommy watched bomb after bomb drop, rattling the floor.

*This was fine.*

Tommy listened to Sootings powerful song swaying dream to his every whim.

*This was good.*

Tommy watched The Blades axe get closer and closer to 404.

*This was what he wanted.*

The Blades axe got closer.

*It was too close.*

The Blade finally spotted the real 404.

*This was going to end badly.*

The Blade swung towards him.

*It was going to kill him .*

And it struck.

Tommy screamed out, he tried to move but he was held back.

Sootings grabbed him into his arms. He tried to turn Tommy's head away from the blood. Tried to hold him close to his chest, tried to sooth Tommy's screams.

Tommy wasn't interested.

He needed this to stop.

It was all too loud as Sapnap screamed in pain at his teammate.

It was all too much to hear Dream break through the mind control at his friend being hurt.

It was too much to hear Sootings whispering that it was ok in his ears.

*It was too much.*

Tommy wanted it all to stop.

Tommy needed the sounds to stop, he needed no one to move.

He ***needed*** it all to just **stop**.



**And so, as he wished. It did.**

## Chapter End Notes

My sibling described the end of this chapter as "traumatising." I think it could be worse. But woo! The next chapter has been planned for so so so long. But, it might take a little longer to come out because I'm starting school again. Which is both a yay! and a Booo! My boss also decided that I need to work the next 4 days in a row as well, so, yeah. Rather than once a week updates, I might have to switch to once a fortnight updates. But we'll see!

The next update thing I do may actually be a rewrite of the one shot I wrote a two months ago. So please follow or bookmark the series if you want to see that. You don't need to read anything there to understand this story, but you might get a better idea of what's going on as a whole if you do.

Also, because I need motivation. You are allowed to correct my spelling mistakes in the comments. I really appreciate it when you do. Just please also say 1 thing about the actual story if you do. I'm notmad or anything, I just need the encoragment.

Also

Tommy: These are Villains

Villains: \*Acts like Villains\*

Tommy: \*Shocked pikachu face\*

# Pausing in time

## Chapter Notes

Gotta be honest here mates, this chapter is a mess. I did not read it, at all. I wrote it, then I posted it. So please please please be nice to me. I don't want too many critics on this chapters pacing or spelling.

School is fun as all heck, but it leaves little room for writting. So these updates are now just going to become "once I finish it, you get it" style. I know people like me being consistant, but my education comes first right now. Really sorry about that.

Hope you enjoy this mess.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was 11 the first time he used his powers.

He'd taken to walking home from school by himself most days. The bus was riddled with people who would call him names, kick him under the seat, or just generally made his life hell. It was ok though, he could deal with it. The issue was that when he was there, they also targeted Tubbo. Tommy couldn't deal with that. He'd tried to separate himself from the boy. But whenever he went, Tubbo would follow. To try and combat that, he'd recently taken to slipping away after school and taking the long way home.

At first, he'd hated it. His back hurt and his feet ached, but overtime it became bearable. And, eventually, he actually ended up enjoying it. He found the buildings were close enough together that if he could Rollerblade home. Jumping from one building to another. It was great fun.

Tommy was 11.

He'd long accepted the fact he was powerless. At first he'd been a little disappointed. But he got over it.

Then he missed the jump.

The first time Tommy found he had a power was adrenaline inducing. Heading straight towards the ground at high speeds, only for Tommy to pull himself up on instinct. A small pair of wings hovering him just above the ground for a few seconds. He spent the next 30 minutes figuring out how to hide them again. His back never felt light again after that day. But the joy he felt gliding with them out late at night made it worth it.

The second time Tommy found he had a power, started off with tears.

Tommy had found a box tucked into a corner in the middle of winter. It was dingy and smelt like hell. But Tommy was young, dumb, and just a little too confident in himself.

And So, he opened it. The smell made Tommy gag. The sight was horrid. 5 kittens, newly dead and now just starting to rot. The regret in his actions, was instant. Tommy closed the box. He wasn't interested in dealing with this today. He'd traumatised himself enough just by opening the thing.

Then he had a strange feeling in his hands. It was hot and heavy in his fingertips. It was familiar to him. The feeling appearing from a young age whenever he was injured. But it was stronger this time. It was calling for Tommy to act. To do something.

And that's how Tommy found himself reopening the box and pulling one of the kittens out, tears falling from his cheek as he did. It was too small, clearly beaten by some horrible person. Tommy wished that one day someone would beat them the same way, so they could feel what these poor creatures did. It was the most alive looking one. And upon closer inspection, Tommy realised that's because it was.

The first time Tommy healed something other than himself, it was painful. The glow that spread throughout him burned him from the inside out. He threw up blood for days after. But, it was worth it. The kitten, now well and healthy, snuggled up to him whenever it got the chance. Clearly grateful. Tommy ended up gifting him to Niki. She named him James (after one of hers and Wilbur's friends), and he to this day still happily lives in her apartment.

The third time he'd discovered a power, was at school.

There was this one kid in Tommy's class. Tommy didn't know his real name, but he always called himself McYum. He was a general annoyance to a young Tommy. Too loud at any moment. Made too many jokes about having sex with middle aged men (something his 11-year-old brain clearly thought was peak humour.). That day was no different. He was talking loudly, clicking a pen, and chewing on something.

Tommy was tired and overwhelmed. He was trying to do work for once, why couldn't the boy just be quiet for 10 second! Just *10 seconds*! Tommy didn't think he was asking for too much here.

He kept going thought.

The loud laugh of his.

That annoying laugh.

Tommy had had enough, *and then he snapped.*

Tommy turned around, ready to curse out the boy. Only to find him completely still. Frozen in place. Tommy felt light as he watched the site. Everyone else continued on as normal, not noticing his sudden stopping in place. Tommy found himself feeling some joy as he realised, he was the one in control here.

Then Tommy found himself having trouble breathing.

He took a breath, letting go of his hold on McYum at the same time. The other boy instantly panicked. He cried and yelled at anyone he could, trying to tell others what had happened. Tommy caught him saying between tears "I was stuck- Please, no you have to believe me. I couldn't- It was horrible."

McYum went home early that day, he was never quite as loud after. Always looking over every classmate as a threat. No one ever believed him of what had happened. The guilt had hit Tommy full force. He promised himself he'd never used that power again on a living person.

That didn't stop him using it on objects though. Cheating in Videogames became way easier when he could just freeze his brothers' remotes. So, the power wasn't completely useless.

---

Tommy was 15 the next time he used that power on a person.

Tears running down his cheeks as he was pulled away from the site of a bleeding Hero. Hurt by a Villain. A Villain he was protecting. Sootings arms wrapped around him, trying to sooth him. Tommy was overwhelmed. It hurt, it hurt so much. It was loud and terrifying. He just wanted to go home. He just needed quiet.

*And then, it was.*

Tommy's eyes glowed a bright gold. The same gold they did when he healed. The silence was instant. Tommy hadn't realised what he'd done until he pulled away.

Sootings didn't try to pull him back. And as Tommy looked at his face, he realised it was because he was unable.

It almost appeared the world was in pause. Frozen in one spot. But the wind in Tommy's hair and the slight dripping of rain let him know it wasn't quite as impressive as that. No, he'd just paused their time. He'd stopped all of them in place, unable to move, while him and the rest of the world could go freely.

Tommy looked around at the Villains and Heroes. The panic in Dreams body as he'd started to move towards 404, but his body was still somewhat looking towards where Tommy was. The rough flames of Sapnap clouding the area, showing the clear pain he felt at the situation. The way Ender was standing in-between Flame and Nuke. The way The Blade had stopped at Tommy's screams.

404's Blood.

Tommy couldn't just leave, he needed to stay and fix this.

He was terrified. He just wanted his Mom.

But this was his job to fix. It was the least he could do here. He didn't want to be involved, but there wasn't any choice anymore. If he ran, he would never forgive himself.

Tommy knew that the others were watching him, and that the second he un-paused they would all know what he could do. He needed a plan. He needed the others to get out of the way so he could heal 404.

With his focus set, and his tears still streaming down. A single drop of blood running from his nose. He let go of a breath he didn't know he was holding, and everything continued.

It took everyone a second to process they could move. Dream and Sapnap ignored the Villains, running over to pull 404 away from the fight. All the others just seemed stuck in place still, to the point Tommy had to check to make sure he wasn't still holding them in place. But, nope! They were all just still. Looking at him.

Sootings went to grab Tommy again. Probably to pull into a hug. A part of Tommy wanted to allow him to, but he had a job to do.

He pushed him away, snuffling and wiping away the tears. "You have to go." Tommy said in a voice way too calm for how his face looked.

"What," Sootings mouth hung open a little, "Tommy, I'm not leaving you here."

"Please! if you care, if you trust me, you'll take them and go!" Tommy yelled a little. In truth, he wanted to scream.

The Blade looked ready to step in. Tell Sootings no.

But when Sootings looked into Tommy eyes, Tommy knew he had won.

"Ok, I trust you." His voice sounded as broken as Tommy felt. Tommy almost changed his mind. Almost gripped him tight and never let go. But there would be another day.

Today had showed Tommy who was really working with.

He still couldn't regret anything he'd done. But he wouldn't forgive himself if he left 404. They might be Villains. They might just be doing their jobs. But this was Tommy's job. He'd fixed the Heroes mistakes many times. Now it was his turn to fix the Villains.

No one was dying today. And Sootings seemed to understand this.

His voice fogged Tommy's brain a little. He heard a yell of protest from somewhere nearby that was quickly stopped. For a second, Tommy felt betrayed. But he could still move, he was still in control of himself. Although, he had a feeling some others around him were not.

And when the fog passed, Tommy was alone.

---

The Dream Team (minus one member) were easy to find. Tommy knew they couldn't have gone far. 404 was too injured for them to risk trying to take him back home or too a hospital, there just wasn't the time.

Tommy had spotted smoke a few streets away within 30 seconds of looking. Sapnap.

They'd put a flame ring up in the middle of the street. The flames were an angry bright blue that Tommy couldn't see through. But he had a feeling his patient was in the middle of them.

If Tommy was a smart man, he probably would have come up with a plan. These were 2 people who were probably angry and trying to save a dying friend. There was no saying how they'd react to being interrupted. It's not like they'd bright down the fire wall upon a random child claiming he's a healer.

Except Tommy is not a smarter man. He is a innocent boy who can obviously do no wrong. And he doesn't listen to silly things such as "reason."

Tommy approached the blue wall, the flames licked at his skin. He tried to ignore the small instantly healing burns to focus on the task at hand.

"HELLO, IS ANYONE IN THERE?"

There was no response.

"PLEASE, I CAN HELP. I'M A HEALER!"

Tommy waited for a response. He really hoped they heard him. If they didn't he didn't know what he'd do.



The flame lower, Dream pulling him in before it was straight back up.

Tommy looked around at the site ahead of him. 404 was lying in a pool of his own blood, lifeless. The skin Tommy could see was pale. It was bad. Sapnap was trying to stop the bleeding. This was the first-time Tommy had ever seen him up close. He wore a white mask as Dream and 404 did. His smile was the same as Dreams. But instead of the blank black childishly drawn on look, Sapnap had went for a flickering smile made out of flames. His hair was that of a mullet, except it was made out of flames. He wore a matching hoodie with dream, but it was a bright red instead of green. Tommy was sure normally he'd be terrifying, but here he looked small and scared.

Tommy wondered if his flames were intentionally blue, or if he was instead influenced by emotions. Either way, Tommy felt no heat from inside the ring of fire.

Tommy pushed of Sapnap's hands, replacing them and starting to heal.

It made him feel sick to feel everything after he'd seen it happen. No longer having to imagine how the fight had went down.

The only knew thing Tommy was able to come up with feeling this, was The Blade was stronger than he looked. And that was saying something. Suddenly, Tommy understood why the media referred to him the blood god.

The golden warmth was very strong in his hands. His earlier usage made it easier to ignore the pain that filled his head. Tommy was use to almost passing out at wounds like this. He forced himself to pretend like it didn't faze him.

Tommy didn't stop until he heard a gasp from the man underneath him. Call him Jesus 2.0, because these hands definitely be making miracles.

Tommy felt he could probably pull a little further, but 404 was awake and Tommy didn't want to be dead tomorrow. Plus, he doubted the Heroes would offer to pay him here.

Dream was hugging 404 before Tommy could back away properly. 404 hugged him back. They were saying something, but the ringing in Tommy's ears stopped him from hearing. Dream was on him next.

His hug was, well, it wasn't a Sootings or Wilbur hug. But it was still warm and safe(ish), so Tommy leaned into it.

"Wow!" Sarnap pulled up his mask so that Tommy could see his mouth, "you can stop people in place *and* heal others! *And* do them both well! I see why the Villains want you!"

Dream pulled up his mask too, arms still wrapped around Tommy. "You got any other powers we need to know about kid?"

"No." Tommy wasn't lying, there wasn't any others they *needed* to know about.

Dream's mouth stiffened a little, then he smiled brightly, as if the previous look was never there. "Well, even so, it's still a good thing you got away."

404 sat up properly, still leaning on his hands for support. "Yeah, now we can protect you! You never have to deal with them again." His voice was rough and dry. Tommy wished he had some water to offer him.

Tommy should say yes to his offer. He was kinda doing this because he had no choice after all.

Except he did have choice. Sootings trusted him. Sootings was protecting him. If he wanted to leave, he could.

Either way, Tommy should lie now. At least pretend he needed to be saved, otherwise he could be changed as an accomplice.

But Tommy was tired. The blood smeared from where his nose had bleed earlier was now drying to his face, and somehow that made the urge to puke stronger. Tommy was too focused on that to bother bullshitting currently. Maybe that's why he only responded with a "Nah, I'm good thanks."

The silence was sudden and weird. Tommy briefly noted the flames turning back to the normal orange, how dream was holding 404's hand, the way all three's smiles turned to a more blank look at his words.

"you-you're good, with the Villains."

Tommy just stared at Sapnap, how dare he interrupt Tommy's nice sudden quiet.

"Yeah thanks, I'm good."

Sapnap looked towards Dream, a look of confusion lay on his lips. Dream didn't look much better.

Dream, being the great all leader he is (note the sarcasm) obviously had to be the one to talk to Tommy. Because who else would. "Tommy, we can't just leave you with them. They'll hurt you."

Tommy's face curled up in genuine confusion, "No they won't, they like me. Besides that, they need me."

"They- Did they tell you that."

Tommy looked up, trying to make eye contact with Dream through his mask. "No," he said in a voice much to innocent for the scenario.

Dream looked over to 404 and Sapnap, silently pleading for some help with the dazed traumatised child. He just received two shrugs back. “How about we continue this conversation in a more safe place.”

Tommy should object, but his limbs hurt, and it is pretty cold. Plus, these three didn’t seem that scary. Besides, going with 3 strangers to a secondary location in the middle of the night, what’s the worst that could happen?

---

Tommy’s head ached really badly, but he wasn’t going to complain. “Don’t show any weakness to the enemy,” that’s what Techno had taught him. Although, these enemies were being overly kind to him. When Tommy started shivering Dream had given him his jumper, which was very big and warm on Tommy’s skinny body. For the first time ever, wrapped in the green fabric and an arm slug around him, Tommy could understand why people trusted Heroes.

Tommy ended up spacing out on the way to, wherever the Dream Team was taking him. He knows he got on a train at some point, then he got off it, and then he was walking into a building.

The first room he entered was small and thin with light grey walls. It contained a few chairs, a reception desk, which during the day Tommy guessed would have probably had someone standing behind it, and an Elevator at the end of the room. It was only once Tommy started looking at the images on the wall he realised where he was. Huge framed images of newspaper articles of huge Hero wins, images of Heroes from people before Dream was even born. Only one of which was still active. The rest all having died, been put in jail, or settled down into civilian life (sometimes by force).

The thing that really caught Tommy’s attention though, was a huge sign hung over the reception desk. It read “**Department of DSMP Heroes Headquarters**” in big bold letters. Which was just a stupid fancy way of saying “Hero Tower.” Looking at the sign reminded him of the true names of the city districts. Referring to the city area’s as “Outer” and “Inner” was a very outer and middle district language. The Inner district preferred to refer to each area by their real name, (because of course the Inner would never admit they were better off than anyone else) the Outer being Snowchester, the Middle being Badlands, and the Inner being Manburg. All together they are the DSMP.

Tommy wanted to make a comment on the whole “DSMP” bullshit part of that, they might as well put “Manburg” there instead, since that’s the only area the Heroes seem to care about. But he held his tongue. Maybe mocking the Hero commission wasn’t the best thing to do in front of the Heroes.

Dream led Tommy inside. But instead of entering the elevator, he turned to a wall. Slotting a card into the wall, a hidden door opened. Tommy was led through it to a large white room. It had no windows and many many seats. It reminded Tommy of a torture room in a horror movie. Dream sat Tommy down on one of the chairs, sitting himself across from the child.

Tommy looked around, to find the other two Heroes missing. He wasn’t sure if that should make him more nervous, or calm. But either way, being alone with the Heroes was a new feeling.

He wasn’t alone for more than 5 seconds, a man walking into the room loudly. His steps bringing attention to him in a way the felt intentional. He looked mostly normal, wearing a pastel teal hoodie and jeans, no weapons in sight. The only part of him that let Tommy know he was a Hero was his mask. It was the same as the other members of the Dream Team, but smaller and without any features. It always sat above his mouth, which was now curled into a frown. He also had antlers on his head, Tommy wasn’t sure if they were fake, or if he was a hybrid.

He looked familiar to Tommy, but he couldn’t remember his name. Tommy knew he was the 4<sup>th</sup> Dream team member. He didn’t fight much, working more from behind the scenes. If Tommy was honest, he only payed mild attention to the Heroes. So, If Tubbo and the Media didn’t care, then Tommy won’t hear about it.

His angry look was terrifying. Tommy was relieved when he realised it wasn’t directed at him. He expected shouting and yelling, but instead he got angry footsteps and frantic hand movements that Tommy mildly recognised as sign language.

Dream flinched at whatever the other man was saying. He was signing back, but it was timid. They went on for about 30 seconds before the unnamed man slapped a clipboard down on Dreams lap and walked away.

Dream looked terrified, curling in on himself a little. “Sorry about that, he’s just mad we went without telling him. We just need to fill out these forms then I’ll take you home.”

Tommy nodded.

Dream started by asking some basic information, full name, age, gender, address, and powers (which Tommy conveniently left some of). Then he got into the real questions. “So you’ve been healing the Villains then.”

“Yes.”

Dream looked over the paper, “by choice?”

Tommy was going to tell the truth, then he remembered what Pink Shark had told him. Tommy didn’t like the idea of them taking the blame for him, but he also didn’t like the idea of being arrested. “No. They threatened me.”

“They threatened you? But I thought you said-“

“I was lying.” Tommy said unconvincingly. “I wanted to make sure I was safe from them before talking.”

Dream clearly didn’t believe Tommy, but he was willing to humour the child. “Ok, so how can I keep you safe then? Should I move you away from that area?”

“No thank you,” Tommy looked up at dream, a determined look on his face. “I can protect myself.”

“Can you now?”

“Yeah, of course I can, I’m a big man.”

Dream smiled, he looked way too amused for the scenario he was in. “Tommy, I trust that you can take care of yourself. But have you ever considered taking care of others?”

Tommy really wanted to snap back that he was already doing that. But he decided that if Dream was humouring him, he would humour him back. “I’ve thought about being a doctor,” he lied, “why are you asking?”

“Well,” a large smile pasted across his face, “why don’t you join the Heroes commission? I could get you to skip any queue and enter our training plan starting next term, if your interested?”

Tommy already knew his answer, he’d known it for along time. But he just needed to check something first. “Is this like a ‘if you say no you get put in jail’ scenario, or an I have an actual choice situation?”

“You can say no Tommy.”

Taking that as permission, Tommy finally felt like it was ok to give his answer. “No thank you then.”

Dream looked a little taken aback, but he quickly smiled again. Just nodding as he kept filling out the paperwork.

“Can I go home now then?”

Dream clearly tried to hold back a hurt look, but Tommy could see through it. Not the he understood why it was there. “Sure, I’ll take you home right now.”

---

Tommy walked through the front door quietly, still in Dreams green Hoodie. His plan was to simply sneak back into his room without alerting anyone (same as he always did), then instantly pass out (also same as he normally did.)

What he did not expect though, was to be tackled by a Tall curly haired boy.

He heard Wilbur muttering weird praises under his breath as he hugged Tommy close. “Ahh, Will? You right there?”

Wilbur snapped back up into place, letting go of Tommy. “ah, ah, Tommy! Where have you been, it’s very late young man!”

Tommy looked around to see Tubbo and Techno stood behind Wilbur, a look of relief on their face. “I was just out Wilbur, it’s no big deal.”

Wilbur didn’t seem all that mad, it was like he was playing a joke on Tommy. “No big deal? Tommy, it’s 3am. your lucky Mom and Dad aren’t home to notice.”

Tommy was too tired for this bullshit. “Sorry Will, it won’t happen again. Now can I go to bed.”

Wilbur picked Tommy up tightly into another weird hug. Clutching him over his shoulder. “I trust you won’t, you scared me so much Tommy.” It sounded like Wilbur was tearing up. Tommy briefly wondered if Will was drunk. He looked to Tubbo and Techno, trying to get some help. But they both just had the same sad look on their face. Wilbur let go of Tommy, putting his feet back onto the floor. “Now, go to bed. You have school Tomorrow.”

Tommy half listened, staring at Tubbo and Techno on the way up the stairs. Looking for any sign that someone else saw Wilbur’s behaviour as odd. They seemed to both avoid his eyes, which made him even more concerned.



Tommy doesn't remember making it into bed. All he remembers is the loud echoing noise in his ears, it both beautiful and terrifying. How it fogged his mind. And then, he was gone.

## Chapter End Notes

Soooo, what did ya'll think. Please be nice remember. I am very fragile with this chapter. But I am excited to hear what you think of it as well. I mean, if it is really shit you can tell me. I just very might cry. Next chapter Will actually be a Wilbur POV. Ya'll ready to see how oblivious our Tommo actually is? I know I sure am! Also incase I didn't make it clear enough, the ending is Wilbur making him sleep. Tommy isn't in any danger from that.

Also, I just like the idea of a small Tommy in a green hoodie with dried tears and a dried bloody nose coming home. It sounds really sad but also very cute. I thought I wrote a line discribing that, but it just didn't fit.

Next chapter will be whenever I can get it out. I enjoy your feedback so please comment anything. Just don't correct spelling for this chapter please and thank you.

# A Less Blind POV

## Chapter Notes

WOOOO!!!! GUESS WHAT, I DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT THIS.

Yeah, long time no see guys. A bunch happened to stop me from writing. But to sum it up: fulltime school mixed with 12 hours of work a week + homework does not leave much time for writting. Some other stuff also went down but my sister reads this fic and I don't want her to know about them (sorry sis). But GUYS, GUESS WHO'S 18 NOW!!!! WOOOOOO!!!!!! tbh, it's kinda boring since I don't drink. But wow, I have rights XD

Anyway, enjoy this long overdue chapter. It's the Wilbur POV as promised. Let's see this whole thing from another perspective now!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur would like to say he always does the right thing to protect his brothers, like to. But sometimes he can get just a little carried away.

He was starting to think this scenario with Tommy was one of those times.

Let's start at the beginning.

Wilbur became Sootings a very long time ago; Long before the public was aware, maybe even before Wilbur himself was.

It started innocently. Him and Techno were 17, both going through rebellion in their own ways. Wilbur's was, well, let's just say that Tubbo's line about Wilbur "doing drugs and fucking guys" wasn't always a complete lie. Techno's rebellion was more calculated, smarter. To the point Will is pretty sure Kristin and Phil weren't even aware of most of it. That, or their just good actors.

Most of Techno's actions were untraceable to him in anyway, seemingly coincidences. But Wilbur knew better. Techno couldn't be that lucky to just have everything fall into place like that. Some things Wilbur would never be able to figure out how he pulled them off (such as the invasion of Denmark), but he knew that his brother caused them, Techno was just too happy after each event happened for them not to be his master planning. Sometimes Wilbur even helped, like that time they hijacked the train systems of the inner city for a whole day. But he'd never ever figure out quite how Techno came up with so many great crazy ideas.

So that first day was the same as normal, Techno came up with an idea, Wilbur followed. Just as normal. You'd almost expect that Techno had his own mind control power with how easily Wilbur was talked into everything. Or maybe, in a much more likely scenario, Wilbur was just too hungover most days to bother arguing back.

That first day, when Wilbur and Techno were 17, the two ended up robbing a large bank in the middle of Manburg, peak Hero time as well. And the best part is, they got away with it. It was pretty easy after all. No Villain before them had ever had a mind control power. Kids like that were always picked up by the Hero Commission long before they could even start to consider doing actions such as this. The Heroes and Manburg were just underprepared for a semi god and a superhuman to attempt something such as that.

The two gave the money randomly to organisations in the Outer District. It was meant to be a one time thing, but the thrill was just too high to not do it again. Especially after the first time the Heroes had somehow managed to cover it all up. Techno wanted an outcry, he wanted people to be angry, he wanted anarchy. All Wilbur wanted was the thrill. Any other way to get his adrenaline pumping was worth it.

This went on for a few years, then they grew up. After turning 19, the two were tired. Techno had finally realised the Heroes were just too good at coverups, that nothing was going to happen just doing things like this. Wilbur had long since learned better coping mechanisms and no longer needed to rely on adrenaline to keep himself alive. And so, they gave up. Retiring from any illegal actions (well, that weren't tax evasion) and trying to become normal again.

Wilbur quickly settled back into normal life. Techno, not so much. He started training with Phil twice as hard, spending days and days reading books. He refused to make any friends, content to continue his unhealthy cycle that was defiantly going to lead to burnout. Or, at least Wilbur thought it would. That was until he was woken up at 3 am. Or, well, "woken up" is a funny term. It was more like he was trying to sleep, with his guitar, and on the floor.

Anyway, so Techno came into his room. A smile on his face. That rare one he only got when he was about to fuck something up for someone.

“Techno, I’m not *killing* anyone!” Wilbur whispered in slight horror.

Techno’s smile faded, “Come on Wil, I need you with me. It’s not going to be that bad.”

Wilbur was horrified. He spent the rest of that conversation refusing, and the next few refusing.

He wasn’t budging on this. Techno must of gone insane if he really thought this was a good idea. Yes, it was “*just the government*”, but they were still people!

The truth was, Will just didn’t have it in him to do something like that.

Then Sally broke up with him and suddenly killing people seemed a lot easier.

Wilbur was again surprised how easy it was. Looking back he really wished he’d done more back then, before the Heroes had figured out how to fight him off. Wilbur and Techno killed 5 government officials that day, as well as injuring 23 more. Done were the days of not being noticed, this event making the front of every newspaper for the next week. Apparently important people dying was harder to cover up then some money going missing, who knew. Well, the answer to that was pretty easy, Techno knew. This was what Techno had wanted. He wanted Anarchy.

The two had everyone’s attention, and that meant *everyone*.

And that is how the two got the attention of Birdza and Mis-Trixin. And well, the rest is history.

Tubbo's story happened sometime later. No one was particularly happy with the little 13 year old joining, but no one really had the power to stop him either. And although Wilbur had a part there, that's Tubbo's own story to tell. This is about Wilbur and Tommy.

Wilbur isn't sure why he kept going after he'd gotten over Sally. Maybe it was due to some dumb thing like "family." Or maybe he just isn't as much of a good person as he makes himself out to be. Realistically, killing people doesn't actually help anyone who's poor. It doesn't help someone better come into power, it just creates a power vacuum for the next dick to fill. But it surely makes Will feel a bit better at least, and so maybe it's ok if he's doing all this for selfish reasons. It's not like he ever claimed to be that good of a person in the first place.

Either way he somehow ended up in a fight with Rose late at night.

Rose, an interesting Hero. Unlike most Heroes, she doesn't wear a mask. Long brown hair, overly elaborate makeup, small pink skirts. She looks like she'd fit better on the front of a porn magazine than in a battle with a Villain. Well, if you ignore her guns. The damn air bender. By itself air manipulation is a pretty interesting power. It's not very rare or special, but when used in the right way can be very deadly. In her case she uses it through toy guns. The guns, when a normal person wields them, can only shoot a harsh thrust of air. Enough that you'd probably hurt yourself a little if you held your hand up to it, but it can't do any real damage otherwise. But when she wields them, they become as dangerous as a normal gun. It's pretty much the perfect weapon. Deadly in her hands, useless in anyone else's.

This particular night wasn't much different from any other. Except that Wilbur was alone. Not a big deal, right! Well, wrong. Shootings tended to work best when paired with The Blade. Most Heroes at this point wear headphones that cancel out any mind fuckers Wilbur attempts. The way the two Villains get around this is Techno gets up close and removes the devices, then Wilbur does his thing. Perfect get around.

The issue comes in when it's just Wilbur.

So there was Rose, pink e-girl headphones on her head. The two in a dance on top of one of the many buildings in the Outer District. Wilbur was cussing her out, not that she could hear it. He was aiming to get close, the same way Techno would, dodging shots from her gun that were painfully close. But every time he got close, she'd just take a jump back. Wilbur was starting to get pissed off, pissed off at her dumb autotuned high pitch laugh, pissed off at how

much faster than him she was, pissed off at the constant near misses as she kept aiming for his arms and legs.

He took a fast step forward, fast enough to catch her off guard. He gripped her by the collar, pulling her close as he reached for the headphones. She let out a panicked yell, pulling the trigger on her gun. Wilbur saw her face before he felt anything, the horror and panic spreading as she realised what she'd done.

Wilbur felt like he'd been pushed through the chest. His ears rang as he backed away from Rose. He felt her hand reach out to grab him, but he pushed it away.

He can't remember what it felt like to fall off the building. All he knows is one second, he was up with Rose, the next he was in the alleyway below. He couldn't feel much, it stung, but even that was fading. As was his eyesight.

Wilbur thought over the life he'd led, what had he led behind. Did it mean anything? Had he really done anything? It was almost a disappointing end for someone such as himself, almost. He tried to hum to himself, maybe he could knock himself out so it'd be over faster. Or at least the echo of his own voice in his brain might quieten all other thoughts in his last moment. But he found himself unable to speak.

He briefly felt someone approaching. It was comforting, in a way. Knowing he wasn't going to die alone. He heard a small gasp as the person, whoever they were, saw him.

Yeah, Wilbur couldn't imagine he was great to look at right now either. He moved a little, wanting to see at least one more face before he died. There was no way he was letting the last person he see be *Rose* of all people, he thought he'd rather die. Oh wait...

*"No" was Wilbur's first thought upon seeing his last face. "Please, please no. Anyone but him. Anyone. He can't be the one here"*

Those eyes, Tommy. His eyes always were too blue. They showed so much emotion for someone who so demanded that he was taken as seriously as an emotionless man. He was too

caring, so caring. Wilbur tried to get away. Out of anyone to find him, why did it have to be Tommy. He couldn't die here, not like this.

His attempts get away only seemed to be making him in more pain, he found himself unable to move again. Stuck staring at Tommy's bloodstained Shoes. Oh, mum was going to kill Will again just for being the cause of that stain. Let alone for the cost of the therapy this poor kid would need.

Tommy came closer, and Wilbur found himself trying to scream. *"Leave me! Please leave me here! You shouldn't be here!"*

He felt Tommy pull up his shirt, putting his hands around the wound. Wilbur looked into his eyes, they looked so focused. It was so unlike the inattentive but sweet boy he knew. Wilbur wished he'd never become a Villain. He swore to himself, if he gets out of this he'll quit. He'll turn around, become the most normal person this town has ever seen. Just please, leave Tommy out of all this. Don't let him see this.

Wilbur felt the warmth invade him. It was comforting, he leant into it. *"Is this what dying is like?"* He thought. He found himself unable to continue wishing for life. It was the best pleasure he'd ever felt, it was addicting.

Then he was back on the ground. The hard ground. A shiver went through him as he felt the blood so fresh that it was still fully liquid, like laying in a puddle.

His first breath was slightly painful. Opening his eyes suddenly he found himself able to move again. He looked up at his baby brother, his hands and eyes glowing bright gold. The clear fear overshadowing his face.

Ok, so, Wilbur will be the first admit that maybe "You're a healer?" wasn't the best response. But! In his defence, he had almost just died.

Tommy looked up straight into where Wilbur's eyes were, not that the kid could see them. He was clearly out of breath. Wilbur could see the way his eyebrows raised. Huh, even as Sootings Tommy was done with his shit.

“Ah, yeah.” It wasn’t quite the response Wilbur was expecting. Tommy sounded way too small here. Did he not feel safe here? Was Wilbur doing something wrong?

“I’ve never healed something that big before though. Consider yourself Lucky it worked.”

Oh, right! Tommy wasn’t talking to Wilbur at all. Nor was he really talking to Sootings. He was just talking to a mass murderer.

What was he doing!? Yeah, Tommy has saved his life. But that doesn’t mean anything, it just means he’s a good person. It’s not personal. Wilbur chest hurt, he couldn’t tell if he was out of breath from the whole almost dying thing, or maybe he was just starting to have a panic attack.

Again, Wilbur will be the first to admit that maybe running away from your 15-year-old brother who is currently covered in your own blood isn’t the best most responsible choice. But he panicked ok! Again, he almost died.

Somehow he managed to pass out as soon as he got home.

Then he may of spent the next like, week, avoiding the child. But hey, what if Tommy figured it out by speaking to him? I mean Wilbur was never the best at keeping secrets (there’s a reason the Watson family don’t have surprise parties anymore). He swore if Tommy even looked his way he’d probably just admit to everything.

Now, it was probably apart of Wilbur’s job to mention any news about Tommy’s powers to his parents. But, it’s not lying if they never ask right. Or well, if they don’t ask specifically. Kristin probably knew something was up by the constant checking in. Wilbur just did his best to hide his slightly bruised chest and smile and nod. Did it work? Well, she did back off. And that’s all that really matters right?

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Niki was a bigger issue.

Now, Wilbur never intended on using Tommy again. He was perfectly happy in pretending nothing ever happened. Having a healer would be handy of course. But Tommy was a child. A child who wasn't ready to act as a member yet. And even if he was older, it was up to him to join on his own terms. It was not Wilbur's place to do anything to force the poor annoying child into helping.

Which is why you can believe Wilbur when he says he really had no choice when he asked for help again.

It's been a dumb mission honestly. Wilbur and Niki, or Sootings and Pink Shark as the heroes knew them, had come up with a simple plan. Or, well, Wilbur had come up with a simple plan. Then he'd convinced Niki to go along with it. No mind control needed! Just good old charm and dashing good looks.

"This better be worth the money your paying me." Her mask hid her scowled, but Wilbur knew her well enough to imagine it.

"It is. Now, be quiet!"

The crawled along the side of the hall, ducking down as if that'd somehow hide them from the camera's.

"I don't get it. Why don't you just charm them into submission. We could be in and out in five minutes if you just used your ability."

"No, that's a dumb idea-" he lied.

In truth, he probably shouldn't have doubled down. 20 minutes later, he was at Tommy's door.

What can he say, he panicked.

The scenario was, awkward, to say the least.

Tommy was way too quiet. But he helped. He saved Niki, and Wilbur couldn't feel worse for it.

"Wilbur,-" Niki spoke with a calm dangerous voice. Her lips pulled into a forced smile as she sat on her couch in fresh warm clothes. She looked a little pale, but otherwise normal. "- Wilbur Wilbur Wilbur, what were you thinking?"

Now, this was a trick question. But, Wilbur was actually thinking when he chose this. "I was thinking it's easier to keep an eye on him if he's on our side."

If Niki was a little more aggressive Wilbur probably would have gotten punched for that, instead he just got a light slap in the back of the head. "We shouldn't have to keep an eye on him with this. He shouldn't be involved."

"He's able to make his own decisions-"

"He's a child Will!"

"I know! I won't let anything happen to him." Wilbur stared her down, his lips in a slight smirk. "*Trust me.*" He said in a slight sing song voice.

Niki stilled, looking at her feet. She fidgeted at her sleeves, her eyes looked glossed over as she looked at nothing particular. She stayed like that for a few seconds, before slowly turning

her head to Wilbur. “*I trust you,*” her eyes were filled with sadness, as if she wanted to say something else. “Just... Wilbur, *I trust* that you’ll be smart.”

Wilbur smiled, ignoring Niki’s hopeful stare. “I will. Nothing is going to go wrong.”

“I hope your right.”

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“YOU TOLD HIM YOUR FUCKING NAME!”

“Well someone’s gotta do it alright!”

Wilbur put his face into his hands. The cheap eyeshadow he uses under his mask smudging. “I can’t trust you with anything can I.”

Jack gasped in offense, “ay! You asked me to protect the kid, gain his trust, I’m doing all that.”

“I asked you to protect him, not tell him YOUR REAL FUCKING NAME!!!”

“It’s the same thing.”

“IT’S REALLY FUCKING NOT.”

Jack didn’t look impressed, weighing one of his hands onto his hip as he lent a little to the side. (He needed to hang out with Scott less) “Well, this isn’t all my fault. You could have told me he was related to you. Or that he was, ya know, an actual kid!”

“And where would that have got us, huh, into even more of a mess than we already are?” Wilbur was stressed, if he was any older he’d probably be pulling out hairs. He didn’t know how Phil handled all this.

Jack’s rolled his eye’s, “What mess? Will, he’s your brother. He’s not about to go to the police.”

Wilbur’s voice hitched, “You don’t know that.”

“Oh for gods sake- Just tell him Will!”

“And how would that help keep him safe? It’d just be getting him more involved.”

“At least then you all could finally speak freely to him. Find out what he’s really thinking.”

Wilbur was getting irritated of this conversation. “*Jack Manifold-*“

“No Will! You don’t just get to brainwash me whenever you don’t get what you want.”

Wilbur paused, “...I wasn’t going to-“

“Don’t lie to me.” Jack wasn’t mad, he was still smiling. But his words had a hint of seriousness to them. “You may not intend to do it, but you still do.”

Wilbur stayed silent. There wasn’t much to say here.

“Mate, you need to tell someone about this. Before it gets out of control. I mean, imagine what will happen if Tubbo and Techno-“

“I won’t let them find out.”

Jack looked towards the floor, as did Wilbur. Both for different reasons though. Then, Jack ruined it by laughing loudly. “Look at this,” he said between laughs, “can you believe I’m the one giving you advice here. Me?”

Wilbur laughed loudly, “that’s how you know I’m fucked.”

---

Wilbur was joking at the time. But maybe he shouldn’t have been.

He snuck back into the house late at night in normal clothing, as was the rules to avoid Tommy finding out. The lights in the house were out, which makes sense considering it was 2am.

He snuck into the kitchen. Turning on the light, he jumped out of his skin as he saw Tubbo and Techno sitting at the table. They both stared straight into his soul.

“Uh, hey guys.”

Tubbo’s green eyes shone brightly as he looked up, “Wilbur, we’ve been waiting for you.”

Wilbur clutched his chest, trying to catch his breath from his jump. “That’s creepy as all fuck guys.” He laughed a little at the scenario. The other two didn’t move.

“Wilbur,” Techno’s voice was as it always sounded, “when were you planning on telling us your using Tommy as a healer?”

Oh Fuck- “What are you talking about?” He played innocent.

Tubbo snapped, slamming his hand down on the table, “Oh don’t play dumb Wilbur. He straight up said he’d been working for you for two months. Two, fucking, months!!!!”

Techno placed his hand over Tubbo’s, motioning a finger up to his lips. He spoke in a whisper “Why would you keep this from me will-“

“Us,” Tubbo corrected.

“Why would you keep this from *us* Will?”

Wilbur avoided eye contact, looking over to the fridge instead. “I’m sorry, I wanted to say something-“ he lied, “but I didn’t want you guys freaking out. Tommy can handle himself.”

“He’s a kid Wilbur!”

“Well, so’s Tubbo.”

Tubbo still had his hand held by Techno, who was slowly soothing him to avoid him yelling. But Wilbur noticed Techno himself was also shaking despite his calm voice. “I know, that’s why we all keep an eye on him.”

“Well, that’s what I’m doing with Tommy.”

Techno stayed quiet, breathing in and out slowly. Wilbur marched to the fridge, pulling out a full carton of soy milk, he chugged about half of it before placing it back. He wiped his face with his sleeve before looking back over to Tubbo and Techno.

Tubbo was watching him. He didn't seem mad anymore, just worried as he looked between the two men.

Techno repeatedly tapped his fingers down on the table, a slight show of the stress he was under. "Wilbur, we can't let this go on for any longer. It's dangerous out there."

Wilbur took a long sigh, he glanced between his brothers, them both showing their worry in their own ways. "I know, just, give me some time. I promise you I've got this under control. Just, please don't tell Mom and Dad."

"What aren't we telling Mom and Dad?" Tommy's voice called out across the room in his usual loud tone. He was dressed in bright red pyjamas with yellow flowers. He'd bought them with Wilbur a few weeks earlier, it'd been a fight for Wilbur to convince him to get them. Tommy obviously had wanted them by that way he'd kept looking over at them and running his hands through the plush fabric, but he'd denied wanting them whenever Wilbur asked. Eventually Wilbur just bought them and left them on his bed. Tommy had worn them every night since.

All three boys paused as they'd been caught red handed by the youngest. For as smart as the three were, they didn't often have to come up with cover up stories. Luckily for the older two, Tubbo came up with a fast excuse. "That Wilbur is doing drugs and having sex with some random guy."

Ok, so maybe Tubbo's bullshitting skills had much to be desired. But it was better than anything else the other two said. Wilbur shot him a quick glare.

Tommy rolled his eyes, sitting down at the table with the other two. "It better not be another fucking fish."

Wilbur held back a gasp at the mention of his ex. “It was one-time thing Tommy. Besides, she was a shape shifter.”

Techno openly scoffed, he stopped his tapping as he openly poked fun at Wilbur. “Yeah, when did you find that out, before or after you fucked her?”

Wilbur really didn’t have much of a defence for that, but he was sure going to try. “It was one time guys! *You fuck a fish one time and now everyone thinks your into that-*”

“-Wait, so Will, you’re gay?!”

Wilbur stared at the child. He really couldn’t be this oblivious, right!? He’d been openly Bisexual for years and years. Wilbur was offended that Tommy was even asking now. “No, Tommy, I’m bisexual.”

“Ahh...” Tommy paused, putting his hand to his chin as he seemed to think for a second. “...so, you really did like a fish then.”

Wilbur was highly uncomfortable with this conversation.

Tubbo of course now decided this was the time to interject his own little facts; “Even if he was gay, turns out Sally was actually really a Sam the whole time. So he’d actually have been dating a man, even if everyone only figured it out a little ago.”

Wilbur watched Tommy nod at this new information, his face really reminded Wilbur’s of a goldfish. “Wait, so both Floris and Sam are trans?”

“Yeah, gender siblings.” Techno responded in his classic monotone.

Wilbur couldn’t help but laugh at the out of place comment, Tubbo joining him.



Tommy kept thinking hard, asking very innocently “Is the guy your fucking Eret?”

Wilbur went bright Red. He was in fact, not “fucking Eret.” But the fact that even Tommy had picked up on his obvious crush was embarrassing to say the least.

He stared to deny it as Tubbo just laughed harder. Wilbur would have to get revenge on him later for bringing up this topic. Techno also seemed way too amused for Wilbur’s liking.

“You sure Wilbur? You and Eret were getting real close earlier. Ay?” Wilbur so wanted to hit his little sleep deprived face.

“What? No no no. Tommy No! Firstly; Eret isn’t a guy. Secondly; She’s taken.”

Techno looked straight into Wilbur’s eyes and laughed. “So you just want to fuck them then?”

Wilbur somehow got more red as the three brothers laughed at his pain.

The four all started to calm down as Wilbur gave up on defending himself. He just wanted the topic changed.

He could see the cogs behind Tommy’s eyes spinning before he spoke. He was too quiet to not be thinking.

“Ya know Will,” his voice was overly soft as he spoke. “Mom and Dad won’t care. I’m not sure how they’ll feel about the drugs part, but they’ll support you no matter whether you like fucking men or not.”

Wilbur softened a little at the words. Even if Tommy was dumb as all heck for not realising they already knew, he appreciated the effort.

Of course this was when Techno decided to ruin the moment.

“You need to tell them Will.” He stated, referring to the actual topic from before. Tommy of course didn’t know that though, and as such gave Techno a slightly angry stare.

“I will I will, I promise.” Wilbur lied, “Just, please give me some time.” He tried bargaining with the two.

Tubbo and Techno looked between each other. A full conversation happening between the two with just a few looks. They both looked back to Wilbur with a new look of seriousness in their eye’s. Techno spoke for the both of them, “we won’t say anything Will.”

Wilbur let out a sigh of relief, ignoring his littlest brothers confused face.

“Thank you.”

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Wilbur followed Tommy quietly up the stairs. Humming softly as he watched the tired boy get himself ready for bed, not that he had a choice with the music in his ears.

He’d come back so late after Wilbur had just left him there with the Heroes. Sure, it’d been the right thing to do. It just had to be. But the way he’d looked in that oversize hoodies, the blood dried to his face from what was clearly a nosebleed. He’d looked much younger than Wilbur remembered him ever being before. When he was in Sootings arms he’d felt so small. He’d lost so much weight and he clearly wasn’t sleeping right.

Wilbur let himself rest up against Tommy’s bedroom door, still humming softly. Downstairs Tubbo and Techno were waiting for him. They weren’t happy with Wilbur.

Maybe Wilbur had really fucked up this time.

## Chapter End Notes

How was that guys? I feel like it's fine. Could be better, was a lot worse before I rewrote it a few times. Hello to all my old readers, long time no see! I missed you all!!!! And Hello to all my new readers!!! Your new comments are so so great!!! You guys have kept me going for so long now. I'd love to promise that i'm back and you'll get more updates, but school will always come first. Sorry guys! But, I will promise that this is not abandoned unless I specifically say it is. By say it is, as in I'll update this discription and add one last chapter actually trying to "finish off" the story. But, don't get scared, I have no plans to do that. In fact the next chapter is the start of a whole knew arc for Tommy. So I hope you all enjoy that! I'm scared for the comments on this, but you guys are so nice I really doubt anything bad will happen here.

# Musical Song and Dance!!!

## Chapter Notes

Hello, i'm alive and writting. School sucks is all I'll say.

For those reading this in the future, this is the first chapter after Techno died and there's been a huge amount of people quitting over that recently. So I know some people will be wondering if I'll be the same. But honestly, fuck that! He may be dead, but his memory will live on through these stories. Every character in this is, well, a character based on the real person (kinda, it's more dsmg base if were honest). Techno's role in the story will not be effected in any way. (Or well, i've got one really funny scene planned that only makes sense with some new info we got after his death, but that's about it) So feel free to use this as an escape.

Anyway, as always this is not proof read. I prefer for spelling mistakes not to be corrected as my sister will send them all to me when she reads it anyway, so please just ignore them.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Early morning, too early. Tommy's head still hurt from the lack of sleep the night before. Tubbo honestly didn't look much better. He seemed... Anxious, yeah, anxious is the right word. Constantly tapping his foot and tugging at his tie. He was avoiding eye contact with Tommy, which was strange.

Tommy was unsure what it all meant. Maybe Tubbo was mad about last night? No, that didn't seem right. Tubbo felt a lot of ways about a lot of things (don't even mention anti vaxers around him), but he'd never cared for Tommy acting out like this. Besides, he didn't seem mad, just guilty.

Unless, unless he'd figured something out.

Tubbo looked Tommy in the eyes, finally seeming to come up with some courage. "Tommy, I've been meaning to speak to you about something--"

“Tubbo, I can explain! I swear I didn’t mean for it to go like this! I just got carried away and now I don’t know how to-“

“Tommy!” Tubbo cut him off, tilted his head to this side with a look of disappointment, “What, no! I needed to speak to you about something I’m doing, not something your doing. What the absolute fuck are you on about?”

Tommy stilled, realising his mistake. “Ha ha, nothing big man. Soooooooo, what did you want to talk about then?”

“Just... Sit next to me on the way to school. I’ll explain there.”

That was close, too close. Tommy almost just spilled everything to him. That’d, that’d be bad. Very bad. Especially with Tubbo! Poor innocent sweet Tubbo, he’d probably pass out from the shock of it all. He was so invested in all the Hero vs Villain shit, he’d disown Tommy on the spot for the side he’d chosen.

But he’d probably also have some great ideas for dealing with this, he’d be able to be a... No Tommy, No. He thought to himself that he can’t risk that. Can’t go down that path. They can not be involved. He can’t get them involved. Not Tubbo, not Wilbur, not anyone.

The bus was crowded, as usual. Tommy passed many people he should recognised, but the brain fog from the previous late night let him slide over every one of them. He moved to follow Tubbo to a seat, but was stopped by someone stepping out of their seat to sit between the two of them.

Freddie smiled at Tommy, blocking him from moving any further.

“Tommy! Hey mate, can you sit next to me today? I’ve got something I need to talk to you about.” He motioned towards the seat he’d just stepped out of. Tommy noticed very clearly the attempt to trap him next to the window so he couldn’t move away.

Any other day he might of considered it (or not), but today, he had other plans. “Sorry mate, I’ve already got my seating placement sorted.”

Freddie’s smile instantly fell, Tommy almost reconsidered, but he was cut off before he could think. “Alright mate, I understand.”

Freddie moved back into his seat, letting Tommy past. He ignored the stare Eryn sent his way as he passed, sitting near the back next to Tubbo.

Tubbo was on his phone, headphones in. He didn’t bother to look up as Tommy sat down next to him. Tommy peaked over his shoulder at his screen, he sees Tubbo is texting someone on discord with the username ‘MmmSpaghetti’ but doesn’t get a peek at the actual conversation before Tubbo tips his phone away from him.

Tubbo gives Tommy a death stare as he hides the screen.

Tommy smiles, playing innocent. “Soo... Tubbo, My guy, my pal. What did we need to discuss?”

Tubbo’s face falls a little. “Ok, I’ll, I need to tell you something. But you have to promise me something.”

“Anything Tobs.”

Tubbo smiles nervously, “don’t freakout.”

Tommy is instantly suspicious, “Tubbo, you have my word, I would never.” Tommy comments, with full intent to freak out for dramatic effect.

Tubbo takes a deep breath. “Ok, your not going to like this though.” He takes another deep breath, exhaling with the words “I’m leaving school.”

Any plan Tommy had to play this up is instantly disbanded. “You’re, Tubbo, you’re doing what?”

“At the end of this term, I’m starting this online program for online hackers. It’s run by the Inner District and I think it could be better for me.”

Tommy searched Tubbo’s face for any sign he was joking, he couldn’t find any. “What do Phil and Kristin think?”

“They think it’s a great idea! You know I’ve never really been, like, meant for school. It just doesn’t click for me, you know?”

Tommy nods. Tubbo starts ranting about the program with a smile, slowly raising his voice in excitement. Tommy just keeps nodding.

A few minutes pass. Tommy is trying to listen, he really is. But he just finds it hard. He just can’t believe this. It shouldn’t be making him feel this way. He’s a big man, he can handle being on his own. It’s Tubbo he should be worried about here. But why is it his heart is racing so fast, why does everything around him feel like static, why can’t he breath.

Tubbo stops speaking, watching Tommy quietly. He turns his voice back down to an almost whisper. He reaches out and holds Tommy’s hand, Tommy grips it back rough. “Hey, Tommy, you ok?” He speaks softly.

Tommy snaps back to reality, breathing heavily and snatching his hand away from Tubbo. “Ah yeah, Tubs, why wouldn’t I be?”

Tubbo smiles, pulling away a little to let Tommy have some space. “It’s ok if your not ya know-“

“Tubbo I’m fine. I don’t care if you leave! Do what you want or whatever.”

Tubbo’s smile falls a little, but it’s back before Tommy can feel bad enough to backpedal.

Tubbo looks Tommy straight in the eyes. “Ok, but just know I’m always here if you need someone to talk to. I’m not leaving you, even if it may look like it.”

Tommy looks away, “yeah sure Tubs.”

Tommy pulls out his headphones, putting them in and effectively ending the conversation. Tubbo get’s the hint and seems to do the same.

Tommy just turned up the sound more, hoping to ignore the horrible pit in his stomach.

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“Tom Simons!” his teacher called.

Tommy jumped up with a gasp, “I’m listening!” he called out.

She smiled at him in a way he could only describe as menacing, “I’m sure you are, which is why you must clearly of overheard that this man here is looking for you.”

Tommy looked over where his teacher had gestured. There stood a tall cat hybrid in a white suit with black sunglasses. He wasn’t very tall, but he was buff. Tommy couldn’t help but think he looked like a security guard, or maybe an FBI officer...



Tommy instantly went on high alert. *What the hell would someone like that want with him*, he thought to himself. It had to be related to last night. I mean, what else could it be.

Maybe Dream had changed his mind about arresting him. Or maybe the government had gone over his head to do this. Letting him off definitely hadn't seemed very legal of him, maybe it was dumb of Tommy to assume the police would just let him off scot free just because some green guy said so.

Tommy jumped out of his chair, playing it cool. He spotted Tubbo, who looked, concerned? Tommy just stuck his finger up at his as he walked past. Tubbo stuck his tongue out in response and seemed to relax a bit. Tommy's calm lasted until about the left the room.

Tommy was instructed to follow the cat man through the school. Along the way Tommy tried to make casual conversation.

"Soo... Nice whether we're having right now right." He said, referring to the rain. "Or, well, probably not nice for you I guess. What with all the water."

The man didn't respond, but Tommy caught the small smile that fluttered on his lips and decided to call it a success.

He was led to the front of the troubled students' room. It was a room specifically designed for students to get schoolwork done without distractions. Black stone walls, no pictures, no bookshelves, no windows. Just a table and a chair. There was apparently no way for anyone to get distracted in there. (Or at least in Theory, Tommy thought they needed to talk to a few more students with ADHD to properly test that.) It was also the room students got sent to if they were being punished for something, like a violent outburst. Tommy would be lying if he said he'd never spent time in this room before. He had, for both reasons.

Outside the room was the principle, waiting for him.

"Am I in trouble?" He asked.

She raised her eyebrows at him, “Have you done something to get you in trouble?”

Tommy didn't respond. He knew how to play this game, he'd been here too many times to fall for this. He was always doing something apparently, even when he wasn't.

She just sighed at his silence. She put a hand on his shoulder, leaning in to whisper in his ear. “Listen, I don't know what's going on here. They're just using this room because there's no camera in it. Now, I don't know what you've done, I really hope this is because of something good. But just in case I just want to remind you that you have some rights. Don't say anything without a lawyer. Got it?”

Tommy nodded and she pulled away. A shiver that went through him as he stomachached her words.

The guard, or whatever he was, opened the door, motioning Tommy in.

Tommy walked through, the door was closed behind him. Sitting at the table in the middle of the room, guess who was there.

“Hello Tommy!” Dream greeted from behind his fake plastic smile. Tommy noted that he was wearing another green hoodie after leaving his other with Tommy. Tommy wondered how many of them he owned.

“Am I being arrested?” Tommy asked from the corner of the room. He wasn't gonna fuck around here. If he was in trouble he'd rather get it over with fast.

Dream didn't react physically to his question, continuing to stare in Tommy's direction. “Tommy, why don't you take a seat.” Dream held his hand out towards the chair across the table from him.

“Dream, if I’m not sitting down until I know if I need a lawyer here.”

Dream signed, “no you don’t need a lawyer. Officially what happened last night is completely unrelated to this. In fact, it never happened. So please, take a seat.”

Tommy stood his ground for a few seconds, trying to detect any traces of a lie. When he didn’t notice any he moved slowly towards the chair. He landed back on it, trying to seem casual.

After Tommy sat down Dream’s focus moved to some files in front of him. He sorted through them before seemingly finding what he was looking for. Tommy watched as he pulled out a piece of paper, his school records. Tommy had seen this be shown to Phil and Kristin many times before. Although he’d never been actually able to get a proper look at it himself, he knew what types of things will be written there.

“You have a very... colourful record here.” Dream stated.

Tommy nodded his head, smiling a little at what offenses Dream must be reading. Not that Tommy would admit to doing any of it. He was completely innocent here, the teachers just hated him. Or, at least that’s what he told his parents.

Dream moved his mask up, showing his mouth like the night before. He smiled at Tommy “Tommy, what do you intend to do after school.”

Tommy shrugged, “I don’t know, maybe head to university for business or something.”

Dream’s face didn’t change “oh, why’s that?”

Tommy signed, leaning forward a little. “I own a café, I think studying business could help with that.”

Dream nodded, “and how do you intend to get into university then?”

“I’ll bribe them or something.” Tommy flicked his wrist, “I’ve got a few years before that’s an issue anyway. Why do you care?”

Dream smiled changed, he seemed humoured by Tommy’s answer. “I’ve got an offer for you. My team is looking for an assistance, someone school aged to help us out with small things-“

“I already said no to becoming a hero.”

“This isn’t becoming a Hero, you’d still be a civilian. You wouldn’t be forced to be involved in Hero work at all. This is just an option other than school.”

Tommy got ready to deny it again-

“-You’d be paid for it.”

Tommy piped up at this. So money was always a motive for him. Yes, that might be a bit childish, but sue him. Surely anyone would become interested in earning money over school.

“We’d provide free travel to the Inner District, although I’m sure Schlatt has already sorted that out for your family-“

That was news to Tommy, but it made sense. Schlatt was Tubbo’s bio dad. He seemed to care for him, but he kept away from Tommy’s family. Tubbo had once asked their Mom why once, his mother had just told them that, although Schlatt loved him very much, the way Tubbo was created made it hard for Schlatt to be around him. So he instead took to showing his love from far away. Apparently their families way around the travel restrictions were apart of that.

“-you’d be fed there and you’d be free to explore pretty much anything you wanted. We’d make sure your education was completed to normal standard, but you’d no longer have to sit

in class for hours a day when your clearly not interested.”

This was sounding like a dream. But Tommy knew this'd be bad. He was working with Villains, switching to Heroes seems like a good way to get himself killed. He shouldn't do this.

But, it'd be better than what he was currently planning. I mean, what was his real plan here? Attend school and fail, then what? I mean, Tubbo was leaving, he'd be alone here. He'd be the only one not doing anything with his life. Plus if he said no, who knows what Dream would do.

Tommy was signing the papers before he really realised what he was doing. It took him leaving the room for it to set in.

He'd joined the Heroes.

Fuck.

---

Tommy mad a dash to the bathroom, the pit in his stomach sinking further.

Originally he thought he was going to throw up, but upon entering the single stalled room near the office he found urge had left him. He sat down on the closed toilet lid, and just started thinking.

Tommy curled his legs up to his chest and resisted the urge to cry. This wasn't good at all. Everything was going to change. He was losing everything, everything was changing around him. And it was all his fault.

His breathing picked up in speed as he kept thinking worse and worse thought. He thought About Techno, and how little he'd talked to him beyond their heavy training sessions, how it'd been months since the last time he'd heard a weird mythology fact from him, how it'd been month since he'd went into his room after work and told him about a bullshit customer. About Wilbur, how long it'd been since he'd thrown a pillow at Tommy after he woke him before he left for school only to call him a bitch, how long it'd been since he'd heard him rant about the latest political movements in like Belarus or some other random European country, how it'd been months since he'd lay in Wilbur's bed as Wilbur showed him his newest song. And he thought about Tubbo, about how about how he was leaving him with little warning. He thought about his family moving on without him, leaving him out of things.

He felt a sob rise in his chest that he couldn't hold in anymore, then another, and another.

"Are you ok there friend." A loud voice called out.

Tommy instantly looked up. He looked around the stall he was in, only to see nothing. That voice sounded so close though! Maybe his lack of sleep was really catching up to him.

"Down here!"

Tommy followed to voice down to his hand. There, the voice had come from a small green man. He couldn't be any bigger than Tommy's pinkie nail. Tommy screamed at the sight, flicking him off his hand and backing further into the stall in shock.

He stuck to the door as a small green blob, quickly reforming back into a little guy. Upon a second look Tommy noticed he was wearing a pare of overalls with a little tie. His eyes were overly big for his body and had comedically large glasses on. He readjusted them after forming, as if they could possibly fall off. "Woho there new friend-" He spoke loudly with a large smile on his face, as if he hadn't just experienced an attempt on his life. "I didn't mean to startle you, I just want to help with whatever pity party you got going on here."

Tommy was still clingy to the wall as he started to properly process the scenario. He started calm his breathing, wiping away the newly formed tears in his eyes. "What, what are you?"

The little guy stood up a little straighter, “I’m Charlie Slimecicle from Las Nevadas. And you! Are Tommy, from everywhere and nowhere in particular.”

Tommy flinched a little at his name, “How do you know my name.”

He smiled brightly, flinging himself back onto Tommy’s hand. He reformed quickly, still smiling. “Oh I’ve heard much about you Tommy. Lots of people have been mentioning your name as of late.”

*“Well that’s not creepy at all”* Tommy thought to himself. It was only after hearing that he thought back to the place the slimy man had mentioned before. “Wait- Las Nevadas. That means Quackity sent you!” He moved forward, bringing Charlie up to his face.

He tapped Tommy on the nose, “well I mean, kind of. It is more complex then that, much more complex. Would you like to hear about it?”

Tommy nodded at him.

“Well, so I am a small part of the bigger me. We used to just go by slime for a few thousand years, but our bestest friend Quackity wanted us to have a better name! So now I am a small part of the big slime known as Charlie. Me and the other parts all share memories and information no matter where we are, then the big me tells Quackity if it’s important. He asked me to keep an eye on all his ‘not friends because we don’t create unnecessary attachments’ important people in secret. I am under strict instruction to only show myself if it is necessary!”

That was a lot of information for Tommy to take in, but he was stuck at one part. “Wait, Quackity considers me as important?”

Slime put his hand on his chin, “hmmm, that is the question isn’t it. You see he doesn’t really share with me who is important and who is not, he just told me to ‘figure it out.’ By my calculations I’d say you are. Or at least your important enough that the person you know of as Sootings would be very upset if something happens to you. And if he is upset, Quackity will

get upset. So I decided last night to engage in a horrid painful splitting process, then I clung onto your clothes! Which, by the way, you should absolutely wash more often.”

“huh,” Tommy didn’t know how to feel. He instantly decided to ignore the clothing comments and moved onto what was really important here. “Shouldn’t you still be in hiding either way though? You said you appear if it is necessary?”

Charlie paused, tilting his head to the side and observing Tommy. “I think a panic attack is a very necessary reason for me to appear.”

“A-a panic attack?!” Tommy stuttered out.

Slime nodded.

“What, no, that wasn’t a panic attack. That was just- my own way of dealing with stressful scenario’s.”

Slime let out a little sigh, “yeah, W- I mean Sootings said the same thing the first time I appeared to him. I use to think I was just bad at telling human emotions apart, but then Pandas told me about how humans sometimes lie, and then everything made sense! Now, tell me about what is causing this ‘not a panic attack.’” He smiled at the end. Sitting now on Tommy’s knee as he waited for a response.

Tommy didn’t want to tell him, he didn’t really have the energy. So, he did what anyone who is 15 and great at talking his way out of things would do; He lied. “I think you might be mistaken here Cherry-“

“It’s Charlie.”

“-whatever. I just think that you may have misunderstood the situation here a bit. You see, I am perfectly fine.”



“Ahhh, avoidance!” He pulled a little green notebook from... Somewhere? And started to write something down. “That’s one of the signs of many mental health problems.”

Tommy blinked, “it’s also the sign of me being completely fine.”

He kept writing, nodding a little as he spoke “yep, yep. So Tommy keep talking about how ‘perfectly ok’ you are.”

Tommy sighed, “you’re not gonna back down are you?”

“Not unless you tell me what was making you sob in the bathroom, I mean, surely there are more comfortable places?”

“Yeah, there probably are.” Tommy took a deep breath, considering his options here. Worst case scenario here, Charlie would tell Quackity about his new workplace, then Quackity would have Tommy killed...

...

...

Well... Maybe that’s not actually so bad. Death seemed like a better and better option the more Tommy thought about all this. Yeah, that wouldn’t be so bad. As Tommy thought more, he realised it really couldn’t hurt talking to slime about all this. It’s not like he had anything to lose.

Tommy breathed out, settling on his decision.

“I’ve made a big mistake.”

The Slime tilted his head, “how so?”

“So, a few months ago I found Sootings bleeding out in an ally-way. I felt kinda bad about just leaving him there, so I just helped him. Then I agreed to help all the Villains around when they need it. But now I’ve just agreed to also work with the Hero’s and my family hates me and everyone is leaving me and I just don’t think I deserve to-” Tommy cut himself off, refusing to say out loud one of those thoughts. “I just, I don’t know what to do.”

Charlie nodded, getting to his feet. “It seems you have an important decision to make young one! Maybe a musical song and dance is in order!”

Tommy heard music start to play from, somewhere? Charlie opened his mouth to sing, Tommy grabbed him before he could finish breathing. The music came to a sudden stop.

“-Nope! That won’t be necessary. I don’t have any decision to make. I’ll just, do both.”

“do both!!?”

“Yes, do both. I mean, nothing bad will happen there. Right?”

Charlie tilts his head, examining Tommy’s expression. Then he smiles “Right. And if it does go badly, you know who to call.”

Tommy didn’t know, “who?”

“Me! I’m your buddy now, I’ll be here if you need me, just hiding, and watching every move.” And like that he slowly melted, disappearing into nothing. Tommy looked around everywhere, but there was no trace of the little green man. He might as well of been a hallucination.

Tommy stayed sitting for a few more minutes, slowly filing all the new information he's just found out away. The biggest thing being that Quackity, or well, Alex, has access to his every move.

Huh, that's, eh, safe?

## Chapter End Notes

No spelling mistakes in comments please! All I say to that is a simple sorry.

No promises on the next chapters release date. I have a busy life currently and this just isn't the priority. But I will finish this! I'm not giving up here. I've got a great story planned and I will just wreck myself if I don't write it.

# YOU'RE JOINING WHO?

## Chapter Notes

Hey, it's been awhile...

Let's talk about that more at the end why don't we.

As always, this is unedited. I'll be real, the better I get at writing the less actual effort I put into the writing quality of this. Not because I hate it, but because it started as something so completely self indulgent when I was starting to write, and I've actually tried to not lose that. That does mean that I have heaps of fun writing, but that the end product is just whatever I like lots. Why am I saying this though? Because please don't assume my actual writing style is normally the quality. I get B+s to As in my young adult writing classes. I promise I can write super detailed descriptions with proper tense if I want to!

Anyway, If you have issues with angst this is probably the last chapter I suggest you read. From here onward we are going into a darker story. There will still be positivity and funny moments that tickle the brain in every chapter, but just content warning. This is an M rated fix for a reason. If triggering content appeared don't say I didn't warn you.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I’m quitting school.”

Everyone instantly looked up from their dinner, meatloaf with potato cakes and gravy. Tubbo and Techno’s choice, although Tubbo had complained so loudly while cooking that Tommy had heard them from upstairs. Tommy had stopped helping cook recently. At first he’d tried, but then he was too tired, then after that the idea of touching food just made him want to throw up. So he just stopped helping. He was expecting more of a pushback to that considering the arguments that ensued after Wilbur had first refused to help, but it was as if Tubbo and Techno didn’t even care he wasn’t there.

Their faces filled with shock at Tommy’s sudden loud words. Or everyone’s face but Phil, who hadn’t even looked up from his phone before stating “no you’re not.”

Everyone else relaxed at Phil’s words, the surprise fading from their faces. Techno and Wilbur went back to their phones, texting each other whatever they do at dinner when they don’t want others to hear them. Only Tubbo and Kristin kept their full attention on Tommy.

Tommy took a deep breath, preparing for the potential backlash. “Yes I am,” he reiterated, “I am quitting school.”

“Tommy, I said no. Until you turn 18 you are not leaving school. Tubbo’s not quitting, he’s just going down another path. So unless you have something like that, you are under no circumstances quitting school.”

Tommy stayed silent for a second, picking his words carefully. It was no secret that his family hated the government, but he didn’t know how far that extended. After all, Schlatt was in the government and they didn’t hate him, probably.

A beat passed. “I have an opportunity to work for Dream in The Heroes Commission.”

That got everyone’s attention. Phil looking up from his phone, Techno and Wilbur putting their own phones face down. Kristin dropped her fork.

Another beat passed, only filled with Kristin picking back up her fork. No one else dared move, the tension in the air could have been cut with a knife.

Tubbo was the one to break the silence. “Wait, Dream! As in, the actual Hero Dream?”

Tommy nodded, “yeah, he came to see me in person to offer me the position.”

“Why?” Phil stated, mostly to himself. It was met with a playful hit from Kristin. The two laughed, communicating something with their eyes as they did. Tommy noticed from a young age they did it often, he didn’t quite get how, just writing it off as a parent thing.

Kristin’s smile stayed on her face, sending Phil a slightly shape stare. “I think what Phil *meant* to say Tommy is what’d you do to get them interested in you?”

“Yeah we know it’s not your grades.” Techno scoffed, eye’s dodging the look his mother sent his way.

“The teachers apparently told him about me. Apparently he likes ‘free thinkers’, his words not mine.” The lie slipped out easily, Tommy having thought it over hours before. “It’s a paid position, functioning during school hours. It doesn’t involve any actual Hero work, it’s just about the system and how things work behind the scenes. Basically it’ll just look really good on my resume.” None of that was a lie as the contract Tommy signed was concerned. But he had a feeling he was the one being fooled by Dream here. Either way though, it should tick all their boxes of approval. A way to earn money, check. It teaches ways to play the system, check. Not dangerous, check. Future qualifications, check. There was no way they could say no.

“I didn’t know you wanted to be hero Tommy,” Tubbo snared in his direction, refusing to look Tommy in the eye as he asked.

Tommy was a bit taken aback by Tubbo’s sudden aggression. “I don’t, it’s just more interesting than school is all. I thought someone *like you* might understand that.” Tommy said while mirroring Tubbo’s tone.

Whatever Tubbo was going to say next was cut off by Kristin, “well that sounds lovely Toms. Isn’t that right Phil?” She peered over her shoulder to her husband, looking for back up.

“Well, it is certainly an... Opportunity. I think it’d be a mistake if you didn’t full advantage of it.”

“So I can do it then?” Tommy tried to sound excited, but it just came out a little annoyed.

Phil and Kristin made eye contact, both smiled and gave each other a small nod. “I don’t see why not,” Phil answered.

Tommy thanked them both and the table went quiet. Tubbo was avoiding eye contact with Tommy. Wilbur and Techno were back on their phones, rapidly typing. Phil’s phone from

beside his plate was buzzing frantically, but Phil ignored it, as well as the stares his older sons kept throwing his way.

The silence was odd for the family. In the past Tommy had kept the conversation loud, his bickering with Wilbur or Tubbo always a constant. But in recent months Tubbo had seemed to take over that role. Always filling in the family on everything that happened at school, or the most recent political news. It was almost as if Tommy being the loud one was never needed in the first place.

But this type of quiet was new. It shouldn't have felt tense. His parents had happily accepted his decision, which meant things had went perfectly well. But no one was talking. It stressed Tommy out. He looked to Tubbo, who seemed to have no plans to change the atmosphere of the room. In fact, he seemed angry. Upon that realisation, Tommy knew he was alone here. It was up to him and him alone to change this.

“Why didn't anyone tell me that Schlatt is the reason we have access to the Inner District?”

Tubbo's head shot up instantly, redirecting his anger towards his parents. “He's the reason we have what?”

Phil looked sheepish. “Tommy who told you that?”

“Dream found it while looking through my information.” His entire family looked up at him shocked, “don't worry! He won't stop us or anything. I'm pretty sure it's below his work as a hero.”

The sigh his family let out was clearly hearable, everyone sinking a little into their chairs. Everyone except Tubbo.

“Why didn't you tell me! Surely that's something you think I'd want to know.” His anger and hurt seeped into his words.

Phil took on the role of explaining, “In the past we had to re-hack our social cards every few years to access the middle district, it was incredibly hard to do and cost us a lot of money each time just to get them to work the trains. Let alone get the government to actually think we lived there. The inner was even harder to hack. So when Schlatt got into the government a few years ago he offered to manually override the system and get it sorted for us permanently. His only condition was for us to not tell you about it. It was an easy decision to make.”

Tubbo was smoking in his seat, his hands tapping on the table. “huh, I knew he didn’t care for me. But him actively hating me is new.”

He left the table fast, ignoring Phil’s distressed yell of “you know it’s not like that.”

Techno stood up after him. Sighing as he commented, “I’ll handle it.” He followed the smaller boy upstairs. The two leaving two empty plates on the table.

The table fell silent again. Tommy completely blamed himself. He shouldn’t of said anything, he knew Schlatt was a tense topic for Tubbo, he should have thought it through more.

“I’m sorry.”

His mother looked up at him and shot him a sad smile. “It’s not your fault Tommy.” She ruffled his hair.

It didn’t make him feel any better, but he smiled back anyway.

He was suddenly desperate to leave the table. Collecting up the two left over plates under his own he stood up from the table. He tipped the contents of his untouched meal into the bin, sat the plates by the sink and left the room without another word.

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“So, the Heroes’ huh.”

Tommy looked up from his homework at Wilbur’s voice. He was leaning against the doorframe to Tommy’s room, a look of concern on his face. “I didn’t know you wanted to be a hero.”

“Again, I don’t. It’s just a good opportunity.”

“Yeah, it sounds like it, but is it really Tommy?”

Tommy was a bit taken aback. “Of course it is, why wouldn’t it be?”

“Well you’ve already got a lot on your plate haven’t you. I mean, think about it. You’d be putting yourself in direct danger. Us, in direct danger.” Wilbur snarked. “Just think about it.”

“I’ve thought about it, and I’m sure we’ll be fine. It’s a great idea, and mum and dad agree so I don’t know why you’ve got an issue with this.”

“Tommy, listen to me closely. *You think, deep down, that this is a bad idea. You know it is a horribly bad idea. That’s why you don’t want to do this.*” Wilbur’s smooth tune echo’s through Tommy’s mind.

His eyes glossed over and he felt himself going to sleep. The smooth cords flow through his bone. As fast as it started though, it left. He shook it off to look up at Wilbur, a burst or red hot anger running through his veins. “What the absolute fuck is your problem!”

Wilbur flinched back. “Tommy-“

“No, what is it? You look guilty whenever you near me, you barely speak to me. Heck, you can’t even look me in the eye. And yet, you somehow think you know what I’m thinking! You act like you know me, but you really fucking don’t! So stop acting like you care because I know you don’t!”

Wilbur steps forward, guilt in his voice “Tommy-“

“No, just, get the fuck out of my room. I don’t want to hear whatever you have to say.”  
Tommy got up off his bed.

“Tommy please listen-“

“Fuck off” he pushed Wilbur out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Tommy seethed with anger, punching a pillow and collapsing to the ground. Tears starting to run down his face.

Slime suddenly appeared in front of him. “Hey,” his voice was soft. “Don’t yell at me, I don’t know why I feel like this. But I suddenly have the really strong sense that we shouldn’t do this.”

Tommy grabbed the back of his collar and threw him at a wall in anger. He splattered against the wall in a green glob.

Tommy felt his chest getting tense, his heartbeat going incredibly strong. His chest suddenly felt so tense he couldn’t breath, the tears getting more aggressive.

Slime quickly reformed. Jumping back over onto Tommy and stroking his face. “It’s ok buddy, hey, hey. You got this.”

“I- I haven’t- I can’t” Tommy sobbed.

“Hey buddy, listen to me. You have got this. Because you’re a big man remember. Just follow my lead.” Slime starts helping Tommy through a breathing exercise. It takes a few painful minutes, but he starts to calm. Clutching Charlie in his hands tight. “See, look at you my big guy, you did it.”

“I’m not eight,” Tommy laughed through his quietening sobs.

Slime blinked, “aren’t you?”

“Do I look eight.”

“Depends, what does an eight-year-old look like?”

Tommy sighed, leaning his back up against the wall. “I’d show you, but there’s no way I’m googling ‘eight-year-old’ then going to images. That’d be weird”

“Why?” Slime tilts his head.

Tommy just sighs again.

---

Tommy was cleaning the bench when Sootings showed. Or, well, “showed” is a lose term.

“Why are you hiding behind a curtain?”

The curtain suddenly stilled, “I’m not hiding.”

Tommy arched his eyebrows. "What, you just there for fun then?"

"You don't know me," came echoing out from behind.

Tommy chuckled, "stop being a creep and come out then."

Sootings stepped out from behind the curtain. Tommy stepped to stand next to him, looking him up and down.

"Your shaking, are you injured?"

The shaking instantly stopped. Sootings laughed. "Shouldn't I be the one asking you that? You were the one who went with the heroes after all."

Tommy shrugged, "eh, they're less likely to hurt me than you are."

Sootings scrunched up his face. "Rude." He flicked Tommy's face, Tommy wacked his arm back. "Anything important happen there then, do I have to be hacking some government files?"

"You can't hack shit."

"I can!" He replied in offense.

"You absolutely can't."

"Your avoiding the question."

Tommy thought over his answer fast but carefully, “nothing happened, Dream couldn’t care less for an outer district kid. He pretty much let me go free the second he found out I didn’t know your identities. It was boring actually.” Tommy lied.

Sootings lip twitched and he smiled, “that’s good then” he strained out.

Tommy looked him up and down again, “are you sure you’re not injured?”

“Nope, one hundred percent healthy here!”

Tommy looked him up and down again, feeling his blood run through his body. He looked for any oddities. At first he couldn’t find any, scanning his frame a few times. But then he redirected to his arms.

“Were your arms chewed on by a bear by any chance?”

Sootings flinched back, taking a step away from Tommy. “What?”

“Your arms, their injured. I can feel them.”

“Tommy it’s fine-“

“I can fix them.”

The room stilled as whatever Sootings was going to say is cut off. “You can- you can do what?”

Tommy tilted his head, “I’m a healer, my job is healing you guys. So therefore, I can heal any cuts you receive.”

Sootings took a deep breath, “are you sure?”

“Of course I am,” Tommy dismissed, “you trust me right?”

“Yeah,” Sootings muttered. He grimaced, took another deep breath, and rolled up his sleeve.

It was Tommy’s turn to flinch away. Sootings instantly started to roll back down his sleeves, but Tommy reached out and grabbed his wrist. He attempted to make as much eye contact as is possible through the mask.

“I can do it. Just, let’s do it slowly. A few at a time, ok?”

Sootings nodded.

“I have to ask, are you ok?”

Sootings smirked. “They’re all scars, what does that tell you?”

“No, I’m serious. Are you ok?”

Sootings stops smiling, he grimaces. “Are you?”

---

Tommy's last day of school was rough as it was. His teacher seemed both delighted and highly insulted by his sudden leaving in the middle of the year. Although, that probably wasn't why he was being placed near the front of the class. It was more likely due to his setting the schoolyard bin on fire (don't ask), but it wasn't like they could actually prove that was him anyway.

In his opinion, they were being unmercifully cruel, constantly calling him out for small actions that really shouldn't be a big deal. But he suddenly found he'd much rather be back in the classroom then deal with this.

"Tom, we need to speak to you." Freddie said from in front of him.

"I think fucking not." He commented, not bothering to lace the comment with any fake positivity, he was much too tired for that now.

Behind him he felt a hand be wacked down on his shoulder. "I think you will."

Tommy tensed up as Eryn pulled him roughly to the side. He resisted a little but with both Freddie and Eryn on each side of him and a lack of sleep fragmenting his judgment. They shoved him into one of the single stalled bathrooms, he briefly hoped no one would think anything of it. Rumours get around fast here.

As he stared Eryn in the face though, he quickly realised that should be the least of his worries.

"You're leaving and you didn't tell us?" Freddie says, hurt evident in his voice.

"It's none of your business what I do--"

"I thought we were friends Tom." He yells. "We're meant to be friends, best friends. But you never speak to us anymore, it's like were nothing- were nothing to you." His voice breaks and he turns away from Tommy.

Eryn places a hand on his shoulder. “We’re not saying you have to be friends with us or anything, we just wish you’d communicate with us what’s going on, or yell at us or tell us you hate us, anything is better than straight up snubbing us,” his voice is steady, but full of hurt.

Tommy looks him in the eye, then looks away. He rubs the back of his neck. “I don’t hate you and I’m not avoiding you., It’s just- it’s complicated.”

“Then explain it to us,” Eryn states calmly.

He leaves the conversation open. Tommy starts to stutter the start of a word. He looks at the floor and goes silent.

He has nothing to say. “I can’t explain.”

Freddie looks back, his eyes are red. Eryn laces their hands together in comfort. “I thought so,” he states clearly. “Let’s go Fred.”

They leave Tommy alone in the stall. He collapses on the floor.

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“Soot it’s really not a big deal. We don’t need to be here.”

“Blade, show me your leg.”

The Blade sighs and lifts up his cape to reveal a dagger sticking through his thigh.



Tommy smiles “You didn’t take the knife out!” He says with maybe a bit too much glee.

“Well, I’m not an idiot.”

“Can you heal it,” Sootings asks.

Tommy rolls his eyes, “stop fretting, your worse then my father when I have a cold. You know I can heal it, I don’t get why people keep asking.”

The Blade chuckles a bit and Tommy doesn’t really get why. For whatever reason Sooting sticks his tongue out at him.

Tommy grabs a towel to place under his leg, a black one. He brought a bunch with his second pay for this purpose, maybe he can put it on his taxes or something?

He doesn’t bother to waste energy analysing the wound for how deep it is, stab wounds were something he’d become very good at closing without much guidance.

“Sootings, I’m going to need your help.” He pats the ground next to him.

Sootings follows suit like a kindergartener being told to sit on the first day of school.

“When I say go, I need you to pull the blade out.”

“What!” Sootings and The Blade exclaim at the same time.

“Well I can’t heal around The Blade, *no pun intended*, can I? And I’d rather not replace too much blood if I can avoid it.”

Sootings goes a little pale, “I guess I can do that.”

The Blade looks him in the eye, “Fuck this up and I’ll kill you.”

Sootings smirks. He hums a little, then in a sing song voice says “*You won’t kill me.*”  
Charming him. Although Tommy can’t help but feel the whole thing is for show.

The Blade scoffs. “Why don’t you put that pretty voice to good use and charm me to not feel this instead.”

Sootings rolls his eyes. “*For the next 5 minutes you won’t feel pain.*”

Tommy quickly interrupts whatever The Blade was going to respond with “Go!”

Sootings pulls out the dagger and Tommy forced all the power he can through his body. Tommy tugs hard once and finds himself done. *That was too easy* he thinks.

He opens his eyes and looks in Sootings hand to find the smallest knife he’d ever seen.

“You came to me for that!”

The Blade hits Sootings back, “I said it wasn’t a big deal.”

“Well I’m sorry I care about your health. Next time I won’t then.”

Tommy put his head in his hands, a tiny bit of nausea flows through him but these days he was used to his stomach feeling weird. It was almost second nature to ignore it. No, his head

in his hands was because of the stupidity of these men.

“Sootings, you are the dumbest man I’ve ever met.”

Sootings gasp dramatically. The Blade is busy pinching himself. “Hey Sootings, slap me.” Sootings raises a hand. “Actually, wait, don’t! That’d be stupid.”

Sootings looks way too disappointed. Tommy watches this interaction go down and can’t help but say the first thing that comes to mind. “You remind me of my brothers,” he grumbles.

Sootings and The Blade still. Sootings goes pale again, somehow.

The Blade places a hand on his shoulder, probably making sure he doesn’t pass out of something. He turns his attention to Tommy. “How so?”

Tommy thinks for a second what to say. “Well, Techno and Wilbur, or as you’d know them since you stalk me, William and Dave, are both idiots. As are you two.”

“I don’t stalk you, and hey! That’s way cruel. To both me and you surely lovely brothers.” Sootings flicks his hair, always one for the dramatics.

“Wait, what did you say their names were Tommy?” The Blade asks.

Tommy response without thinking. It’s not like the question is weird or anything, Techno is a strange name after all. “Wilbur and Techno.”

“No no, their birth names.”

“William and Dave?”

Sootings tries and fails to hold back a laugh.

“What’s so funny?”

The Blade wacks his brother for what is probably the hundredth time that night. “Are you absolutely sure your brother’s name is Dave? Like, completely sure.”

Tommy clenches his eyes, looking at the two as if their insane. “Um, I’m pretty sure I know my brothers names.”

Sootings somehow laughs harder, this time The Blade joins in.

“What’s so fucking funny about my brothers names?”

“I’m sorry Tommy, but if we told you we’d have to kill you.” The Blade replies, somehow sending Sootings into even worse manic laughter.

Tommy rolls his eyes at them.

*Yep, they sure are idiots.*

## Chapter End Notes

Oh no, our boy is not well my guys.

Now, where have I been, and "when are we getting updates every week again, remember when you did that and were super proud of yourself for it. When is that coming back."

Haha, eh. So I've been in full time school with work as well, but in 6 weeks I finish school completely! Or at least until Late Jan when I start uni, but I'll be home able to write during Uni so It'll be good. But Weekly updates will probably never be a thing again, fortnightly though? Oh 100%, I have a story to tell here and it's going to be finished. We're way too far in now to not.

"So in the last however many months you didn't write anything?"

Oh i never said that. Since the last update I have written almost 20,000 words. Just, nothing for this fic.

"What have you been writing then?"

Oh I'm glad you asked. So about half of that is my writing folio for school which I am mega proud of. It's great. The other half though, is the first chapter of a new fic i'm working on. Ohh, How fun!!! It's going to be 12/13 chapters long, all fully planned out scene for scene, heavily edited, good use of tense and perspective. Each chapter will be at least 5k words, but most over 7k. So It's a big thing. It's something I can actually be proud of having uploaded on here. Oh, and it's Beta read too!

But two downside for my readers here. 1: You are not going to get it for a very long time. The first chapter is pretty much done, but you aren't going to see it until chapter 12/13 is finished completely So sad, but it means you'll get regular uploads once it's done. And downside number 2: it is not dream smp, but it is in a very very very close fandom to dsmp and if you like sbi you'll wanna read the first 2 chapters as it is all sbi content. Especially if you've been watching Tubbo recently. Dsmp fics are also my inspos for this so it's not gonna be like nothing you've ever read before.

Now, me writing this will have no effect on when I update this. This is my priority over that. So if I'm taking forever to update this, I'm probably not writing that either.

Last thing to say; watch double life. It's good.

That message is completely unrelated to the fic I'm working on ;)

## Why I will not finish this fic

Hi guys!!! I'm so sorry this is the final update to this fic. I think some of you may know why I'm ending it here, but for those who don't I'm happy to explain.

Recently Wilbur Soot, a creator I and many others have long looked up too, who inspired my style, music taste, sense of humor, and personal beliefs, was revealed to be an abuser by Shelby. I completely stand with her, but originally I was still willing to complete this fic. Reason being is I feel my Wilbur is so far separated from the real person that his abuse shouldn't have an effect on this story. But when his other ex came forward with descriptions of sexual assault I became no longer comfortable portraying and form of Wilbur in any positive light. I still stand by them being separate people, but it feels disrespectful to his victims. So I am going to no longer be writing this fic.

However, despite that, I feel I owe some of you an explanation. What was my final plan for this story? What was I leading up too??? Well even though I no longer wish to write it I'm happy to tell you. My plan was for Tommy to become more and more overwhelmed by the hero tower and working at the same time. I'm sure most of you noticed this, but I was building up Tommy to have an eating disorder and severe suicidal thoughts. The plan was to have Dream become more and more pushy towards Tommy quitting his job and becoming a hero, but Tommy is not interested and makes up more excuses as to why he can't be a hero, many related to the cafe. Due to a miscommunication Dream then blows up the cafe in an attempt to get rid of what's stopping Tommy from joining the heroes. Tommy is pissed, and out of instinct basically does the reverse of his healing powers, which yes, are time travel related, he opens up every wound Dream has ever received in his whole life leaving Dream a bleeding mess on the group. I went back and forth between killing and not killing Dream, but either way everyone is out for him so it's not a drastic difference. I planned to have Tommy have a conversation with Charlie, who convinced him to go home to at least say goodbye before running away.

This was when the reveal was meant to happen. Tommy is meant to walk into his family arguing as Phil has finally figured out that the other boys have been using Tommy without letting him know. Unfortunately Tommy walks in on them in Villain outfits with their masks off. Fully outing their identities to him. Tommy is feeling very betrayed, so he runs just after the other notice him. There's a bit of a chase scene, but Tommy does outrun them all (somehow). After I was going to have 1 or 2 chapters of Tommy living on the streets just to tie up some loose ends I'd introduced with other characters, especially Karl. But the final chapter was going to be Tommy about to commit suicide, but being caught and talked down by Wilbur who is very apologetic and offers to get him help, and also promises to never leave him out again. There was also going to be one final post story chapter showing just the families new plans to stop the government and take over. It was going to establish how Tommy got better and is a proper part of the team. I'm disappointment to not actually write the ending. But it portrays Wilbur way too positively for my liking.

So, why keep this fic up now then? Well this fic was my introduction to creative writing. Those early chapters are so shit looking back now, but it feels stupid to delete such an

important part of my history. I also feel that, and I feel this for all writers, our stories involving Wilbur aren't in reality actually about Wilbur, it's who we felt he was to us. Even if that was a lie it was still important to us and so I feel deleting that due to his actions would be deleting apart of my own history. I politely request that any fanfic writers who are proud of their stories, even if they involve Will, they keep them up. They say more about you then they ever will him.

Thank you so much for reading. I will be writing in the future too, idk what yet, but I will. So if you'd like to follow me I'd love that. As for this fic itself, if you have questions about what I would have done, please ask them!!! interact with me. I'm sure I've forgotten stuff here and I'm happy to answer anything you'd like at all. I feel like i'm forgetting something here, but I've spent too long doing this already. Thank you everyone!!!! Thank you so much!!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!